Collier's

TEN CENTS

NOVEMBER 10, 1945

© THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

GOLDEN OCTOPUS

The Life and Death of I.G. Farbenindustrie

BY PAUL WINKLER

IOLA
Free Public Library
Iola, Kansas

BRADEN—Diplomatic Dynamite BY JOSEPH NEWMAN

MARRIED
USN

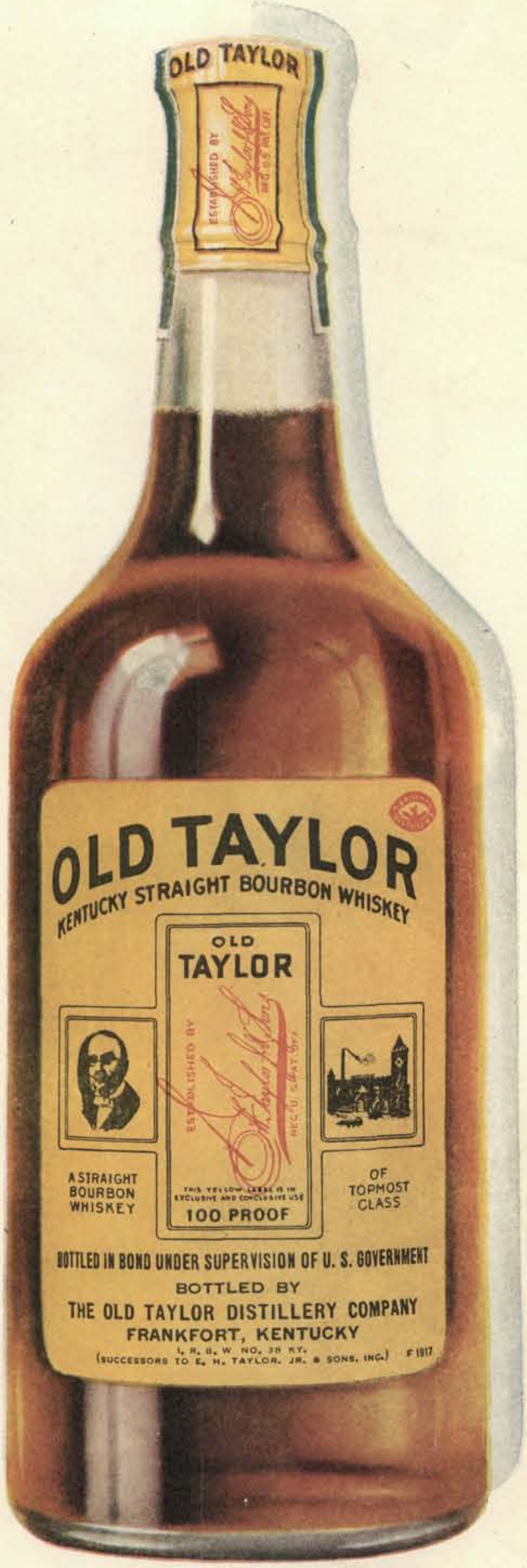
Nov-10-45

FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY A
IOLA 523
KANS RSS
24AU46

The Master's Choice

THERE'S much of the old family heirloom about **OLD TAYLOR** — a noble bequest to judges of good bourbon by the late Col. E. H. Taylor, Jr., of Frankfort, Kentucky. Though the famous colonel was the originator of many famous whiskies, none has retained his name through the years except this full-flavored answer to his personal preferences. Truly the master's choice is **OLD TAYLOR**. And truly a masterly choice for you to make on occasions where fine bourbon will be appreciated.

NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION,
NEW YORK


OLD TAYLOR
ESTABLISHED BY
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
OLD TAYLOR
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
OLD
TAYLOR
ESTABLISHED BY
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
A STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
OF TOPMOST CLASS
THIS YELLOW LABEL IS IN EXCLUSIVE AND CONCLUSIVE USE
100 PROOF
BOTTLED IN BOND UNDER SUPERVISION OF U. S. GOVERNMENT
BOTTLED BY
THE OLD TAYLOR DISTILLERY COMPANY
FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY
I. R. B. W. NO. 38 KY.
(SUCCESSORS TO E. H. TAYLOR, JR. & SONS, INC.)
F 1917

KENTUCKY
STRAIGHT
BOURBON
WHISKEY

Bottled in Bond - 100 Proof

Signed, sealed and delicious

In war or peace
B.F. Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER

He barely made it — back to Koroseal

Even if you have a Koroseal raincoat, shower curtain, garment bag—you haven't seen anything yet!

THE war ended just in time to save a lot of babies from going pantsless. But now they'll soon be in the pink again, with baby pants of Koroseal . . . and their parents will have a hundred other things of Koroseal, too.

Koroseal is the flexible material developed by B. F. Goodrich from limestone, coke and salt. For several years it hasn't been available in quantity for home use, but it will be very soon.

Koroseal—Reg. T.M.

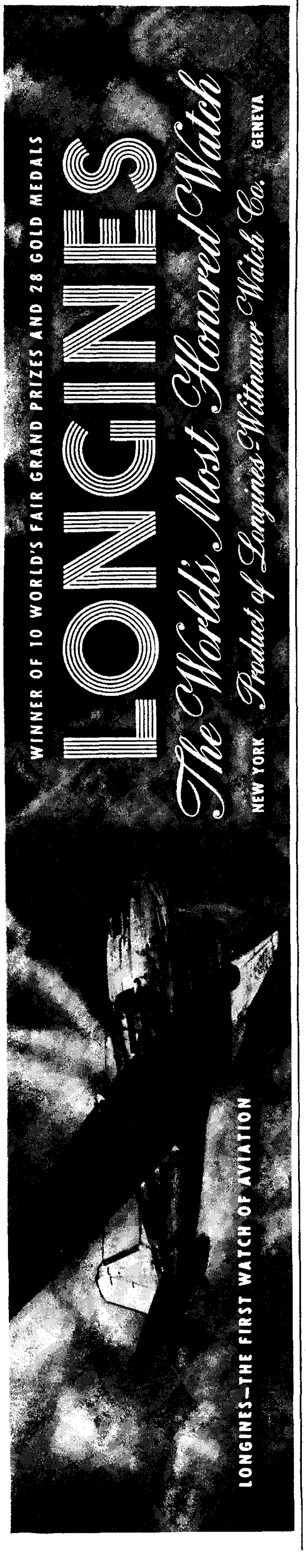
Koroseal can be used as a film or thin flexible coating on fabrics. Because it is permanently waterproof, Koroseal is ideal for raincoats, shower curtains, umbrellas, upholstery for outdoor furniture. Because it is proof against most acids and stains, and can be washed easily, Koroseal makes better baby pants and crib sheets, wall coverings, tablecloths, food bags and packages.

Koroseal resists sun and air for years, too, so it can be used for awnings, beach chairs and umbrellas, tents and camping equipment of many kinds.

Koroseal handbags, traveling bags and upholstery are virtually scuffproof, and can be washed fresh-as-new in a few moments, just with soap and water. Because it is mothproof, Koroseal will be used for garment and blanket bags. In industry, Koroseal's resistance to acids, oils, greases, sun, air and wear gives it scores of important uses where it can save money and improve products and processes. Koroseal can be made in any color, any form from a soft jelly to bone hardness.

A few Koroseal articles are appearing in the stores; more are on the way. Every one bears the Koroseal label, for only B. F. Goodrich makes Koroseal. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.*

Koroseal
MADE ONLY BY
B. F. Goodrich


WINNER OF 10 WORLD'S FAIR GRAND PRIZES AND 28 GOLD MEDALS
LONGINES
The World's Most Honored Watch
Product of Longines-Wittnauer Watch Co.
NEW YORK
GENEVA
LONGINES—THE FIRST WATCH OF AVIATION

Collier's
FOR NOVEMBER 10, 1945

HENRY LA COSSITT • *Editor* WILLIAM L. CHENERY • *Publisher* JOE ALEX MORRIS • *Managing Editor*
KENNETH LITTAUER • *Executive Editor* WILLIAM O. CHESSMAN • *Art Director*

WALTER DAVENPORT	*Politics*	FREDERICK R. NEELY	*Aviation*	CLARENCE H. ROY	*Articles*	ULRICH CALVOSA	*Photographs*
W. B. COURTNEY	*London*	EDWARD TOMLINSON	*The Other Americas*	KYLE CRICHTON	*Articles*	GURNEY WILLIAMS	*Humor*
MARTHA GELLHORN	*France*	GEORGE CREEL	*Washington*	HERBERT ASBURY	*Articles*	AIMEE LARKIN	*Distaff*
JIM MARSHALL	*West Coast*	ROBERT DE VORE	*Washington*	AMY PORTER	*Articles*	IFOR THOMAS	*Studio*
GRATTAN O'LEARY	*Ottawa*	WILLIAM HILLMAN	*Washington*	JIM BISHOP	*Articles*	HENRY L. JACKSON	*Wearables*
FRANK GERVASI	*Mediterranean*	JAMES C. DERIEUX	*Washington*	ANDRÉ FONTAINE	*Articles*	ELIZABETH BOUTELLE	*Fiction*
FRANK D. MORRIS	*Pacific Fleet*			HELEN P. BUTLER	*Syntax*	JOHN SCHAFFNER	*Fiction*

this week

FICTION

PAGE

COME A LITTLE CLOSER By BERNARD VICTOR DRYER 15
The lieutenant was too blunt—even in his lovemaking.

GIVE US TOMORROW By MARGARET CULKIN BANNING 18
The Serial Story. The third of four parts

BLACK EVE By NICK BODDIE WILLIAMS 24
The killing of the hawk revived an ancient Negro superstition.

DOUBLE DATE By COREY FORD 26
The Short Short Story.

TWO FOR FIVE By FRANK O'ROURKE 40
A girl named Anne helped Bob see with senses other than his eyes.

SUCKER FOR A TRADE By RAOUL SCHUMACHER 70
Old Rafe Merkel was no credit to Doubletree, but his fellow townsmen hated to see his funeral.

ARTICLES

DIPLOMATIC DYNAMITE By JOSEPH NEWMAN 11
Spruille Braden's unpopularity with Fascist elements in Argentina proved to be an asset.

THE GOLDEN OCTOPUS By PAUL WINKLER 12
Germany's chemical trust no longer controls the fates of nations.

SNIP AND TUCK SCHOOL By DOROTHY ROE LEWIS 14
A schoolteacher makes the garment trade education-conscious.

SHOULD GREENLAND BE AMERICAN? By CHARLES J. HUBBARD 16
The vast arctic island is a link in our chain of air defenses

THE FRENCH FIGHT TO LIVE By QUENTIN REYNOLDS 20
Fini la guerre! But Paris still carries on against cold and hunger.

AT HOME IN THE JUNGLE By WILLIAM BEEBE and JOCELYN CRANE 22
Camera studies of insects, birds, frogs and other wild creatures.

OF MITES AND MEN By FRANK D. MORRIS 48
A Rockefeller Institute doctor's fine work for the Navy in combating tropical diseases.

CHARTER VS. COVENANT By GEORGE CREEL 74
The San Francisco blueprint for world peace is compared with that of Versailles.

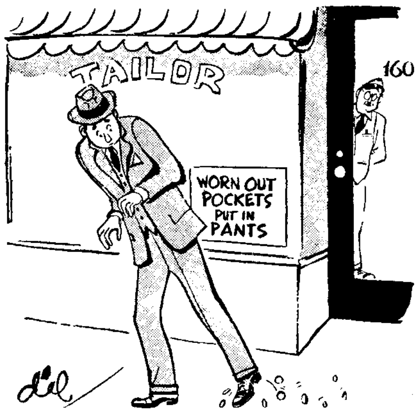
LADY WITH A PRESENT By JOHN CHAPMAN 85
The ageless Laurette Taylor—whom Dad remembers as Peg O' My Heart.

●

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD By FRELING FOSTER 6
WING TALK By FREDERICK R. NEELY 8
YOUR LIFE TOMORROW By DAVID O. WOODBURY 64
THE WEEK'S WORK By AMY PORTER 89
EDITORIALS: *We Won't Let Europe Starve* • *Count 10 (Days) Before You Strike* • *Oh-Oh—Auto Accidents Up* 90
COVER By *LEON GREGORI*

any week

ARRIVING in Washington determined to write a few serious pieces on important subjects, we saw, first, a sign on a very modest tailoring establishment: "Worn-out pockets put in pants." This was a bad start which wasn't helped any by a card on a rooming-house door with this message: "Notice dont ring bell as my rooms is full up."


TAILOR
160
WORN OUT POCKETS PUT IN PANTS

IN THE Pentagon Building there was a great deal of discussion of the case of Private Merrill. The young man had just been sentenced to ten years for being AWOL for almost a year at Fort Belvoir Virginia. After an intensive country-wide search, the Army found Private Merrill at Fort Belvoir, which he had never left. At the Pentagon Building they told us that Private Merrill "deserved those ten years for making the United States Army look foolish." And, they told us, sternly, "Only officers of the rank of lieutenant colonel and up have the right to do that."

AS WE were leaving the Pentagon Building we met a Mrs. Juniate Holasume of Boston, Massachusetts. Mrs. Holasume was there on an independent crusade against compulsory military training. Mrs. Holasume's program, she admitted, was inconclusive. "But I'm sick and tired of hearing that all boys owe a year or two of their lives to their country and must pay it in military training. Has anybody thought that a boy might contribute such time to his country in peaceful or scientific pursuits? I love my country but sometimes I just don't know."

IN WASHINGTON generally the suspicion is growing that it wasn't the Japs after all who blasted Pearl Harbor. This is based on the failure of our Army to find any Jap who knew or knows anything about that attack. Therefore, sensations are expected when the Congressional report is made on the subject—the Republicans on the committee blaming it on the

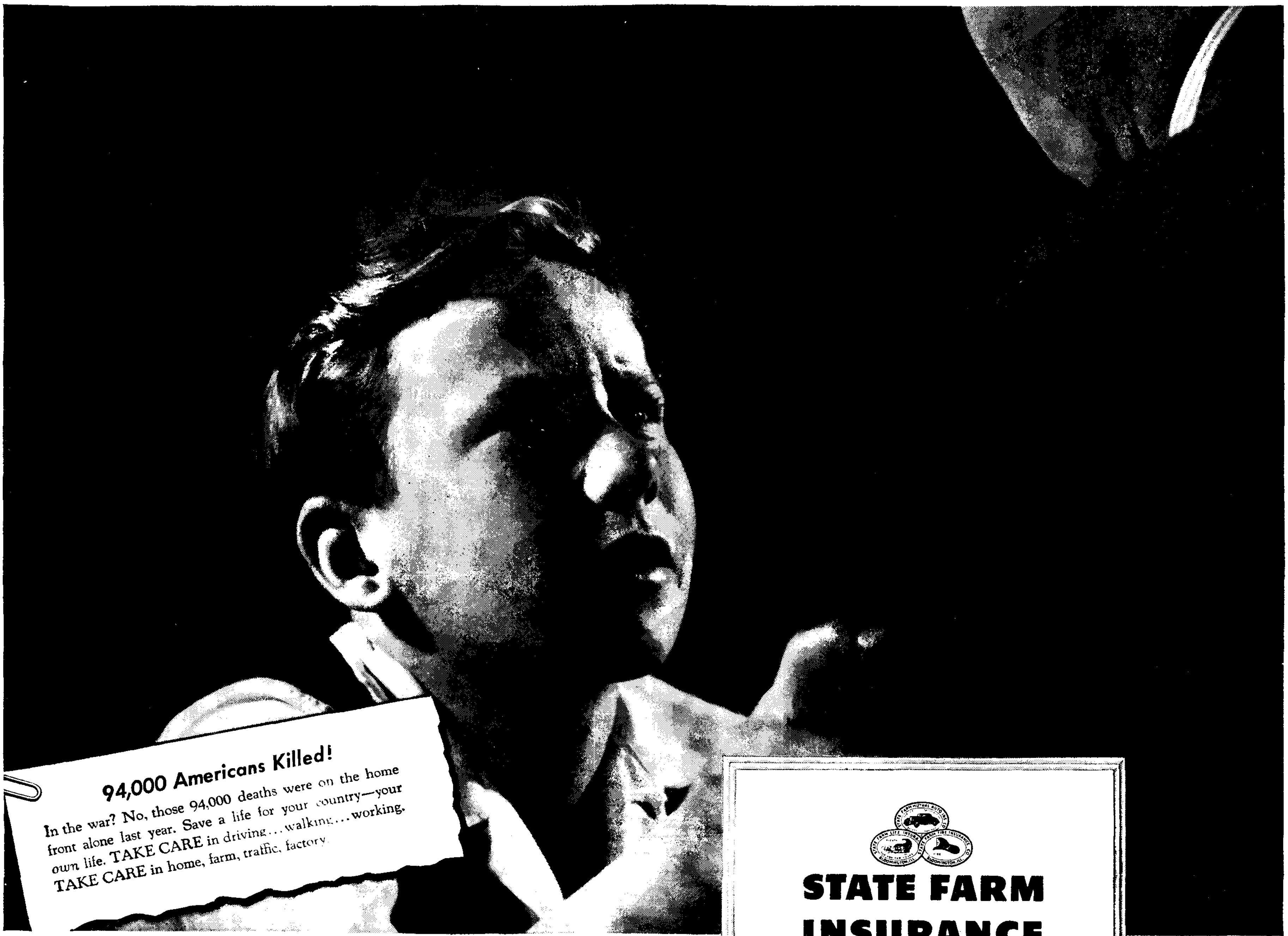
(*Continued on page 50*)

Vol. 116, No. 19. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A., under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's. Copyright, 1945, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; John S. Brehm, Vice President; T. L. Brantly, Vice President; A. H. Motley, Vice President; Peter J. Denerlein, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art. Price, $5.00 for two years, $7.00 for three years, in the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to Subscription Department, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and the new addresses.

"I can get a job, Dad!"

"That was Jimmy's voice cutting through the fog in my brain. Jimmy, my 12-year-old, was trying to console me . . . was offering to help support the family. We had lost everything—our savings, our home. All had gone to satisfy the court judgment resulting from my automobile accident. The man in the other car was badly injured—and I had no insurance. In one lightning moment I had mortgaged my son's future . . . destroyed the life I was building for my family. I had failed in my duty to protect them—by neglecting such a trifle as auto insurance."

Auto insurance a trifle? Yes, but what a *tremendous trifle*—tremendous in its consequences, trifling in its cost. Yet all auto insurance is NOT alike. State Farm's is different in ways that we sincerely believe give you the most for your insurance dollar. That's why State Farm Mutual is now the largest auto insurance company in the world, with more than 1,100,000 policyholders, and over 6,000 agents who are at your service.



94,000 Americans Killed!

In the war? No, those 94,000 deaths were on the home front alone last year. Save a life for your country—your *own* life. TAKE CARE in driving . . . walking . . . working. TAKE CARE in home, farm, traffic, factory

IMPORTANT NOW! You may save 3 ways when you buy your next car through the STATE FARM BANK PLAN: (1) Save on the purchase price; (2) save through lower cooperating bank-financing rates; (3) save on insurance. Send to the State Farm Insurance Companies, Bloomington, Illinois, for *FREE BOOKLET* which describes this 3-way savings plan, also shows you how to compare auto insurance values before you buy and gives you basic facts about life, fire, personal and residence liability insurance. Or get in touch with your friendly State Farm agent *today.*

See Your Local Banker Before You Finance Your Next Car

STATE FARM INSURANCE COMPANIES

BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS

Pacific Coast Office:
Berkeley, Calif.

Canadian Office:
Toronto, Canada

oh-oh, Dry Scalp!

YOU CAN SEE help is needed whenever your hair fails to get enough essential natural scalp oils. There's a touch of loose dandruff. Your hair looks lifeless. It feels dry under your fingers and is hard to comb. All these are signs of Dry Scalp. You need 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic.

5 drops a day keep Dry Scalp away
Vaseline HAIR TONIC

IT'S THE HELP YOU NEED! Five drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic a day check Dry Scalp by *supplementing* the natural scalp oils. Your scalp *feels* good all over. Your hair looks wonderful. And no wonder. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic works with nature—not against it, because it contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. Try it also with massage before shampooing. It's double care—both scalp and hair.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

More bottles sold today than any other hair tonic

LEON GREGORI

Keep up with the world

by Freling Foster

The most comprehensive sign language used in a secret fraternal organization is that of the Hung Society of China, which has approximately 5,000,000 living members. It enables them to identify one another when among strangers as well as to carry on wordless and unnoticed conversations while, for instance, attending a dinner party. Although employing hand signs and body postures, they usually convey their messages by handling objects, having their own way of holding the hat, carrying an umbrella, offering a cigarette and drinking a cup of tea.

The term "juke box" for an automatic phonograph has grown into universal use, despite the long campaign to kill it which has been carried on by members of the trade who consider it harmful. The machine was originally called a jouk box because some of the first ones, which appeared about 1930, were installed in Southern speak-easies known as jouk joints, jouk being an old English word for a place of retreat or shelter.

America is now building, entirely of stone, two great churches—the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York, begun in 1892 but only two thirds completed, and the Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul in Washington, begun in 1907 but only half completed. Despite the fact that construction on steel frames with a veneer of stone would have changed neither their interior nor exterior appearance and would have saved both time and money, stone construction was decided on to preserve their Gothic architectural purity.

When the adherents of Buddhism broke up into a score of sects upon the death of Buddha in 483 B.C., several of the larger adopted ideas of other religions. One was the Hindu practice of depicting the power of a god by giving his image a superabundance of the anatomical part that best symbolized the ability. Consequently, the wisdom of Buddhist saints was indicated in their statues by several additional heads, strength by numerous arms, and vision, in some cases, by as many as a thousand eyes.

Figures on the frequency of twin births in all countries have never been compiled on a comparable basis but various studies indicate that the frequency for the world is about 105 pairs of twins in every 10,000 births, ranging from 145 pairs among American Negroes to 33 pairs among the Japanese.

For a long time after the Middle Ages, millions of persons believed that the stars were beams of light shining through the floor of heaven.

France was selling so much red wine to Algeria by 1935 that she began to transport it in the giant tanks of an especially built ship—named the Bacchus—which was loaded and unloaded through pipe lines like an oil tanker.

As everyone who sells liquor, either legally or illegally, is required to obtain a federal license and pay the excise tax on his sales, such a license is held today by nearly 2,250 bootleggers operating in the three dry states of Mississippi, Kansas and Oklahoma.

A Mother-in-law Association was formed in New York in 1939 to select and popularize a new word for mother-in-law. Of the hundreds of names suggested, the judges chose kin-mother, which did not catch on. Other entries included our-ma, lawma, motherette, ersatz-mother and mother-link.

The iris of a new artificial eye, made of plastic in the United States, is a colored photograph of a natural iris implanted at the proper depth. When no standard stock eye is satisfactory, a perfect match may be secured in a custom-made one containing a picture of the person's good iris.

Of the earth's 92 chemical elements, 35 are required in the manufacture of the 4,000 different types of electronic tubes, which is a larger number of such substances than is required in the making of any other class of product.

The champion long-distance swimmers among land animals are polar bears which have been seen at sea as far as 40 miles from land or ice floe.—*By Helen Maddy, New York City.*

Among the flowers whose fragrance changes with the hours are certain varieties of the orchid which may have the scent of heliotrope in the morning, carnation during the day and lilac at night.

Although it is generally believed that the majority of our state flags were adopted long ago, 38 of the 48 have been made the official emblem of their state since 1900.

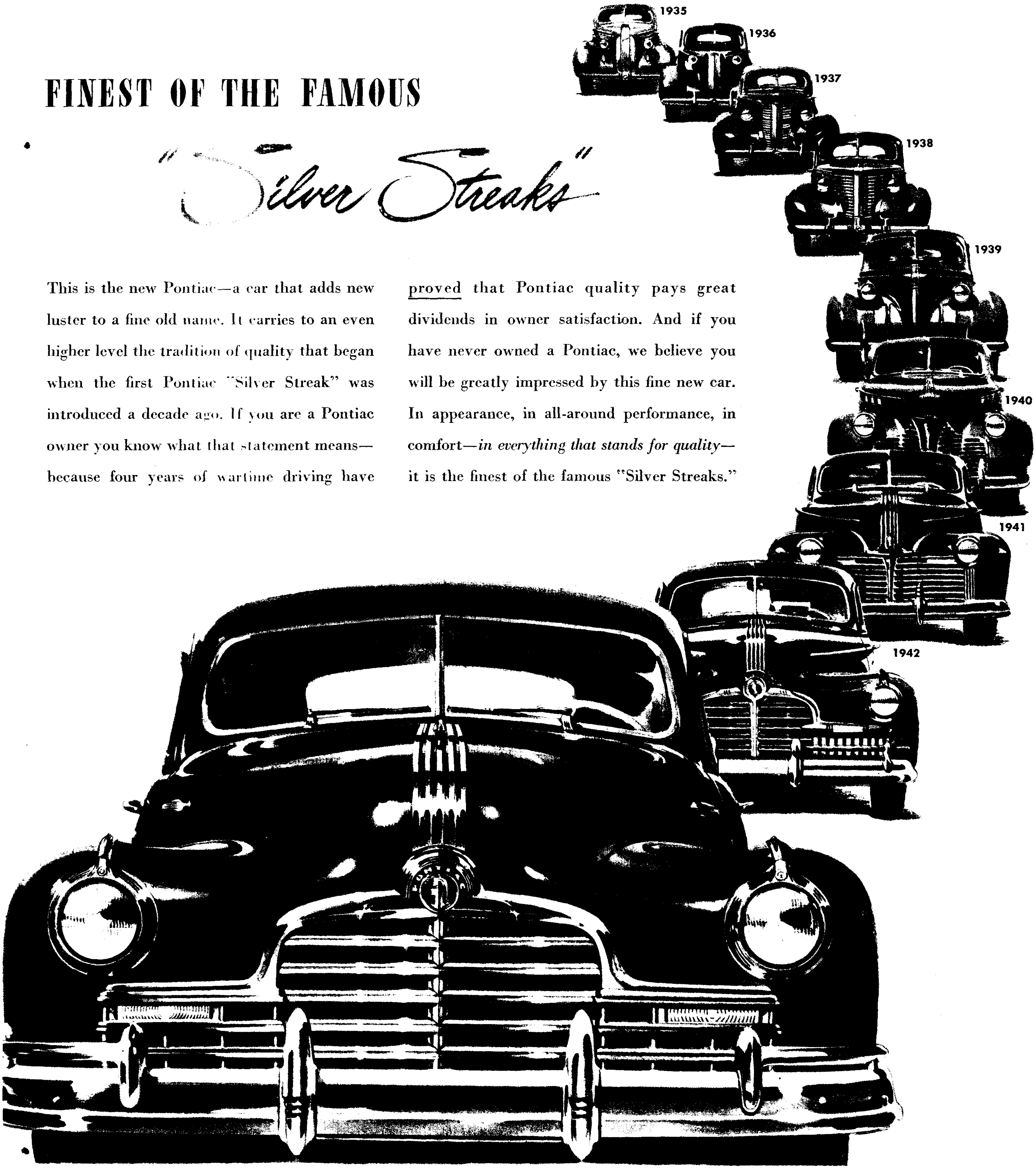
No person has a vested legal right to a U.S. government pension because pensions are bounties which Congress may grant, withhold or recall at its discretion.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted, and none of its items may be reproduced without written permission

FINEST OF THE FAMOUS

"Silver Streaks"

This is the new Pontiac—a car that adds new luster to a fine old name. It carries to an even higher level the tradition of quality that began when the first Pontiac "Silver Streak" was introduced a decade ago. If you are a Pontiac owner you know what that statement means—because four years of wartime driving have proved that Pontiac quality pays great dividends in owner satisfaction. And if you have never owned a Pontiac, we believe you will be greatly impressed by this fine new car. In appearance, in all-around performance, in comfort—*in everything that stands for quality*—it is the finest of the famous "Silver Streaks."



NEW PONTIAC

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

Here we GO again!

For a dog that likes nothing better than riding in a car, wartime driving was really tough. No trips to the country, no Sunday "spins," no visits to our lake cottage or woods to explore . . . just "essential" driving that included me *out!*

UNITED SERVICE MOTORS

I'll say this for my master, he did keep his car in good operating condition. On tramps around town, I'd see it in the United Motors Service station at the corner getting periodic inspection, or having some minor trouble repaired.

That good car care certainly paid off, because now we're "hitting the road" again on those pleasure trips that make a dog's life worth living! And just to show you how smart my master is, as soon as he got the news on unlimited driving he took the car in for a thorough overhaul and safety check-up.

Where did he take it? To the United Motors Service station, of course, where they always use original-equipment parts for better performance, longer life.

Look for this sign—
IT'S RIGHT NEARBY

UNITED SERVICE MOTORS

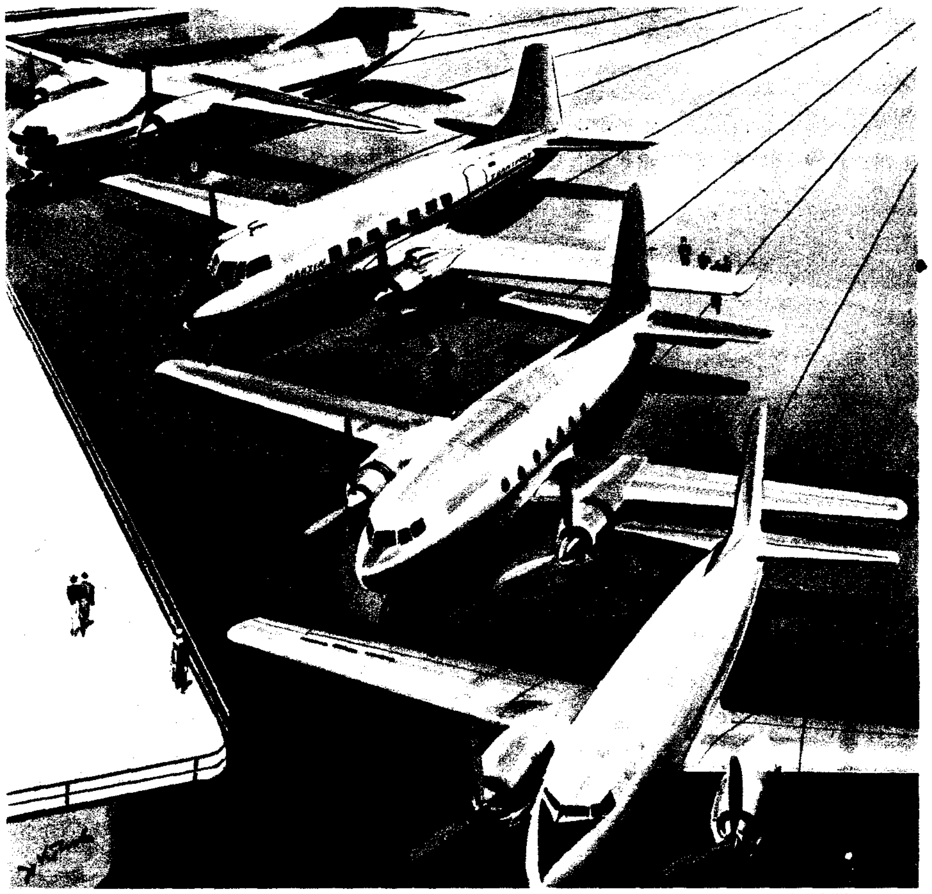
United Motors Service is a nationwide organization of selected independent service stations authorized to sell and service these products:

DELCO Batteries
AC Fuel Pumps, Gauges and Speedometers
INLITE Brake Lining
DELCO Radio Parts
HYATT Roller Bearings
DELCO Auto Radios
HARRISON Heaters
DELCO Home Radios
NEW DEPARTURE Ball Bearings
HARRISON Thermostats
DELCO Shock Absorbers
GUIDE Lamps
DELCO-REMY Starting, Lighting and Ignition
KLAXON Horns
HARRISON Radiators
DELCO Hydraulic Brakes

THREE DOLLARS BRING HOME FOUR—IN VICTORY BONDS

Wing Talk

EDITED BY
FREDERICK R. NEELY



JO KOTULA

Vying for first place as successor to the DC-3 are (top to bottom) the Boeing 431, the Glenn Martin 202, Convair's 110 and Curtiss-Wright's 28

FIVE of our largest airplane manufacturers, each the creator of at least one winning combat plane in the war years, are now locked in the greatest competitive battle in commercial aviation history. It is a battle for the honor, and business, of exclusively equipping the nation's airlines with a transport plane that can be regarded as the successor to the famous Douglas DC-3.

The DC-3 is outmoded and outdated after twelve years of successful commercial operations and nearly four years of valiant war service. More than 10,000 of the type were built by Douglas (500 before Pearl Harbor) and though now an ancient airplane, there are still many years of usefulness in them.

For their postwar intercity business, however, which they are very sure will be voluminous, the airlines of the United States need for you millions of eager air travelers, a plane that will fly faster than the DC-3, cost less to operate and carry greater loads of passengers and cargo. The four-engined giants now coming along are for transocean and long overland flights and are not economically suited to the short-haul trade.

Airlines like to standardize on one type of plane because it's good business to do so. The plane comes cheaper in large numbers, repair shops and practices can be made uniform, operating procedure simplified, and costs kept down. And if other airlines have the same type, too, the maintenance bosses exchange ideas to the benefit of the air traveler in rates, service and safety.

Sparked by American Airlines System, which invited the larger plane builders last summer to produce a successor to the DC-3 for its domestic service, the Boeing, Consolidated-Vultee, Curtiss-Wright, Douglas and Glenn L. Martin companies have come forth with new models. They posed such a problem for William Littlewood, American's engineering vice-president, that he tossed them into the laps of the A. A. system's 10,000 employees to help him decide. Mr. Littlewood recognized that an experienced hostess could point out a feature that could prove annoying to the fussy air traveler; and the same goes with the ground crews handling cargo, mail and baggage, refueling the plane and checking the engines.

American knows the value of having a standardized-type airliner. More than a decade ago, it inherited during expansion many types of planes, with the result that upkeep was high, operations were not uniform, and efficiency went to pot.

Forward-looking C. R. Smith, now American's board chairman, stepped into the presidency, and his first act was to place a fleet order for the then new and costly DC-3s. He scrapped his Fords, Fokkers, Stinsons, Pilgrims and lesser-known types and settled down to one set procedure. American soon came from the bottom to the top of the stack of struggling airlines. The nation's principal airways eventually became stocked with DC-3s.

The airplane manufacturer who can duplicate the Douglas performance of producing a plane that will be adopted as standard equipment by the country's major airlines stands to win orders for 500 or more, which looms as a tremendous figure now that the war orders have been cut back. And his plant will be buzzing for a long time to come making spare parts and filling supplemental and replacement orders. There is no guarantee that the winner of American Airlines System's competition automatically will fulfill the replacement needs of other DC-3 operators, but the odds are in his favor.

Last week we reported on Mr. Douglas' choice for the DC-3's successor, the new and unconventional DC-8, also dubbed the Sky Bus and Mixmaster. It will have two war-tested Allison liquid-cooled engines (the same type that powered our P-38 Lightning fighters to glory) buried in the fuselage under the pilot's compartment and driving by two extension shafts a six-blade propeller out of the tail, 60 feet away.

There isn't such a departure from the conventional in the other four candidates, yet they (as well as the DC-8) are all modern and make use of every applicable war development. They have tricycle landing gear, twin engines, large passenger-entrance doors, larger windows by the seats, modern heating, ventilation and soundproofing, reversible propellers to cut down landing runs, hot-air de-icing in the wings and sufficient storage space in the cabin to permit the passenger to take his bag with him. They'll all have buffet facilities, comfortable chairs and pleasant interiors. In size, the planes will be close to the DC-3, but much more efficient in the weight they can carry. They can seat from 30 to 48 passengers and cruise from 252 miles an hour for the Boeing to 288 for the Curtiss-Wright.

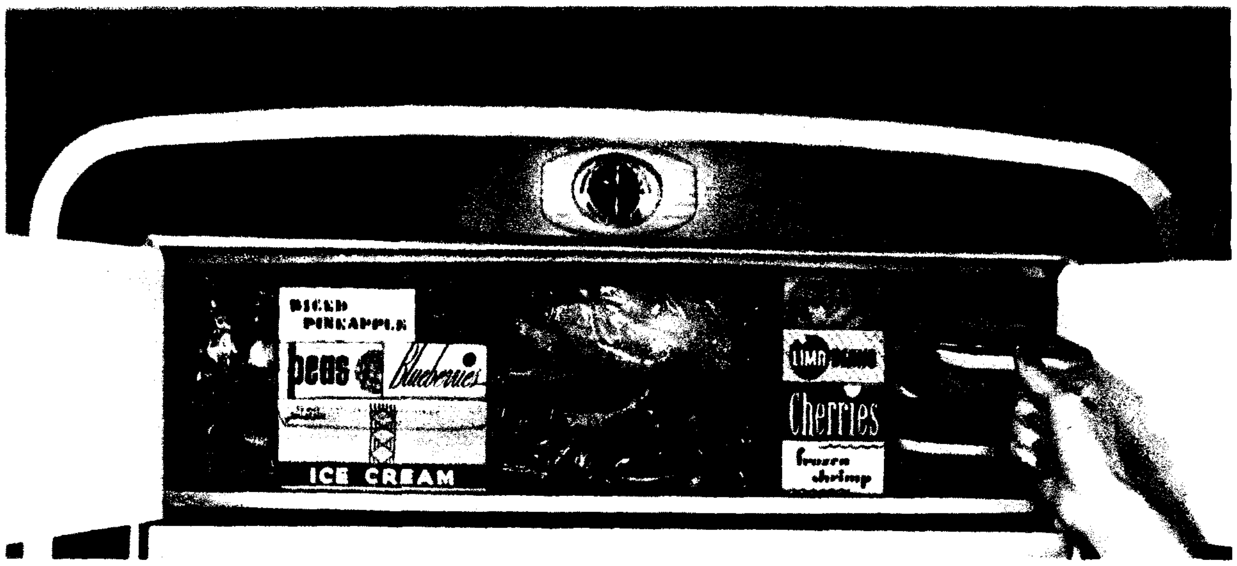
Boeing's candidate, known now as Model 431, differs from the others in wing arrangement, which many old-time air travelers will

(Continued on page 50)

Now... A Frozen Food Chest!

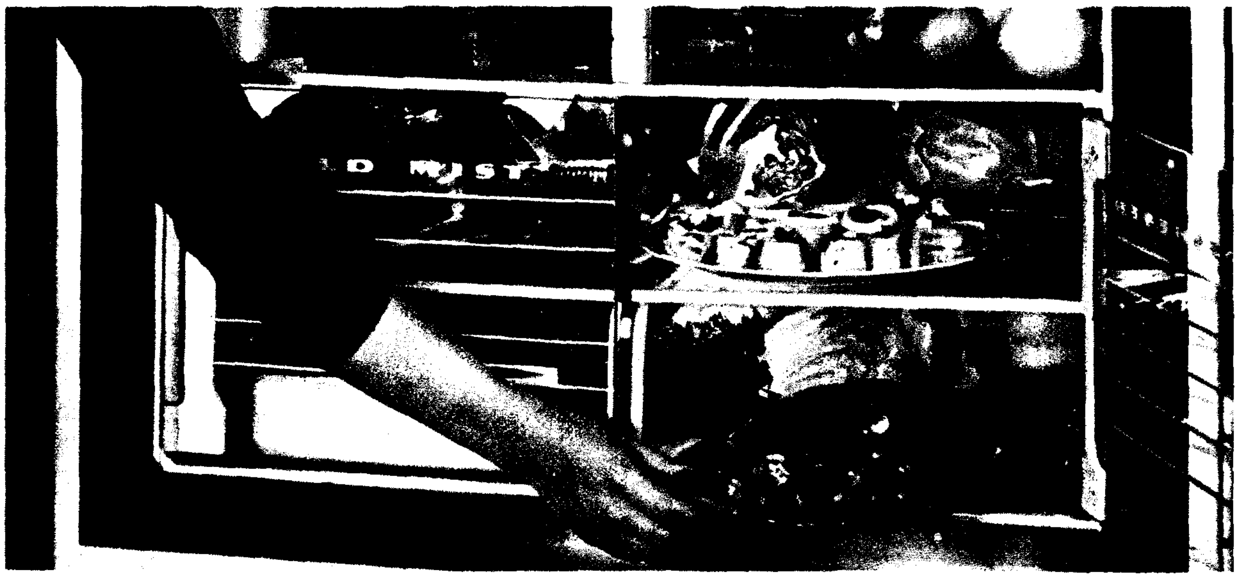
● *Open the door and say "Aaaah!"* For here's the Kelvinator of your dreams! A Frozen Food Chest . . . *combined* with the famous Kelvinator Moist-Master Refrigerator . . . both in the same cabinet, both powered by the same economical, sealed-in-steel unit!

Look at the Food it will hold! Into this big, deep Frozen Food Chest you can pack—a 5½ lb. pot roast; a 5 lb. roasting chicken; 3 porterhouse steaks; 2 lbs. of chopped steak; 4 packages of frozen shrimp; 2 breasts of chicken; 12 twelve-ounce boxes of frozen fruits and vegetables and 2 quarts of ice cream! Plus 13½ lbs. of ice cubes in Hi-Speed trays which, when removed, give space for 16 more boxes of frozen meats, fruits, vegetables! Enough frozen foods for a family of four and "company" for two weeks!



and the Moist-Master Refrigerator!

● *In addition to its new and spacious Frozen Food Chest* . . . you get famous Kelvinator Moist-Master protection for perishables, too! A separate set of cooling coils hidden in the walls of the refrigerator provides ideal temperature and humidity throughout every inch of storage space. In the still, super-moist cold of your Kelvinator's Cold-Mist Freshener greens and fruits stay crisp, leftovers remain vitamin-fresh and appetizing for days and days—*behind doors of glass.* And above the Cold-Mist Freshener there's another zone of cold and room to spare for butter, milk, eggs, soft drinks, covered dishes and citrus fruits, while below is an ample bin for all root vegetables.



combined in One!

● *New Style . . . New Beauty . . . New Convenience!* The new 1946 Kelvinator not only *combines in one cabinet* a Frozen Food Chest, plus the exclusive features of the Cold-Mist Freshener and Moist-Master Refrigerator, plus a roomy vegetable bin, but also gives you the super-safety . . . the dependability of Kelvinator's famed, sealed-in-steel Polarsphere power unit! Forever sealed against air, dust and moisture, the "trouble-free" heart of your new Kelvinator never needs attention, never needs lubrication; runs quietly, economically.

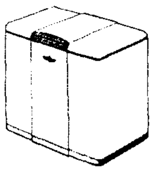
Yes, here in the new 1946 Kelvinator is the beauty, the convenience, the economy you always knew you'd have someday . . . "a frozen Food Chest, and the Moist-Master Refrigerator, both combined in one." Watch for announcement of the arrival of Kelvinator Refrigerators at the showroom of your Kelvinator Retailer.

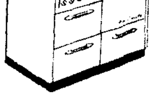
KELVINATOR DIVISION, NASH-KELVINATOR CORP., DETROIT

THERE'S A KELVINATOR TAILOR-MADE TO FIT YOUR FAMILY BUDGET!

Choose from three other beautiful, spacious models packed with exclusive Kelvinator features and designed to give you the best in modern refrigeration first! They are all powered by the famous Kelvinator Polarsphere unit . . . dependable, money-saving, sealed-in-steel and permanently lubricated to give you year-'round trouble-free service.

Watch for the new KELVINATOR HOME FREEZER . . . big, low-priced, economical . . . COMING SOON to your KELVINATOR DEALER'S!





See the new KELVINATOR "AUTOMATIC COOK" ELECTRIC RANGE that cooks whole dinners all by itself . . . NOW AT YOUR KELVINATOR DEALER'S.

Get the Best things First..Get Kelvinator

HOME ON THE LINE

About the first thing a returning service man wants to do is to talk to Mom or Dad — the wife or sweetheart — or the baby! Then the rush is on Long Distance — and it's an extra big rush right now.

We are putting in new circuits faster than we ever did before, but we cannot meet the peak of the returning soldiers' and sailors' calls. So please do everything you can to keep Long Distance lines clear for service men.

LISTEN TO "THE TELEPHONE HOUR" EVERY MONDAY EVENING OVER NBC

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR NOVEMBER 10, 1945

IOLA
Free Public Library
Iola, Kansas

DIPLOMATIC DYNAMITE

BY JOSEPH NEWMAN

Our new Assistant Secretary of State almost pulled the rug from under the Argentine dictator in his first week as ambassador. He's a tough hombre, this Spruille Braden, and here is his two-fisted record

CABLED FROM BUENOS AIRES

AN AMERICAN Army transport flying straight from Washington bore down upon the Argentine capital six months ago. It had no bombs but it carried the biggest package of diplomatic dynamite ever dropped on Argentina. It was the 241-pound form of Spruille Braden, who last May became the American ambassador to Buenos Aires. Even those acquainted with him wouldn't have guessed that today, Braden would be back in Washington as Assistant Secretary of State in charge of Latin American Affairs. But he is back—largely because of what he did in those six months.

Three days after delivery in Argentina the explosive Braden dynamite began to go off. It shook the entire country. Repercussions were felt throughout the hemisphere. The news was heard in many parts of the world.

The Braden blast blew open the iron gates of the Argentine prisons, liberating hundreds of political prisoners. It broke the walls of press censorship, releasing thousands of words about the Argentine military dictatorship, and the state of the people obliged to live under it. The blast shook the Argentines out of their lethargy.

The press, political parties, universities, high schools, labor unions, doctors, lawyers, businessmen, artists and actors sprang to life with a cry for democracy.

There were demonstrations in the streets, clashes with police and soldiers. Some persons were killed and scores injured. The impact of the blast shattered the windows of Casa Rosada, which is what the Argentines call their pink-colored government house, occupied by a military government. The windows were stoned by the irate demonstrators. The dictatorship was in greater peril than at any time since it was established by the revolution of June 4, 1943.

But the military men were not ready to surrender one of the greatest countries in South America. Their power-loving leader, Colonel Juan Domingo Perón, struck back at the civil uprising and at the big, burly, bustling ambassador from the north who, he thought, encouraged it. While Perón managed to check the uprising by the use and display of force, he found he had engaged a formidable opponent when he came to grips with Braden. An unprecedented war between an Argentine colonel and an American ambassador—symbols of an international conflict between the dictatorship and the democracy for which a greater war had just been fought—was officially declared, though never officially announced.

A Man Who Could Handle Dictators

Braden was well prepared for the biggest battle of his career. One of the most important things he brought with him to Buenos Aires was an impressive record as a mining engineer, businessman and a diplomat who knew the Latin American, spoke his language and had learned how to dispose of at least one of his military dictatorships.

He first successfully applied his stubborn will in Latin America in 1904 at the age of ten. His education had suffered the effects of the itinerant life of a mining engineer's family. From Elkhorn, Montana, where Spruille Braden was born, the family moved, after five years, to Canada, then to Mexico, and finally to Chile, where his father founded the Braden Copper Company.

Young Braden was sent to the grammar school of an English-language academy in Santiago, but the masculine sensibilities of the new student were outraged when he discovered that the grammar-school boys, as well as the girls, were obliged to wear white pinafores. Braden bolted and announced that he would only attend a high school where pinafores were not required. He had had only one year of previous schooling, but the dean was finally prevailed upon to let him enter high school, if he passed the examinations. He did. Later, he attended Sheffield Engineering School at Yale.

He began his first job as an engineer with the Andes Exploration Company in Chile, a company which his father organized with Anaconda Copper after selling the Braden Copper Company. With 200 men, he left for the exploring expedition to Sulfatos, 15,000 feet in the Andes. Five men went insane during the three-month expedition, and half the others, including Braden, were snow-blind for days.

Later, a friend nodded to three young sisters in a box of a theater where he had taken Braden for a change of atmosphere. One caught the young engineer's eye and he asked to be introduced. Braden met Maria, daughter of Roberto Humeres, a Chilean physician and educator. He decided to marry her and proposed within a week. He was turned down then and many times afterward. Chilean society, like that of the other republics, began to gossip, so Señorita Humeres asked him not to call so often. Braden waited four days, tried again—and won.

He saw bigger opportunities for himself outside his father's company. He quit the job and, with Chilean friends, organized the Errazuriz, Simpson & Company construction firm in 1919. He bid for the electrification of the Chilean State Railways, one of the biggest contracts of its kind outside the United States. The contract involved a $20,500,000 financing project, expenditures of $8,000,000 for electrification, and other large sums for locomotives, cars and general railroad equipment.

General Electric, Siemens-Schuckert of Germany and other international electrical giants were bidding for the contract and its commissions, running (Continued on page 43)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY INTERNATIONAL

THE GOLDEN OCTOPUS

BY PAUL WINKLER

RADIOED FROM FRANKFORT

This is the story of one phase of the activity of I.G. Farbenindustrie, the world-wide German chemical cartel.

The reader should perhaps know a little about the background of I.G.

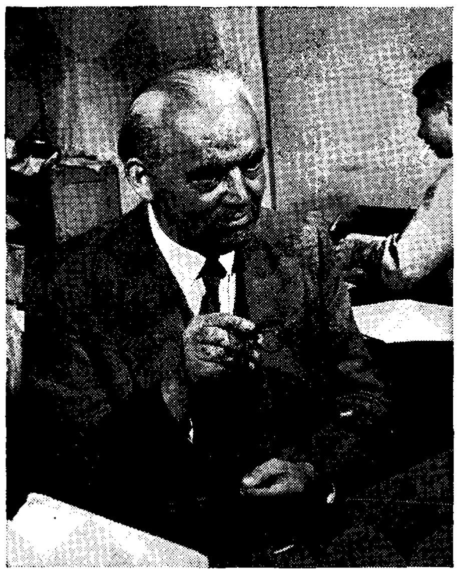
Farben was one of "the two largest and most powerful combines" in Germany, according to a report submitted by the Foreign Economic Administration to the Kilgore subcommittee of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs. "But the combine tentacles reach far beyond (Germany). Through the international cartels, patent, production and sales agreements . . . the rulers of Germany rapidly gained control of critical sectors of industry beyond their borders. Offering co-operation of an apparently innocent kind, they were soon entrenched and they used their position to weaken future military opponents . . ."

As an example, the report points out that through agreements with American firms, Farben was successful in so limiting our production of magnesium that we had not enough to make incendiary bombs during the early days of the war—while Germany had plenty.

With its superb staff of research scientists, I.G. was able to come up with many new patents. Then it used these patents to influence other companies abroad, by requiring them to agree to certain limitations of production or prices or markets before it gave them use of the patents.

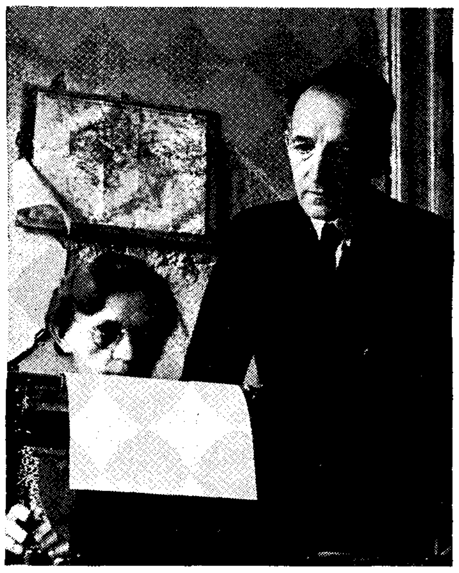
The FEA report emphasizes that German cartels were an integral and legal part of the German government.

"Germany today," states the preliminary report of the Kilgore subcommittee, "is better prepared to implement her plot for world conquest than she was at the end of World War I. Many German industrialists are making proposals for reopening their plants on the basis of peacetime production. Evidence shows that this is part of a preconceived scheme to save their plants and laboratories. These industrialists remain the principal custodians of Germany's plans for a future war."—The Editors



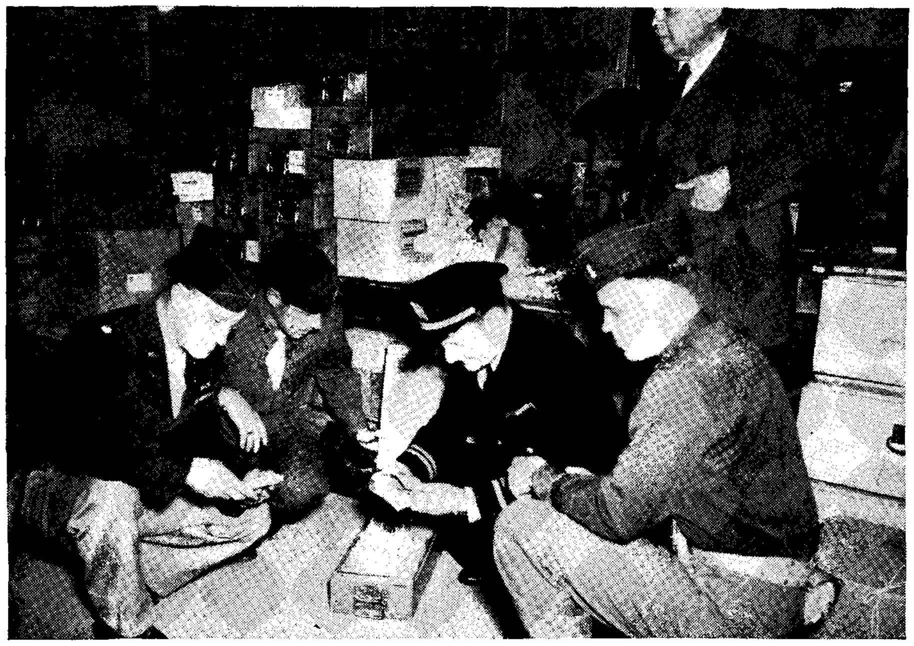
The Geheimrat, Dr. Hermann Schmitz, was the unbeloved boss of I.G. Farben, and the man who devised its complex camouflage schemes

Dr. Max Ilgner, nephew of Geheimrat Schmitz, was the man who first established contact with the Nazis, and cemented their ties with I.G.



Karl von Heider, who objected to using "inferior" American window cleaners, dictates details of I.G.'s doings for U.S. investigators

Orvis Schmidt, head of U.S. Treasury's foreign funds control section, knows all about I.G.'s close relations with the German Wehrmacht



Much Farben money and stacks of important records were hidden in this vault in a sub-basement under the headquarters building in Frankfort. When Americans came in some Farben executives tried to hide records from them in a hangover of their perennial attitude of arrogance toward all government officials

Corporal John Purcell, shown with a stack of Farben records, was the man who saved them from being destroyed by looting slave laborers

DUSTY, tired and just out of a combat unit, Corporal John Purcell, of Scranton, Pennsylvania, arrived in Frankfort one day last spring. He was being transferred to an Army Finance detachment which had not yet arrived, so he decided to take a look around while he waited.

The thing uppermost in his mind was that Frankfort was the home of the main offices of I.G. Farbenindustrie, the gigantic German chemical cartel which had played such an important part in the Nazi war machine. Before joining the Army, Purcell had been an investigator for the Economic Warfare Division of the Department of Justice, so he knew how vital I.G. had been. He hitchhiked to its nine-story headquarters.

On the ground floor he found hundreds of newly liberated slave laborers gleefully tossing bundles of old letters and papers out of the window as they ransacked the place in the search for loot. Corporal Purcell began shouting orders. The foreign workers, who had great respect for any U.S. uniform, immediately stopped. Purcell ordered two or three to guard the papers while he left to find the officer in charge.

Several floors above, Purcell came upon American soldiers, commanded by a sergeant, carting I.G. archives into the courtyard to clean out the place which was to be U.S. Army headquarters. Outranked, Corporal Purcell had to use diplomacy to persuade the sergeant to desist, but he managed it. Finally he found an officer and arranged to have all papers and archives put in a safe place.

It would probably be difficult to overestimate the service that Purcell's quick action did for the U.S. government. For with the documents he saved, Treasury and Department of Justice agents, familiar with the details of I.G. complicity in German aggression, have been able to prove the firm's machinations which heretofore had been assumed on only circumstantial evidence.

The documents also were an inestimable help in questioning I.G. officials, who showed a tendency to talk about their dealings only after they were convinced that their questioners knew virtually everything anyway. These officials exhibited a "So what?" attitude. They candidly expect us to understand the guiding principle of their lives: that the overthrow of a democratic government, as in Spain, the transgression of the rights of people both at home and abroad, the ruthless smashing of industrial competitors is justified so long as it can be shown to have been good for business.

To these officials, I.G. Farben could do no wrong. Recently one of them, Major von Heider, a former I.G. divisional manager, was washing windows in the barracks where he was being held. He was mumbling under his breath and finally he burst out: *"Unerhoert! Diese Fensterreiningung ist unerhoert!"*

"What is preposterous, Herr von Heider?" asked the American officer in charge. "Do you mean to complain because we make you clean the windows of your place of detention?"

Major von Heider replied, "I don't object in the slightest to cleaning these windows. But I believe it is preposterous that I have to do it with second-rate American products when we used to manufacture in I.G. Farben the finest window-cleaning chemicals in the world, and there are certainly enough stocks left to supply me with exactly what I would need."

Most of the leaders of this huge golden octopus, whose financial tentacles reached into virtually every industrial nation in the world, are under arrest today in the United States occupation zone of Germany. Most of them are like Von Heider. Their tactics toward the American authorities vary. Some beat around the bush and are in general reticent. Others try to get into the good graces of the occupying power and are highly communicative. But all have an almost religious faith in I.G. Farben.

For everyone of these men, as for Von Heider, I.G. chemicals were "the best in the world." But they show not only the normal pride of the industrialist in his products. It is much more than that.

They have given their primary devotion to I.G. As the American investigators in charge of their case unanimously noticed, they have

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF–PIX

I.G. Farben nationality." That does not ean of course that every minute of their reers they did not act as all "good" Gerans did it serving faithfully the purposes of oth the Wehrmacht and the Nazi Party. But was for them always part of a well-balnced give-and-take deal between the state nd the trust in which the interests of I.G. arben came first.

The extensive secret I.G. files now availble greatly speed the work of the Treasury nd Justice investigators. Though only venty-five per cent of Farben's production pacity is in the American zone, the discovries here are more consequential than anyhere else.

"Isn't it natural," explains one of the ounger I.G. executives who was being roomed for a top job and who agreed to lk if he was protected with the alias "Waler," "that we should have preferred to diert these documents from territory we xpected would be occupied by Russians and ring them where they might fall into the ands of the Americans? In fact most of our ading executives came also into your zone. here you were able to arrest them."

A Case of Overoptimism

The implication here, that the Farbenites istakenly thought they could bank on riends" among the Western Allies, was furer illustrated later when another I.G. excutive was shown a letter written to Doctor ermann Schmitz by a highly placed person the British chemical world. The Farbenite's es instantly lighted with hope. "Our Brith friends," he said simply

When it was pointed out to "Walther" that ere could not have been too much eageress to surrender these papers to the United ates Army either, as many of them were und hidden in the oddest places—in barns, mines and cloisters—he asserted there was no intention of hiding them from American authorities, but simply of safeguarding them from the ravages of war.

Painstaking scrutiny of the saved documents supplied proofs of the camouflage of their interests which Farben officials employed whenever they thought it risky to show openly their infiltration into certain foreign countries. It showed also the extent to which I.G. Farben profited from its cooperation with the conquering German army.

The most profitable and spectacular "deal" that Farben was able to conclude in the shadow of German bayonets was the French Francolor transaction. It consisted in securing in 1941 fifty-one per cent control of all large French dyestuff companies merged in one single holding corporation called Francolor. This coup became comparatively simple with half France occupied by the German army. Farben's accomplices in the Vichy Cabinet obtained government decrees making legal the transfer of control without previous consent of the shareholders of the companies.

This was arranged by Doctor Georg von Schnitzler, of the Central Committee of I.G. Farben. Von Schnitzler is the well-groomed diplomat of the concern. Speaking English and French equally well, a doctor in law with special training in the dyestuff industry and related to one of the founders of the trust, he soon became responsible for a large part of its foreign business. "Foreign business" means something quite different to Farben than it does to a normal concern. I asked Doctor Schnitzler a few questions about I.G. support given to Franco in the days of the Spanish Civil War.

"It is so improbable that we would foster interior movements in a foreign country," he said cautiously. Then he looked at me sharply and asked, "Do you have any proofs?"

I asked him whether I.G. participated in the over-all German plan for supplies to Franco's troops, and he admitted that the firm was one of the main participants in the scheme worked out by the Reichswirtschafts Ministry.

Dealing the Cards to Franco

"The idea was originally conceived by a Herr Bernhard, who was at the head of a private German forwarding agency in Spanish Morocco," said Schnitzler.

"The first objective was to supply Junker planes and other war materials for the uprising. In order to avoid giving official appearance to these supplies, two trading firms of a strictly commercial character were founded according to Bernhard's suggestion. One was 'Rowak,' functioning in Berlin, the other, 'Hisma' in Spanish territory."

"Who had actual control over these two companies?" I asked.

"The Reichswirtschafts Ministry, of course," said Schnitzler. "Bernhard and Herr Bethke were in charge. All large German enterprises participated in these transactions and we also agreed to open large credits through 'Rowak' and 'Hisma' to the Franco group, supplying them mainly with pharmaceuticals."

"Were explosives also included in these supplies along with other war materials produced by the various I.G. Farben plants?" I asked.

"I don't remember, but possibly," answered Schnitzler. "In any event it was a good commercial policy. Undoubtedly we took certain risks in our different departments by betting on Franco. But if the Republicans had won, we would have lost all our important investments in Spain, because they would have confiscated them. So you see it was good business for us to back Franco, and even the credits we granted him we all got back once he won."

Schnitzler added that at present both Bernhard and Bethke are connected with Sofindus of Madrid, which he described as "an official company of the Reich." According to information of the U.S. Treasury, Sofindus is estimated to control over five hundred million pesetas in Spain in more than twenty-five subsidiaries incorporated through Spanish dummies.

Most leading Farben executives, whether under arrest or free, are spending their days answering questionnaires which tell what they imagine the Americans would learn anyhow. They are visibly afraid of incurring severe punishment for supplying false information.

But if Schnitzler and the other members of the Farben high command continue to act as good "I.G. citizens," that doesn't mean they have any great affection for their 64-year-old boss, Geheimrat Hermann Schmitz, the bull-necked president of I.G.'s all-powerful Central Committee, the man who is often spoken of by his associates as the "dictator." He is the "*geheimrat*" (counselor) to whose instructions many references have been found in the files of the American General Aniline and Film Corporation even after 1940 when this company claimed severance of all German ties.

Master of Financial Camouflage

General Aniline, formerly the principal subsidiary set up by I.G. in the U.S., was seized by the Alien Property Custodian shortly after Pearl Harbor and is now run entirely by Americans whom he appointed. Schmitz is regarded by all Farben directors as the supreme master of "*tarnung*," the word meaning camouflage in the financial sense. He personally worked out the extremely complicated camouflage arrangements under the guise of which I.G. Farben hoped to be able to hide from the world its control over numerous enterprises in and outside Germany—including the United States.

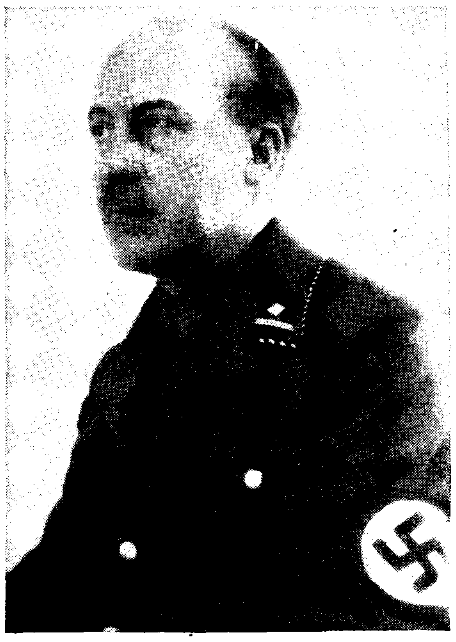
Schmitz's colleagues and subordinates contend he succeeded in making the various camouflage constructions so involved that he himself can't possibly remember them. And they all resent their chief's queer, almost pathological, secretiveness over his cherished arrangements. Even Doctor Max Ilgner, nephew of Schmitz, who, as head of the financial department of the company, has been his uncle's chief aid in the camouflage devices, feels this animosity.

"Walther" explains more earthily this loss of respect toward the chief. "During the days of the American advance, several of us, including Schmitz, were shuffled around in a railway carriage between the fighting lines, trying to reach Frankfort. We were shot at several times. You should have seen the frightened Geheimrat taking cover in the bottom of the car."

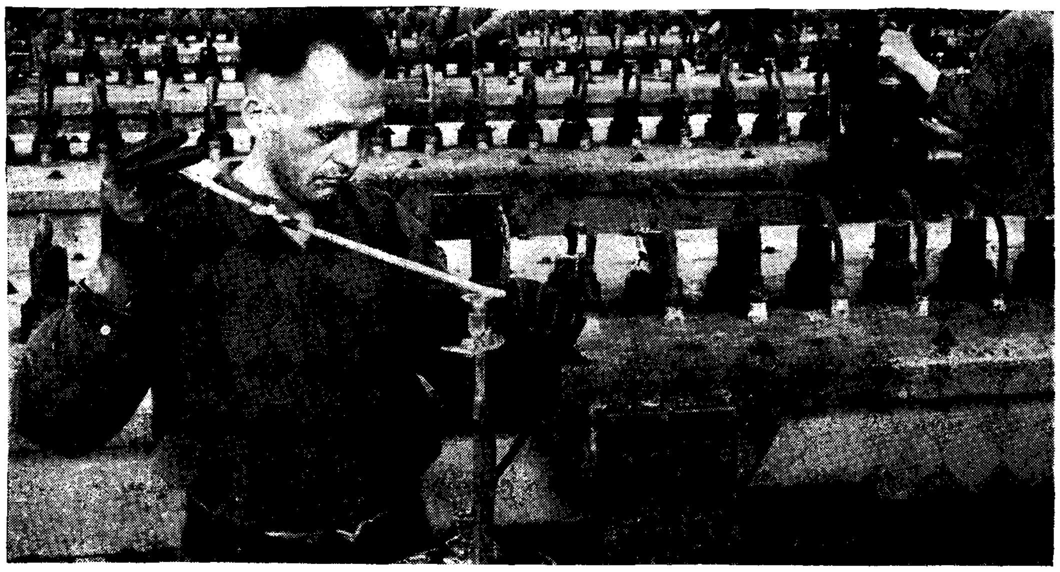
(Continued on page 30)

eorg von Schnitzler, the head of Farben's foreign section, was the man who new all about the firm's propaganda and espionage activities on behalf of the ehrmacht. When convinced the U.S. already had documentary proof, he also dmitted the part Farben played in supporting Franco during Spanish Civil War

Von Schnitzler in palmier days. At first he denied he'd ever been an active Nazi, but U.S. officers later dug up this picture of him in uniform



Farben's Hoechst plant, like most, was all but untouched by bombing. Here men make a test in production of chlorine and caustic soda



Snip and Tuck School

By Dorothy Roe Lewis

Twenty years ago, the Garment Center and the three Rs were not on speaking terms. But Mortimer C. Ritter had an idea and, in executing it, he achieved a revolution in our system of education

Mortimer Ritter, the man behind the Snip and Tuck School idea, watches a pupil, Claire Marateck, at schoolwork

Models pose for pupils in costume design and sketching classes of the school

In the children's wear class, these girls design a dress, make the pattern, cut it, sew it and finish it

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BOB LEAVITT AND DOROTHY GALE

"OKAY, Mort. You get the figures, we'll get the money, and the kids will get the opportunity."

A group of moguls of the cloak-and-suit business—labor leaders and bosses—sat around a room in the heart of New York's brawling, teeming garment district. At one end of a long table stood a slight, baldish man. At the words, he heaved a sigh and rushed around the table pumping hands.

This was the end of a 20-year, one-man crusade for Schoolmaster Mortimer C. Ritter, who fought, threatened, cursed and cajoled into being New York's fabulous Central High School of Needle Trades and now had forced the green light for a lifelong dream—a college to supply free education for future leaders of the nation's four-billion-dollar-a-year garment industry. This was more than a trade school. It was a marriage between industry and education; a revolution in American teaching.

This fall the Fashion Institute of Technology, occupying one floor of the skyscraper Needle Trades High School, is one year old. Students as well as teachers are on the pay roll of this new kind of school, which is a joint enterprise of the garment industry and the New York City Board of Education.

Industry leaders, most of whom clawed their way up through tenements and sweatshops, have dug deep into their pockets to plunk down half a million dollars to insure scholarships for the first five years. The Board of Education matches this sum for classrooms, salaries and supplies. A field of opportunity is now open, not to the melting-pot kids of New York, b talented high-school graduates throug the country, any of whom may apply 1 maintenance scholarship of $10 a week the 40 weeks of the school term.

It's a new experience for the bosse the cloak-and-suit business and the l leaders to serve as directors of a col after 100 years of fighting against fo learning in any form.

Converts to Culture

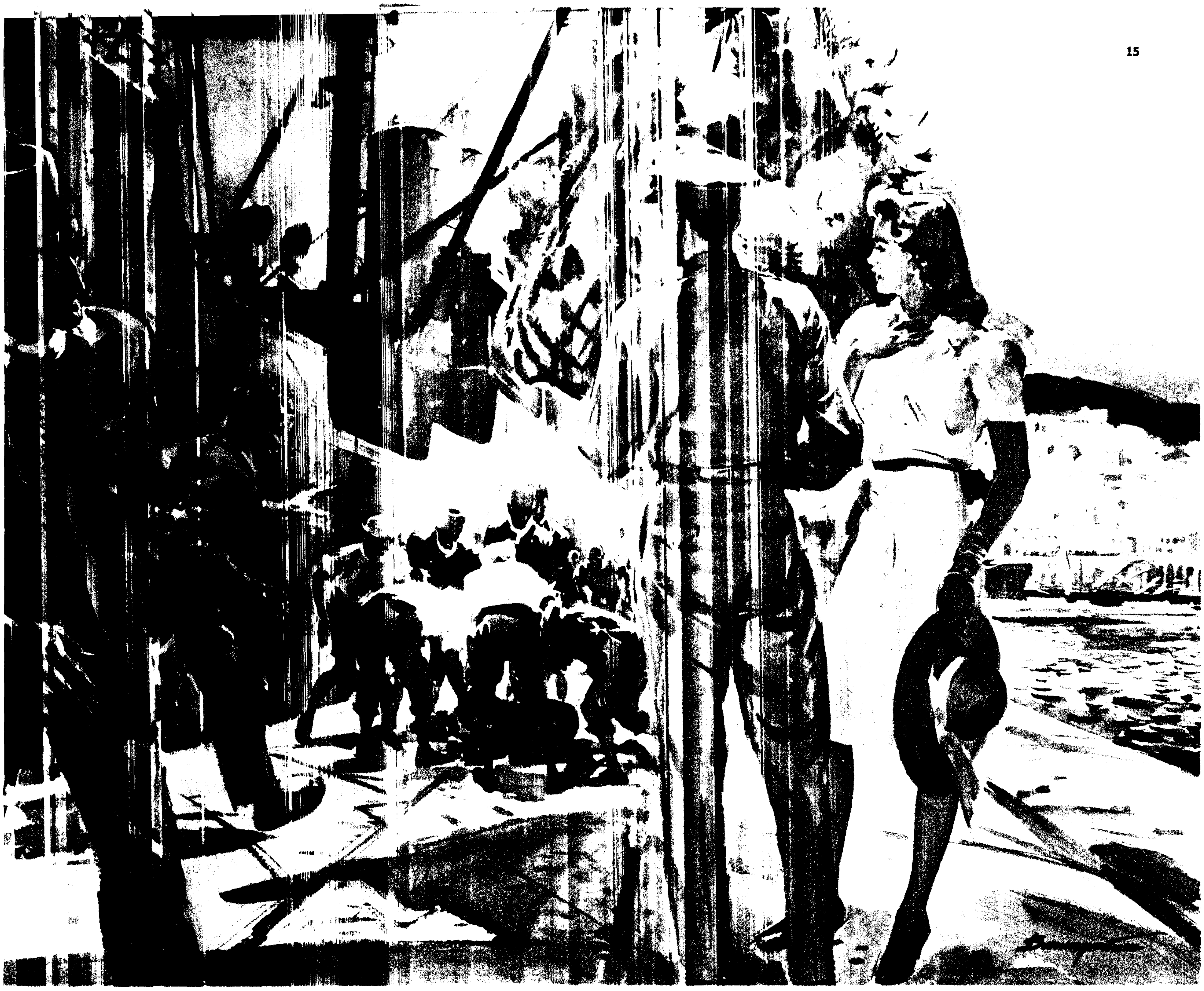
But now that they have been cajoled the directorship of a college, they lov No Yale freshman could be more viol imbued with the old school spirit than t graduates of the school of hard knocks, s of whom have considered any schoo above the fifth grade a sheer waste of t There is no doubt of their enthusiasm. have expressed it in the most eloquent w with cash on the line.

Mortimer Ritter doesn't look like a su salesman. You'd never notice him i crowd, and if you met him at a cocktail p you might not remember his face. He l like a typical schoolteacher—mild, pa and harassed.

But if you take the trouble to look clo you'll see a steady fire in his brown eyes, an uncommon amount of chin. If you the time to talk to him a while, you'll a story of American grit and determina told in the self-effacing manner of a mo fighting man.

Young Schoolmaster Ritter came l from the first World War convinced

(Continued on page 46)



"They say the devil is celebrating. There's a man lying dead there." Eve reported. Mark said quietly "If it's what I think it is, you'd better stay right here while I go see"

COME A LITTLE CLOSER

BY BERNARD VICTOR DRYER

He had an important mission to perform, lives to save, but he got nowhere until a girl proved to him that tact works more miracles than temper

DANGER?" Major De Lille shrugged a little and let his peaked black eyebrows run up under his sun helmet with surprise. "*Mais oui,*" he said, "a few 'ave died, *oui*, but one should not call that danger of plague, Lieutenant."

Mark London stood there shielding his eyes from the sun glare of the sand and thought how blessed a little rank would be, a simple gold leaf on the shoulder instead of the gold bar, so that he could tell this French military doctor from the Service d'Hygiène how bricks were made and laid.

The girl at his side who had been quiet until now made an impatient gesture and turned to the major.

"*Je vous demande pardon—*" she began, but Major De Lille raised one hand limply. "Speak English, please. Miss Moore. I will try my best to understand what you say."

"You've said yourself." Mark interrupted, without trying to control the edge of irritation in his voice, "that people have died of the plague."

The major's eyebrows frowned into two wary chevrons. "*Oui.* In the Medina. Several natives. Perhaps the disease is not plague."

"Natives in the Medina quarter, okay. Still, people. What's to stop bubonic plague—if the disease *is* plague—what's to stop it from all of a sudden popping up in the European section of town?" Mark moved both hands with short motions as if marking off invisible bricks of logic to build the wall of his argument. "What if plague moves down to the docks, or out to the airport. If one of our ships picks up some plague-infected rats and carries them back to New York, or New Orleans or Tacoma, there'll be hell on wheels."

The major's eyebrows went up again. "*Qu'est-ce que c'est?*" he said, " 'on wheels'?"

"It means trouble." Eve said quietly.

"And how!" Mark said. "*Beaucoup* trouble."

Eve Moore stirred restlessly again. When they had first run into Major De Lille she had suggested they adjourn to the nearest café to have their discussion over some iced kebir, but no, the good lieutenant had decided there was no time like the present. He had been trying to see Major De Lille for two days and now that he had the major in the middle of the street he was going to get a decision, or else.

Oh, Lord, she thought irritably, the whole problem is going downhill to smash. This stubborn creased-pants lieutenant means so well and blunders so badly he needs to be spanked.

"Look," she said, interrupting their conversation, "the middle of an African street is no place to discuss bubonic plague epidemics. Come up to the house, Major, we've just gotten in some wonderful Dutch gin."

The major's barometric eyebrows relaxed. "Ah . . ." he murmured, "I last had some in 1940."

She smiled at him. "I promise to get you feeling so rosy you'll promise half of your daughter and all of your kingdom to help Lieutenant London."

She wore a simple white cotton dress, and under the large straw native hat her face had a golden coolness; her coquetry was so straightforward and easy the major was charmed. If one must do business, one must—but let it be handled in a civilized manner, at least. This Lieutenant London, buttonholing one brusquely on the street, plainly barbaric. No sense of the fitness of things.

The major smiled at Eve. "You remind

(*Continued on page 79*)

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER

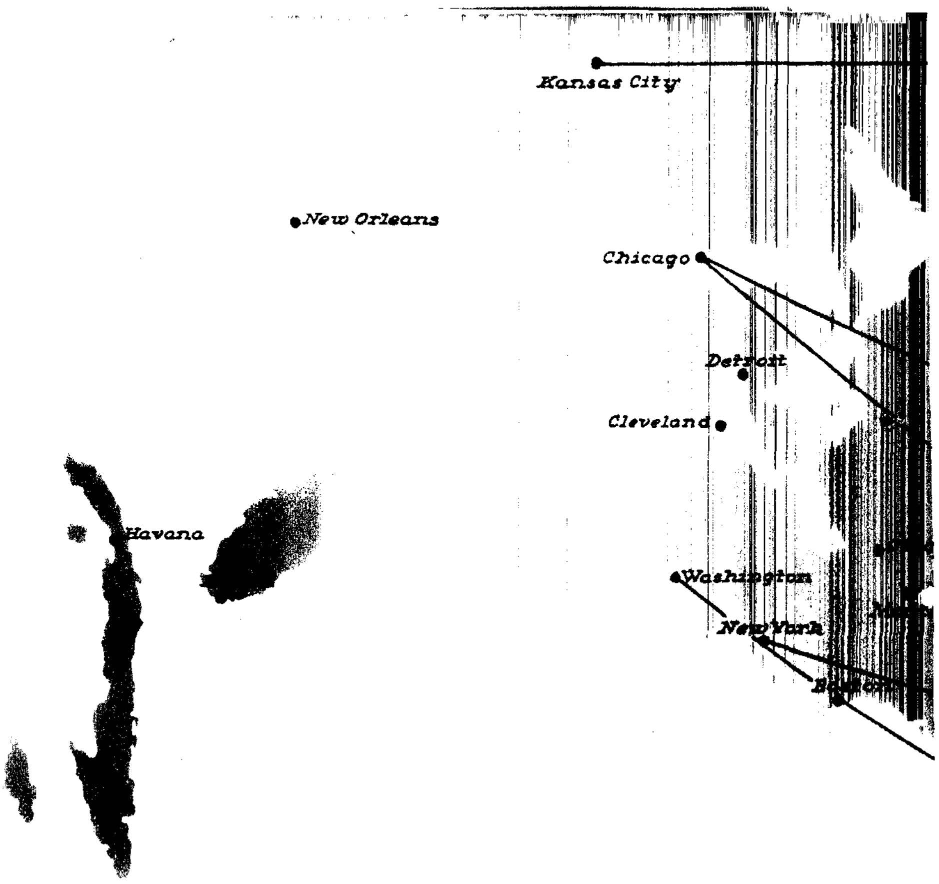
Greenland must be acquired. "Seward's Folly" in the purchase from Russia of the "arctic icebox" of Alaska for $7,200,000 in 1867 is now paying big dividends as the presently indispensable filling station en route to the Orient and Siberia. Dedicating our naval air base at Dutch Harbor in 1941 with the late General Simon Bolivar Buckner, we found ourselves exactly one-half way to Tokyo from Seattle by the shortest possible route. Greenland similarly is one of the northern bastions of the defenses of the Americas in the Atlantic. To the aviator, Greenland's icy mountains are the ramparts of America.

Greenland lies squarely athwart the shortest route from our Middle West to Europe and Moscow. Here is one of the great aerial highways of the future, and is the weather factory of the Northern Hemisphere. The Germans long since sensed the significance of Greenland in the weather map of Europe. They clung desperately to weather stations in northern Greenland almost throughout the war. The timing of the Ardennes Bulge attack with the weather almost paralyzing our air arm may have stemmed from knowledge acquired in Greenland.

Colonel Hubbard is absolutely right. Greenland is a military "must" for America. This article makes a tremendous contribution to the current campaign to establish weather stations in the arctic as provided for in my pending bill. Russia has long since established weather stations in the arctic. Here again America reveals its international immaturity and illiteracy.

Owen Brewster

U.S. SENATOR FROM MAINE



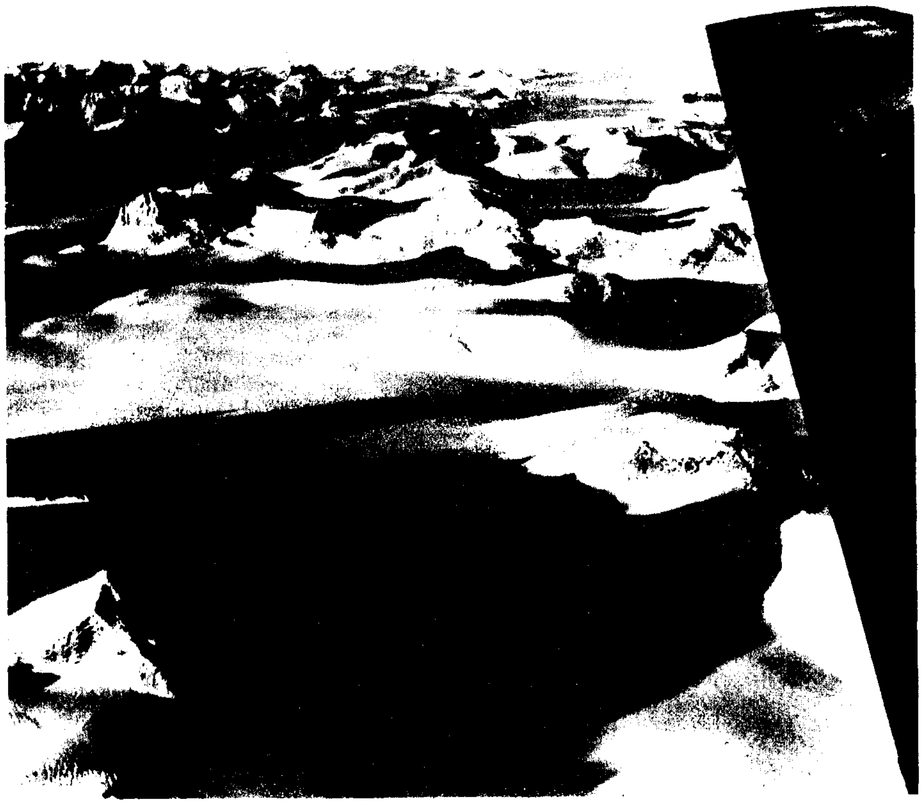
SHOULD GREENLAND

BY CHARLES J. HUBBARD

The arctic continent, as an aviation base and a source of accurate weather predictions, was of enormous value to us during the war with Germany. It will be of equal or even greater importance in postwar commercial flying

EWING-GALLOWAY

Godthaab, capital of south Greenland, a village of well-kept homes. Natives are trained here to become teachers. The place has a population of about 700



Giant rugged peaks, casting long dark shadows in the arctic sunlight, seen from a North Atlantic Division ATC plane flying over Greenland's icecap

AMONG disgruntled G.I. Joes who have "sweated out" a winter in Greenland, it is a common remark that the sooner we give that country back to the Eskimos, the better. This expression of emotional dissatisfaction is entirely understandable in a group of men who find themselves posted on a lonely airfield with nothing but glaciers and mountains to relieve the monotony; no girls, no glamorous natives, no enemies, and no conquest.

It was a stock joke in Greenland that a man could go out and talk to the icebergs in the harbor, but things were bad when the icebergs began to answer back. Under such circumstances, no one could be expected to keep thinking about the strategic geographical position of Greenland, its military importance, its relation to postwar commercial aviation, and its influence as a source of weather. These are the considerations which forced us into Greenland, and the reason why Greenland cannot be abandoned and allowed to revert back to the status of a line in a popular hymn. On the contrary the sooner we purchase those icy mountains and make them contribute to the growth of the Western Hemisphere, the wiser we will be.

Greenland is the keystone of the North Atlantic. The great circle trade routes arch between America and Europe with Greenland standing at the center, shaped almost like a keystone, master block in the structure of the most important of all international bridges.

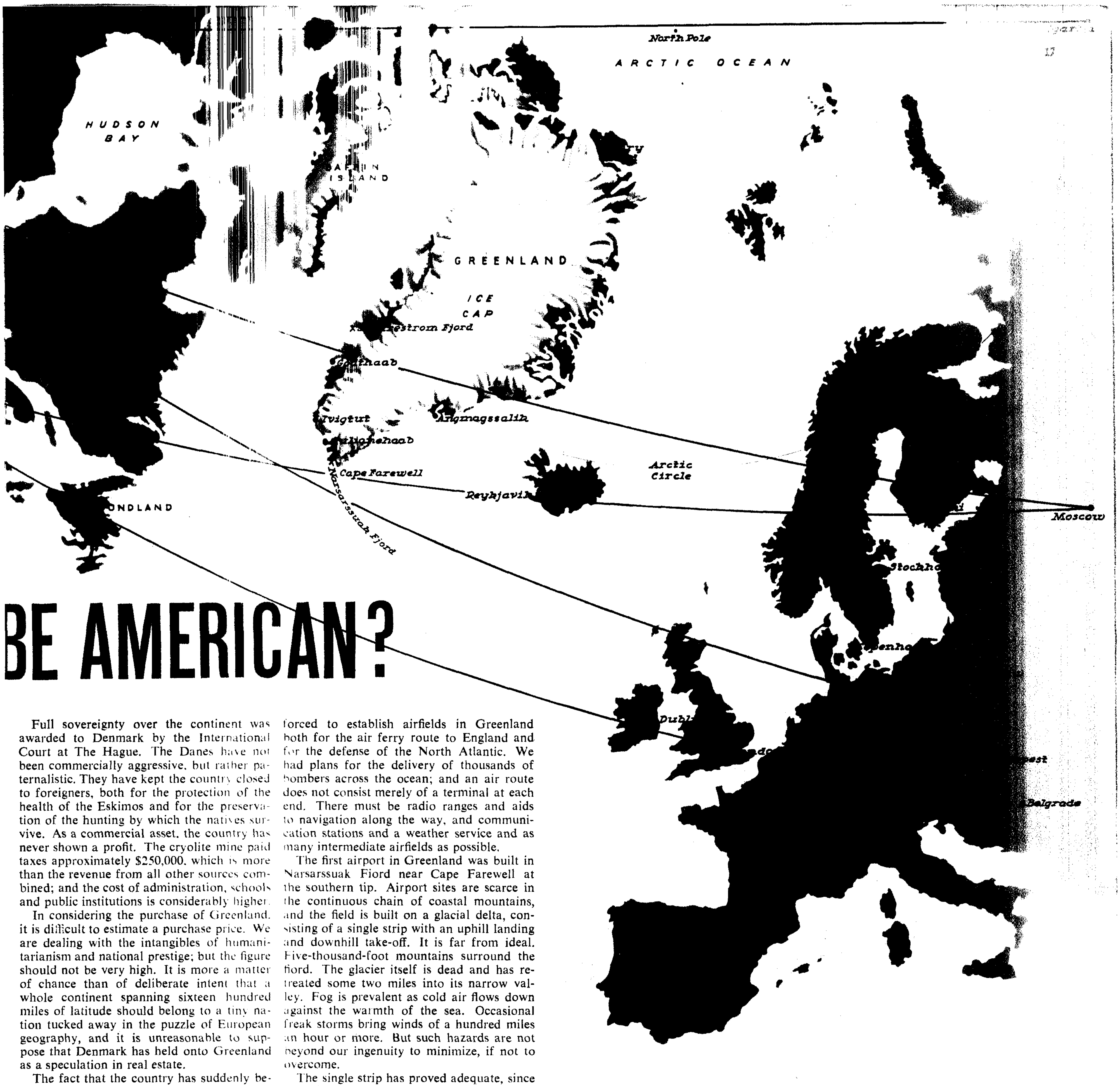
The relation of Greenland to the North Atlantic is similar to the relation of Alaska to the Pacific. We bought Alaska seventy-eight years ago, and in spite of the skepticism of the times, everyone agrees today that it was one of our best investments. The purchase of Greenland was proposed by Mr. Seward, Lincoln's Secretary of State, concurrently with the Alaskan negotiations, but no action was taken. It has required the invention of the airplane to bring the far north to our doorstep.

Greenland differs from Alaska in that it has very little intrinsic value. Nine tenths of the mainland is covered by the white, lifeless dome of the great icecap. Around the edge, a narrow strip of spectacular mountains affords the only habitable portion. There is snow on the peaks, and glaciers pour down into narrow fiords. It has what is sometimes called mysterious beauty, which is another way of saying that our normal complacency is disturbed by such savage grandeur. But mystery can hardly be counted an economic asset.

There is a little low-grade coal, and one small cryolite mine at Ivigtut, which has contributed to our wartime manufacture of aluminum. There may be other minerals, but if so they are probably inaccessible under a mile or two of ice. There are no trees in Greenland except dwarf birch and willow scarcely a foot high and no bigger than your thumb. On the coarse grass of the valleys a few sheep survive.

Agriculture is confined to struggling rows of radishes and perhaps some cabbages started under glass and carefully nurtured in a tiny garden plot. In the towns scattered along some thousand miles of southern coast line, the total white population before the war numbered no more than 500. Eskimos do not bother with mines or husbandry or agriculture. There are about 17,000 Eskimo hunters and fishers along the coast.

BE AMERICAN?



MAP BY KENNETH THOMPSON

Full sovereignty over the continent was awarded to Denmark by the International Court at The Hague. The Danes have not been commercially aggressive, but rather paternalistic. They have kept the country closed to foreigners, both for the protection of the health of the Eskimos and for the preservation of the hunting by which the natives survive. As a commercial asset, the country has never shown a profit. The cryolite mine paid taxes approximately $250,000, which is more than the revenue from all other sources combined; and the cost of administration, schools and public institutions is considerably higher.

In considering the purchase of Greenland, it is difficult to estimate a purchase price. We are dealing with the intangibles of humanitarianism and national prestige; but the figure should not be very high. It is more a matter of chance than of deliberate intent that a whole continent spanning sixteen hundred miles of latitude should belong to a tiny nation tucked away in the puzzle of European geography, and it is unreasonable to suppose that Denmark has held onto Greenland as a speculation in real estate.

The fact that the country has suddenly become valuable to us should not be made a measure of the price. During the war, there was no recognized Denmark, and the United States has protected Greenland under a published agreement to return it to the Danes lock, stock and barrel, together with any improvements. We have already invested a good many million dollars.

The purchase of Greenland would be a good way to provide Denmark with funds for postwar reconstruction. There is plenty of precedent for fair purchase. During the last war we bought the Virgin Islands from Denmark as a small measure of protection to the Panama Canal. For Greenland we can afford to be generous. Suppose we pick a figure from the air and suggest fifty million dollars. It is nearly seven times as much as we paid for Alaska. But it is still less than the cost of the War Department's Pentagon Building in Washington.

The real value of Greenland lies in its geographic position with relation to air traffic. The military implications became obvious early in the war when the United States was forced to establish airfields in Greenland both for the air ferry route to England and for the defense of the North Atlantic. We had plans for the delivery of thousands of bombers across the ocean; and an air route does not consist merely of a terminal at each end. There must be radio ranges and aids to navigation along the way, and communication stations and a weather service and as many intermediate airfields as possible.

The first airport in Greenland was built in Narsarssuak Fiord near Cape Farewell at the southern tip. Airport sites are scarce in the continuous chain of coastal mountains, and the field is built on a glacial delta, consisting of a single strip with an uphill landing and downhill take-off. It is far from ideal. Five-thousand-foot mountains surround the fiord. The glacier itself is dead and has retreated some two miles into its narrow valley. Fog is prevalent as cold air flows down against the warmth of the sea. Occasional freak storms bring winds of a hundred miles an hour or more. But such hazards are not beyond our ingenuity to minimize, if not to overcome.

The single strip has proved adequate, since the winds are nearly constant in the right direction. Pilots find the upgrade a help rather than a hindrance. At a location of such strategic importance, an elaborate system of multiple ranges, direction finders and lights is justified, and these can almost circumvent the weather. In spite of its natural difficulties, the field has been used successfully and continuously by the Army. In the future, with some of the pending developments of radar, the results should be surprisingly satisfactory for commercial flying.

On the credit side is the fact that southern Greenland is not really arctic. The temperature is about the same as northern New England, and there is much less snow in winter. A few inches is the average snowfall in Narsarssuak Fiord, although the mountains will be white. Warmth comes from the sea, which does not freeze the year around. There is floating ice from near-by glaciers but the harbor remains open except when the pack from the eastern coast is swept around Cape Farewell by the coastal current and presses in among the fringe of islands to choke the waters for a month or so. In summer the land is bare, flowers grow in the long sun, and salmon abound in the rivers.

American troops in Narsarssuak Fiord were completely isolated, although they were not far from the southern Greenland settlement, Julianehaab. In line with the Danish paternalistic policy, all contacts with the natives have been declared "out of bounds." For the Eskimo succumbs rapidly to the disease and the environment of modern civilization. He is a nomadic hunter. Even in the "suburbs" of the capital city, he still plys his skin kayak in pursuit of the seal. The picturesque winter costume of long skin boots and bear's-fur trousers is everyday wear in the colder sections farther north. He has his team of dogs and he follows the game over the frozen sea, fishing and hunting and trapping the white fox. Among his assets are his wives, who chew the skins and make the clothes.

Northern Greenland lies close to the American arctic islands. Early in the war, the Army wanted a route for short-range fighter aircraft, and fields were built along a line through northern Canada, Baffin Island and Iceland, including two fields in Greenland nearly on the Arctic Circle. One is in the west in Sondrestrom Fiord, and the other in the east near Angmagssalik.

At that time we thought we might have to defend Greenland itself. The Battle of the North Atlantic was going badly, and Iceland was in jeopardy, being bombed from Norway and surrounded by submarines. It was a forceful illustration that the first line of defense for this hemisphere must lie at least halfway across the ocean wherever bases may be available. Since Greenland is readily accessible by air from the United States, the reverse is equally true.

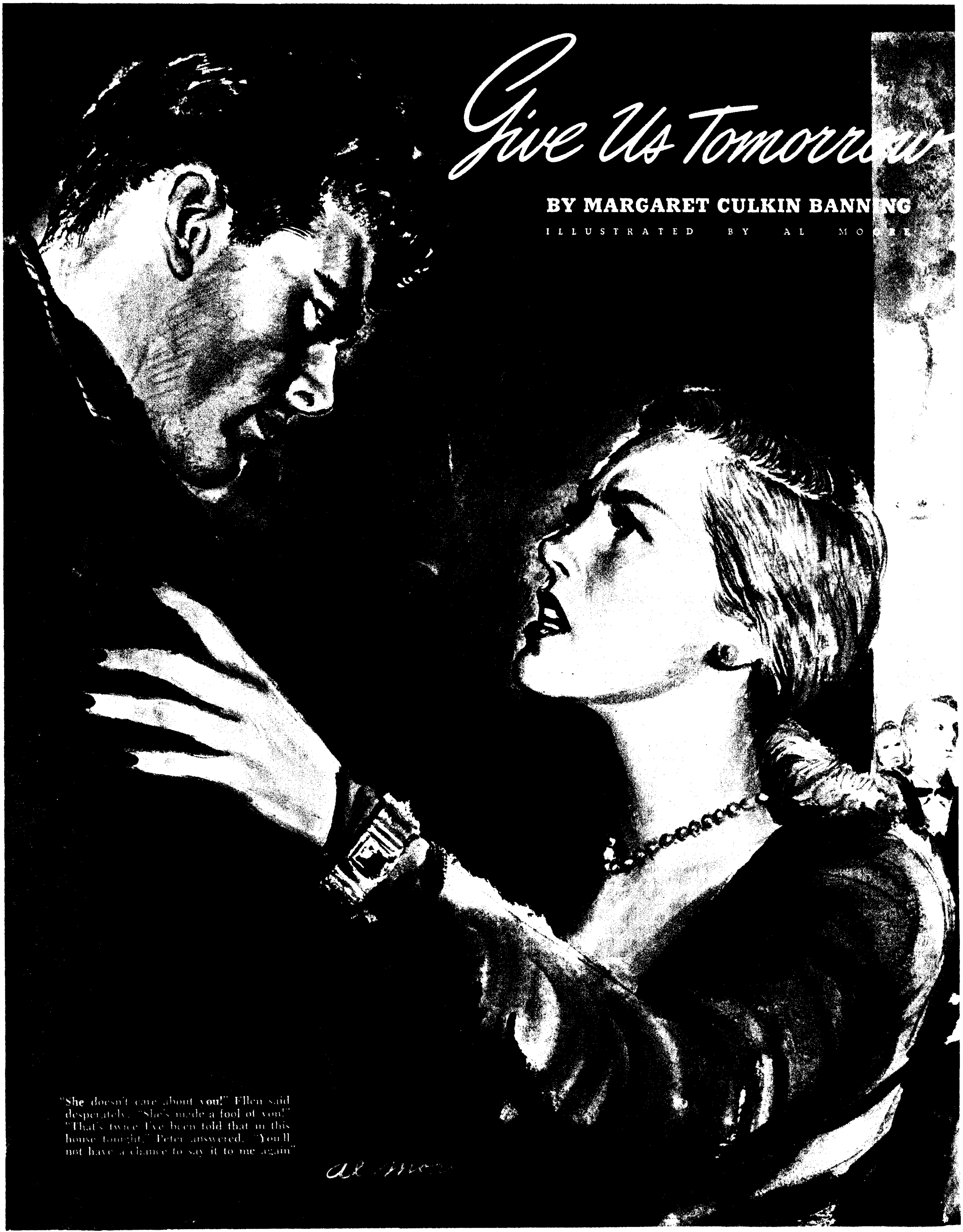
To an enemy a foothold there would be almost tantamount to a bridgehead on our

(Continued on page 38)

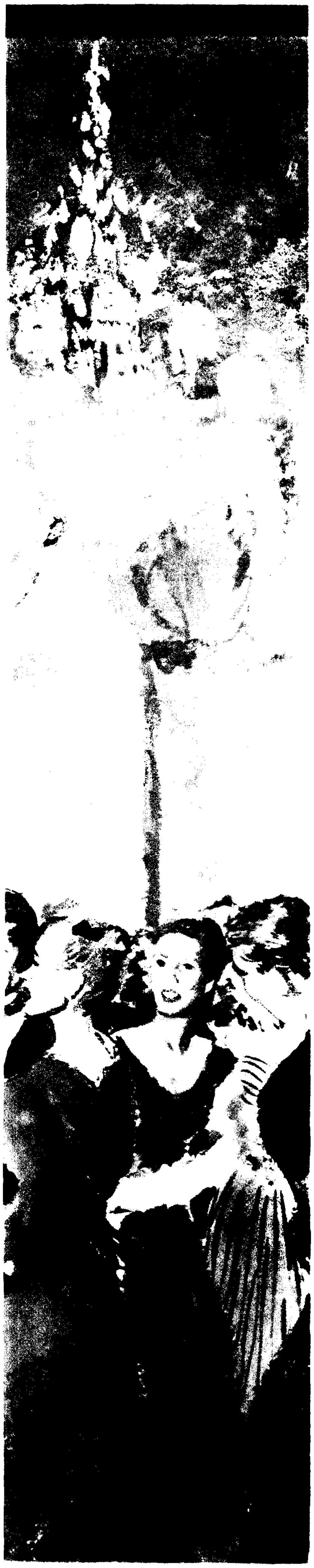
Give Us Tomorrow

BY MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

ILLUSTRATED BY AL MOORE



"She doesn't care about you!" Ellen said desperately. "She's made a fool of you!" "That's twice I've been told that in this house tonight," Peter answered. "You'll not have a chance to say it to me again"



The Story:
Peter Wymark, out of the Army and back at his old job as a mining engineer in Carmine, Minnesota, was finding civilian life sharply limited—as he had anticipated when he promised the girl he loved, **Ellen Desmond**, his employer's daughter, that he would resume work in her father's company. Now the difficulties were materializing: Every chance of advancement seemed blocked by the company; **Jay Desmond**, **Ellen**'s father, resented **Peter** for his interest in liberal politics (particularly his association with **Joe Lacey**, who was campaigning for improved veteran legislation) and made apparent his hope that **Ellen** would some day marry **Bob Lindley**, young assistant superintendent. **Ellen**'s return from her job in London only seemed to emphasize **Peter**'s futile position; seeing her against her own background, **Peter** could not imagine her fitting into his present scale of life, and began taking out **Violet Clyde**, an attractive divorcee who openly pursued him despite her attachment for **Lewis Hewston**, wealthy businessman. But **Ellen** was not to be easily forgotten; when, puzzled by **Peter**'s constraint, she sought him out one day at the mines, and confessed her love for him, **Peter** realized that no matter what difficulties arose, he could never give her up completely. . . .

III

ALL the local newspapers had paraded the story on their society pages: ELLEN DESMOND TO WED VETERAN. ENGAGEMENT OF MISS DESMOND ANNOUNCED. One of them, in an attempt at variety, had carried the headline, ELLEN DESMOND CHOOSES RANGE MAN. She hadn't quite liked the look of that one and hoped that Peter would not see it. Peter's war record and ranking were always mentioned but they were subordinated to the fresher, more romantic news about him: that he was getting an heiress for a wife, going to marry the daughter of his own boss.

Ellen herself had seen to it that their engagement was made public at once. She wanted Peter to know how proud she was of it. Also she was sure that when her father realized that it was definite, his attitude toward Peter would change. It had often been like that in the past when Ellen did something that her father didn't approve of, such as taking a job in New York when she left college, and going to the London embassy to work in wartime. Jay Desmond would storm and make a row, but when he found that her mind was made up, he had always accepted the situation.

On the very afternoon when she had forced the issue with Peter and urged him to ask her to marry him, they had told her father about it. It had been difficult but difficulties didn't matter to them after they had admitted their love for each other. Bob Lindley had guessed what had happened when he saw Peter appear with Ellen at the hotel, both of them so radiant and confident. Then Ellen had made it a fact in words. She hadn't tried to conceal anything from her father, or Lindley, or Harold Bates or anyone else who might happen to see or hear. On the very next morning she had let the society reporters have the news.

Mr. Bates had been interested and amused. He liked Ellen and had thrown his weight on her side, when he saw Desmond's anger and surprise. There was no business interest involved. Reading the announcement in the newspaper as his train left for New York, he said with a smile to his secretary, "Ellen Desmond really meant business. Here it is in print. She got her man."

Violet Clyde saw the item, cut down and repeated, in a St. Paul paper, for the Desmond name had news value all over the state. It gave her a very bad half-hour, an uncomfortable sense of losing ground. She didn't want Peter to be committed to anyone just now. She conceivably might need him. Jealousy, humiliation and resentment tangled in her reaction to the announcement. She was not jealous of Peter's love but of Ellen's public claim to it. Ellen Desmond could get what she wanted because she had the money, the backing, the equipment. Violet remembered with bitterness that Ellen had said to her at Windower that money wasn't important. Yes, that was easy for Ellen to say, she thought again.

And Mr. Joseph Lacey read the news and whistled his surprise.

"Well, what do you know?" he said to a man in his law office who hadn't come in to discuss any legal business. "I thought it was that other young sprout up there, Lindley, who was scheduled to marry the Desmond girl. I had no idea this was in the cards."

"I heard somewhere today that Wymark met her over there in Europe. The old man didn't know a thing about it until it broke. Was sore as a boil."

"That young Wymark knows his way around. He's really a whole lot smarter than I thought at first. This may take a little thinking through."

PETER'S father, Chris Wymark, cut out the piece about Peter's engagement as it was printed in the local Carmine paper, using the sharp workman's knife he always carried in his pocket. He put it in a box where other clippings important to him were preserved and yellowing. There was the one about Peter's graduation from high school, one about his wife's funeral, one about the jubilee celebration for the men, including himself and Jay Desmond, who had been connected with the Greysolon Company for thirty years. When Peter had told his father of his intended marriage, there had been no excitement. Peter was a man and earning his living. His friends and his marriage were his own business, in his father's eyes.

But on a very cold December morning when Peter said that he again was going to Duluth, Chris Wymark put a definite concern into words.

"Have you saved any money, Pete?"

"I did have some saved," answered Peter, "but it sort of got away from me. I had a good many things to pay for when I got back from overseas. I'll begin to build up something again pretty soon. They ought to give me a raise. They ought to give me a real chance with this outfit."

"I've been earning good money these last four years. I can let you have some."

"No, you can't. I don't need any of your money. You hang on to what you've got."

"I wanted to say, too, that you can have this house if you want. Paint it a little, maybe. Fix it up when you get time."

That definite, basic planning for a place for him and Ellen to live made his engagement more real to Peter than anything had yet, more than the grins and slaps and congratulations and kidding—more than the diamond he had bought on time, and suspected he'd been rooked for. His father was speaking of what was necessary for a man and woman, shelter, a home. It was sobering and it was exalting, too.

"It's a good house," remarked Chris Wymark, "and all paid for. I can get me a room down the street."

Peter put a hand affectionately on his father's shoulder.

"No, sir, you aren't going to do anything like that," he replied, trying to sound very matter of fact. "Just put that idea out of your head, once and for all. You worked too hard for this house to give it away. Ellen wouldn't stand for it and I certainly wouldn't either."

He intended to tell Ellen about that quiet, generous offer, but when he entered the Desmond house a few hours later and saw the girl who had promised to marry him, everything else went out of his mind. They looked at each other wonderingly, each searching the other's face for any trace of change or doubt. Then Peter's arms were about her.

"It's true, isn't it, Ellen? I began to wonder on the way down if I were making all this up."

"Don't you ever read the papers?"

"I did see headlines that you were going to marry somebody."

"Yes, a man I met in England. One of those war romances."

"Ever seen the fellow out of uniform?"

"I certainly have."

"He doesn't let you down?"

"Darling, he sets me up. He's much more interesting out of uniform. Though I shall never forget my first look at him. Peter—wouldn't Lady Dunn be surprised if she knew what started at her house?"

"I haven't a doubt plenty of the same started at that place."

"I think I'll write to her. And I must let Violet know."

"Oh, Lord!" exclaimed Peter in obvious dismay. "I meant to call up Violet and tell her myself. I clean forgot."

"Did you have to notify all your old girls?"

He laughed at her. "I don't even remember who they were. But Violet would be interested. And when I saw her last, I sort of made a date for the next time I came down."

"You don't have to break it."

"Don't I?"

"No. But you'd jolly well better," said Ellen and they laughed.

"Violet really has a pretty tough time," Peter said, out of his own happiness.

"Why should it be so tough? She's back in America where she wanted to be."

"Well, she told me a lot about the situation," said Peter. "The Clydes don't like her. They're a very holy lot, in spite of the black sheep she got out of the family. She'd like to take that kid of hers somewhere else—of course, she's itching to get to New York. But she's strapped for money, and the Clydes want to keep the child, so they won't come across. It's pretty damned dull for her."

"Did you meet the Clydes?"

"No. Violet and I had a visit at the hotel. And then we went around the town for a while." Peter seemed to think that was enough on that subject and he showed Ellen that his mind was on herself.

"One more thing about Violet," said Ellen, coming back to her; "you know we planned to have a party during the holidays so people around here could meet you. Wouldn't you like me to ask Violet to come up here for it?"

It seemed to Ellen that Peter looked uneasy and disturbed at the idea.

"I don't know that it's necessary," he answered. "Of course, she'd probably like it, if she's still in St. Paul. Do as you please. Why does there have to be a party anyway?"

"But, Peter, we always open the house once during the holidays. And so many of our friends haven't met you."

"Then they haven't any kick to make. Better leave it that way."

"I want to show you off and you know it. I won't ask a lot of people. But I think maybe I will call up Violet and see if she would like to come up for a day or two, during Christmas week."

SHE was persisting in that almost in spite of herself. She wasn't afraid of Violet and she meant to prove it.

"Look," Peter said, "you've thrown me off the track. I've something for you. Here."

He pressed a little white box into Ellen's hand and watched her open it, pretending indifference.

"Why, Peter!" There was astonishment and delight in the exclamation. She hadn't expected what she saw in the white velvet case. "Did you really buy this beautiful ring for me?"

"I didn't get it for free. It was in a crackerjack box. What do you really think? Is it all right? Will it do?"

"It's wonderful. But what on earth did it cost?"

"You leave that to me."

She looked at the splendid single diamond with delight and held it up for him to see, then touched it to her lips and his. But she couldn't help thinking that it would be only too easy for him to buy on credit now. Or else he must have used up all his savings.

Peter was beaming. "Do you really like it?"

"It's the prettiest ring I ever saw. But I don't think you should spend all that money. Do you know what I was going to suggest? I've got some of my mother's jewelry and there's a really lovely diamond set in a chain she used to wear. I thought we might have that reset—that you might do that for me. It wouldn't cost much."

"All right."

"And you'll take this back?"

"Sure, if you break your engagement."

(Continued on page 56)

THE FRENCH FIGHT TO LIVE

BY QUENTIN REYNOLDS

It's bedtime in Paris, and Jacqueline, 4, kisses Roland, 9, good night. Mother and Dad share this bedroom

Mon DE CONFIAN
ODUITS E CH

Next morning: Jacqueline and her mother wait in line for bread. When they get inside, there isn't any

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF—PIX

So far as Monsieur Felgines is concerned, the war is done and the hated Boche is gone. Now, he and his wife and his two children must begin the larger war: the war to keep alive through one more winter

RADIOED FROM PARIS

PIERRE FELGINES looks a little bit older than his 32 years. His eyes are dark and seem to have a perpetual flick of uneasiness in them. The truth is that Monsieur Pierre Felgines is worried. He's worried about the health of his family. He knows that neither his wife Thérèse, his 9-year-old son Roland, nor his 4-year-old daughter Jacqueline gets enough to eat. He knows that winter is approaching and that his apartment at 76 Rue de Cherche Midi will be very cold, and he looks back toward last winter with a shudder. There was no heat then, either, but he and his family were lucky. None of them fell ill. Then, too, they thought that would be the last bad winter they would have.

The Americans are in Paris now. Order is coming out of the chaos. Somehow they thought the Americans would get coal. But now Pierre knows that there will be very little coal and very little food in Paris during the coming winter.

Pierre Felgines is employed as an electrician. He makes a decent salary which was quite adequate to take care of his family before the war. During the war he was a registered member of the FFI. When the Americans came, he helped defend his power station against German sabotage.

This man comes pretty close to being the typical middle-class wage earner, and a study of the problems which confront him show very convincingly what the people of France are up against today.

Pierre Felgines, in short, is the French equivalent of John Smith, Average Citizen, U.S.A. M. Felgines' salary averages about 8,500 francs a month ($170). That used to be a very good salary in France. Rents are about the only thing in France which have not risen to stratospheric heights. M. Felgines pays 400 francs per month—about $8. Each month he makes careful notes of what he has spent. Last month these were his expenses:

Taxes 200 francs ($4)
Rent 400 francs ($8)
Gas and electricity 450 francs ($9)
Bread 600 francs ($12)
Wine 96 francs ($1.92)
Sugar and coffee 120 francs ($2.40)
Meat 300 francs ($6)
Cheese 60 francs ($1.20)
Vegetables 3,700 francs ($74)
Soap, toothpowder (almost impossible to get) 300 francs ($6)
Subway fare 200 francs ($4)
Total: 6,426 francs ($128.52)

This leaves about 2,074 francs ($41.48) of his salary. With this he has to buy clothes for his family of four, pay any medical bills that might accrue, buy schoolbooks for the children, buy cigarettes, and pay for occasional movies—the only diversion he and his wife can afford. Pierre Felgines, a

Pierre Felgines repairs neighborhood radios at night to make extra money. His wife Thérèse makes a dress for Jacqueline from an old sheet. Parents do without cigarette smoker all his life, gave up smoking three months ago. He just couldn't afford it. Then cigarettes are a valuable item in barter. Madame Felgines, a dark-haired tidy woman of 32, told me that she had saved twelve packs of cigarettes—three months' ration—and had exchanged them for a bottle of olive oil.

"Our butter ration is so small," she explained, "that we keep it for the two growing children. Growing children need fats. It is impossible for children to live entirely on boiled vegetables, which are our staple dish. We get very little meat. Occasionally I can get a little horse sausage, but it makes the children sick. My husband and I eat it when we can find it. Now and then we get a piece of meat. Three weeks ago Sunday, we did get a chicken. That was a very great treat."

Madame Felgines had just finished the luncheon dishes. For luncheon she had given her family two pounds of beans mixed with boiled potatoes, and some prunes.

"Tonight we shall have a very good soup," she said. "With noodles in it. That and bread and what is left of the prunes. We finished the beans. Yesterday, I had to stand in line for an hour to get them. We have to stand in line to get anything, and that is a bit wearing on the nerves. It is not so bad now, but it will be bad in the winter."

To say that the Felgines family—and thousands like it—may starve to death this winter would be stating the case too strongly. To say that all of them will be suffering severely from malnutrition before the winter is over, is a plain statement of fact. All observers in Paris agree that a family of four in moderate circumstances cannot exist healthily on the food it is able to get under present rationing arrangements.

Today, the two Felgines children, Roland and Jacqueline, are considerably underweight. Like all children who do not have enough to eat, their eyes seem to be very large and solemn. Last winter two or three amateur American observers made flying visits to Paris and then reported that the people of France were doing all right, they were well fed, well clothed.

These statements received wide publicity at home and were repeated in Paris. The veteran correspondents here were shocked at the absurdity of such statements; the people of France were shocked and bewildered.

Restaurants on Taboo List

Unfortunately, the amateur observers had confined their attention to the black-market restaurants where food is good, if prohibitive in price. Pierre Felgines and his wife have never been inside such a restaurant. The average meal in these restaurants costs 1,000 francs ($20) per person. A de luxe meal with good wine would average about 2,500 francs ($50).

The black market in France is almost, but not quite, now accepted as a feature of French life. It is considered to be semi-legitimate by the people who frankly say that they would starve without it. It began under the occupation, when every French farmer or storekeeper hid his excess produce or goods to prevent them being taken by the Germans and sent to Germany. There were strict German rules against the hoarding of food or commodities.

The farmers and the shopkeepers, rather than see their goods spoil or fall into the hands of the Germans, sold them to their countrymen. They charged (*Continued on page* 87)

Daddy helps the children with their shoes. The uppers are leather, the soles are 1-inch wood. Pierre nailed a sliver of leather on each sole to reduce the noise

mother tries not to notice when the little girl begins to shiver

macaroni with a dash of sauce, and bread. No milk, no dessert

AT HOME IN THE JUNGLE

BY WILLIAM BEEBE and JOCELYN CRANE

IT IS fun and scientifically worth-while to watch a dead-leaf mantis capture a thorny spider; to discover how all the small beings of the tropics get their dinners. And when we see certain ants prepare and fertilize their fields, sow and reap, it brings them very close to ourselves.

Having dined and being suitably clothed, every jungle beast large and small must have a home. The simplest is that of a sloth who has only to hang from a branch and curl into a ball to be safe. He looks like a clump of moss, and the teeth and claws of his enemies are useless against the barrier of thick fur, tough skin and palisade of flat ribs.

Even butterflies concentrate for miles on a definite, communal sleeping bush, while ants rival our own cities in the intricacies of their miles of thoroughfares and nesting chambers.

With food, clothing and home assured, there remains the climax of all—courtship, a mate, offspring, the continuation of the race. The ancestral line of each living being has never been broken since it joined with ours millions and millions of years ago, from which time we all, humans and wild creatures, stretch back to the beginning.

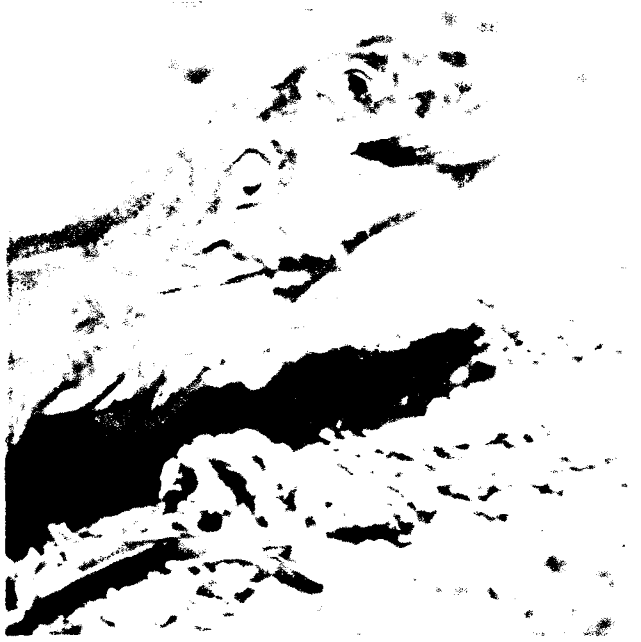
And it is a pleasant thought that butterfly, frog, parrot, sloth, you and I are all blood brothers, nth cousins of sorts, all bound for life to our little planet Earth. It helps us to think of these jungle beings as real folks.

These pictures are from 16-mm. Kodachrome motion films, taken by Miss Jocelyn Crane, of living animals in the Venezuelan jungle, on the forty-third expedition of the Department of Tropical Research of the New York Zoological Society. The expedition was sponsored by the Committee for Inter-American Artistic and Intellectual Relations, and the Standard Oil Company of Venezuela. ★★★

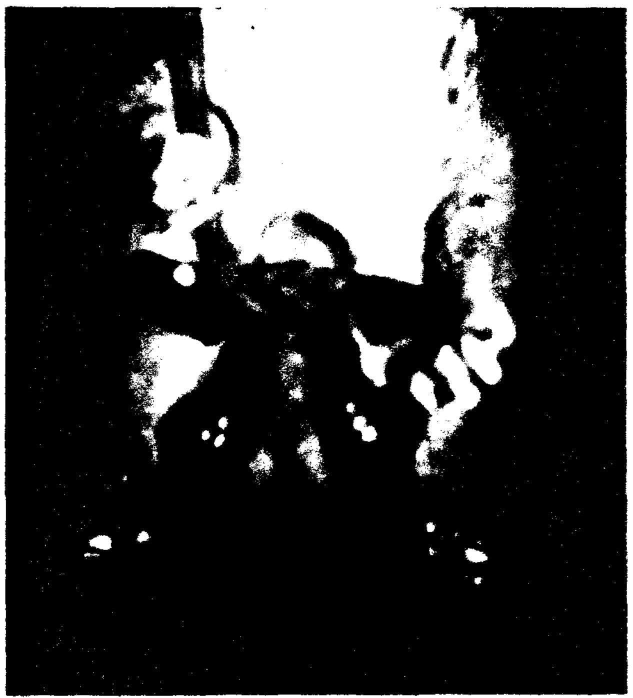
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOCELYN CRANE

what to Eat

Perfect semblance of a shriveled leaf, a jungle mantis contentedly eats a spider which consists mostly of long spines



This lizard has leaped six inches into the air and caught a hovering dragonfly. For relative speed and skill a submarine would have to surface and bring down a Superfort



Hanging upside down, one hand holding her tail, a mouse opossum happily eats a tropical firefly. Her prey has two head lamps, but the light is so cold it will not burn her tongue

To imitate this leaf-cutting ant, you'd have to carry a barn door a mile, grind it up, plant mushrooms, and then eat the mushrooms

The blue-and-yellow macaw, with a huge beak which is the terror of snakes and monkeys, is afraid of nothing. So he has a loud voice, and wears brilliant feathers that flash in the sun like a heliograph

When two rival rhinoceros beetles fight for a mate it's no sham battle. One usually kills the other

Hungry enemies of this big sphinx moth caterpillar are warned by its black, gold and scarlet coloring that it's acid and bitter in taste

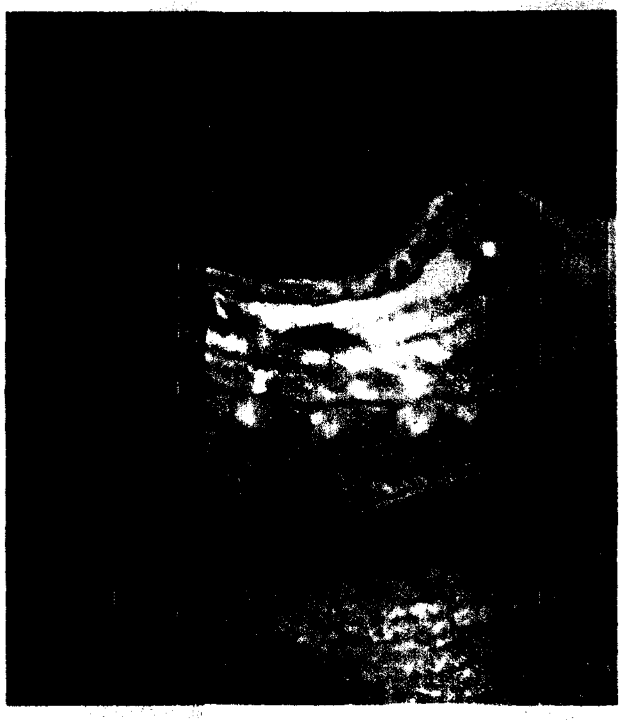
To survive while asleep, this erald tree frog must resembl leaf. If it has to move it c not jump, but must crawl fl

When night comes, an emerald t frog is a leaf no longer. The eyes open, look for food and f

Insects, frogs and birds are covered with protective patterns of brown and gray, the color of the dead leaves among which they live

There is great danger in the dead leaf world. Eyes must be watchful. So this frog has the brown leaf pattern etched across its eyeballs

The jungle's most brilliant fashion creation, the red-and-blue macaw, displays a yard of flaming scarlet, cobalt and yellow



Helpless and harmless, the crocodile bug tries to frighten its foes with a huge dragon mask and vicious-looking projecting fangs

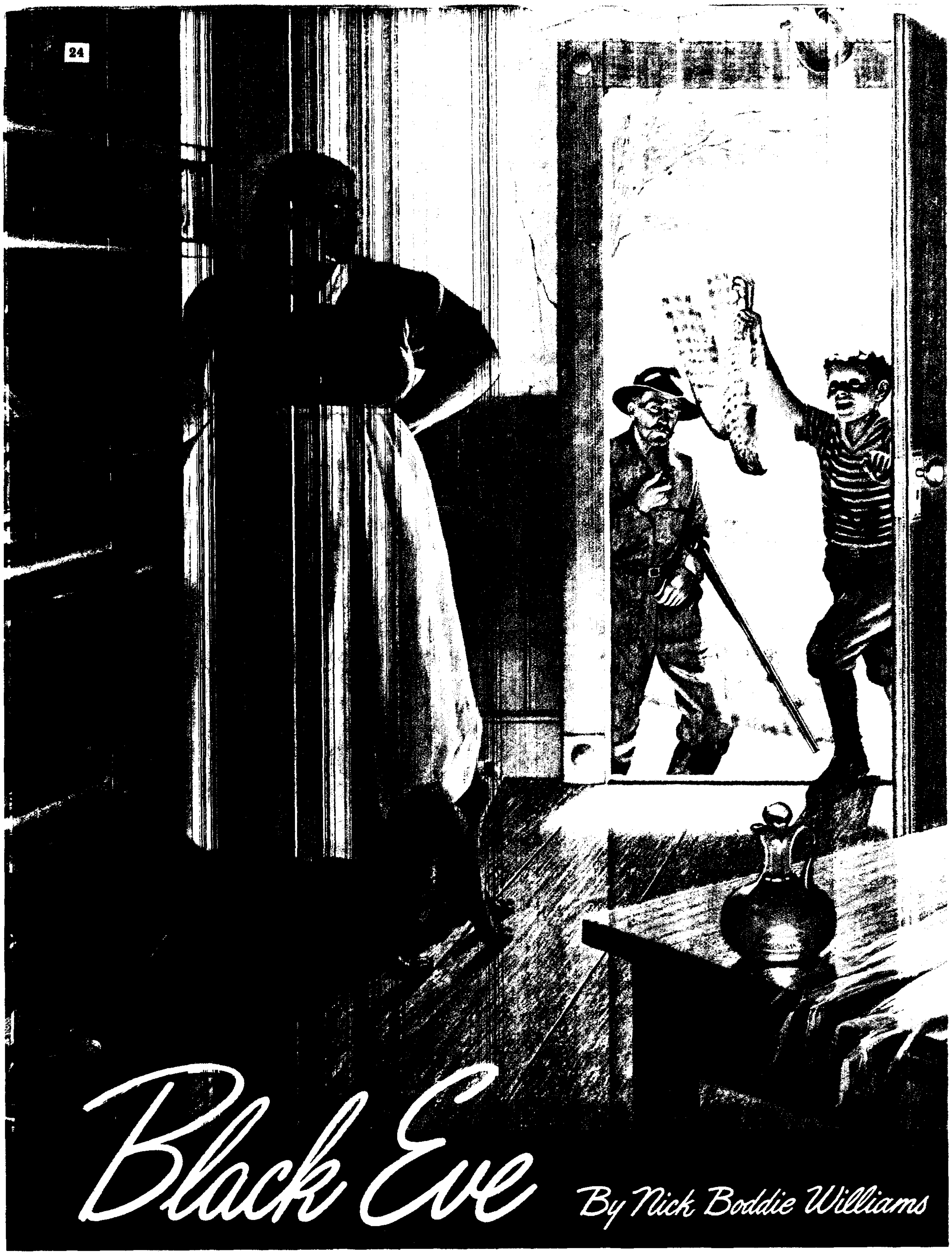
Urania is a moth which loves the tropical sunlight, so its wings are violet, turquoise and purple, set off by black and white

The kinkajou asks for no better home than the inside of an old hollow tree

To an infant parrot the world must seem a strange and dreadful place

The sloth is not particular; home is wherever sleeping time finds him

A harmless queen snake stops for the night in a flowering orchid. In brilliance of color there is very little to choose between them



"Look, Eve," I cried, "I killed a hawk. I shot it, didn't I, Captain Ken?" Eve stood by the stove, and though not a muscle moved in her face, I felt her resentment

Black Eve

By Nick Boddie Williams

The strange story of a man's struggle against a haunting superstition—and of the curious happening which finally brought him face to face with the fears he always had denied

IT WAS an old house the first time I saw it. The pine of its clapboards was honed by a thousand southeasters, giving it that glowing patina that paint can never duplicate. It seemed boxlike, as I remember it. Entirely square, save for the widow's walk upon the roof. It stood upon that rise of ground beyond Onancock, on Virginia's Eastern Shore, and from that widow's walk I used to stare far out across the Chesapeake, toward Norfolk. I remember the heat of those summer days, and the gray mist on the waters in the morning. And I remember Captain Ken, my grandfather, my mother's father. And I remember Black Eve.

I was not quite ten that summer. That's an age for remembering, for what a man has seen at ten he remembers more sharply at forty and at sixty than what he saw yesterday. A man should think of that when he is raising children. Those first years of the mind are when the soul is formed. And Captain Ken stamped something into me that summer that can never pass. Captain Ken and that house upon the rise of ground. And Black Eve.

"There it is," my mother said, pointing. "The house where I was born. And all your aunts, all seven of us. And there is where my mother died. Now run inside—"

Timid, I knocked. The door was slow in opening. Then there she stood, Black Eve, immense and motionless. Her stolid face turned down toward me.

"Li'l boy," she said, "go 'way."

From deep inside the house I heard a voice: "Who's out there, Eve?"

"Li'l boy," she said, the volume of her words increasing without any flexing of her face. It was so stolid, blocking me away. And then she saw my mother. Something changed. "Fo' God," she whispered, huskily. "That you, Miss Nan?"

"Eve!" Mother cried.

Black Eve enveloped her. Those arms, above the elbows shaped like globes, clutched Mother to her vast, incredible breast. "Miss Nan," she said, but in a way that was like sobbing. "Oh, Miss Nan, Miss Nan—"

To me, it was shocking. It was too emotional. It was the sound of weeping in the Congo, of women weeping in deep sorrow or great joy, shorn of all reasoning. I fidgeted. I felt so terribly left out of it. And then I saw my grandfather come down the hall.

"Nan!" he cried out. "And damn me, here's the boy!"

It was after supper that I heard them talking. There was something about older people's talking in that house that was like reading—as if I saw the printed word instead of hearing it. I think it was a feeling of the past, a strangeness as if these things were said not while I heard them, but before. So long before. Perhaps it was the prim exactness of the furnishings, the plum velvet drapes, the tall gilt mirrors and the prisms glittering, sending their rainbow lights across the half-dark of the drawing room. All of it felt as if it had stopped growing, as if each fringe and tuft had been placed just as it would always be, the way that my grandmother wanted it. And all my mother's sisters, long before I had been born.

Captain Ken had placed a gun before me on the carpeting. It was a lovely thing, exquisitely carved and filigreed and new.

"We'll try it out tomorrow," Captain Ken said quietly. "We'll go down to the flats and see what we can shoot. How would you like that, boy?"

I said, "I'd like that fine."

"You'd like that fine," he grinned, and shrugged his stocky body deep into his chair. "And so *would I. Nothing's* so good as walking with a gun."

"I hope," my mother said, "that you won't make him shoot it, Captain Ken."

"Make him? Why, Nan—"

"I can't forget the time you made me shoot. You brought me back in here, and Eve came running with the smelling salts, and poor Mamma crying, wringing her hands—"

"It kicked you. That's all, Nan."

"It knocked me out. That was a little cruel of you, Captain Ken."

"I know," he said. He raised his glass, eying the amber whisky. "You were my first-born, Nan. You could have been my son."

My mother smiled. That far-off look came into her eyes, the way it always did when she was telling me about Virginia. "Bessie," she said, "and May, Alice and Maude and Dora, and then Ken."

"Ken for myself," he said, "when I gave up. Kenneth, a girl—"

Mother rose suddenly. She went across the drawing room to him and kissed him on the pink skin of his head. "All right," she said. "But do be careful with him, Captain Ken."

None of this, of course, made sense to me. But what mattered was that Captain Ken and I were going walking with the gun. That was what made that summer wonderful to me, those walks. We'd go, the two of us, picking our way through marshes that smelled strongly of the sea, the salty smell, the dried fish smell, the musty smell of tideland slime. I'd flounder after him while he strode forward on his short, thick legs, swelling with pride almost too bright to bear in silence.

"Don't gabble, boy."

"Yes, sir."

"And never splash. Pick up your feet."

He was *training* me. He was teaching me to hunt. Not that we shot at anything. I guess that he was doing it the way that he had learned, the way that they had done it on the Eastern Shore when he was young. That went a long way back, before the Civil War, when training boys was more than learning alphabets and figuring. There was a way to hunt, a way to move and think while doing it. Once you had that, the gun itself came easily. The style of things, the spirit that was in them was the core of it. You were not born a man.

"I'm going up to Baltimore," my mother said. "I'll leave him here with you and Eve. In an emergency—"

"I raised seven girls," said Captain Ken. "No boy is going to be an emergency."

And so the three of us were left alone there in that house. It was then that I first noticed

(Continued on page 34)

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM KAPRA

It makes giant tracks toward a better tomorrow

ANOTHER REASON FOR GOODYEAR LEADERSHIP

THIS gigantic tire will help speed construction of highways, airports, roadbeds, power dams and other projects in the new America to come . . . for its ability to perform, with speed and efficiency, on these heavy-duty jobs, has already been proved in the slam-bang wear of war.

It's a Goodyear Earthmover All-Weather Tire, one of the massive Off-the-Road Tires which Goodyear makes for heavy-duty construction equipment. These big tires have deep, tough treads for special jobs. Some keep tremendous loads rolling over jagged rocks, some through thick, sticky mud, others through dry, soft sand.

These Goodyear giants help self-loading scrapers, motor graders, earth-hauling wagons do a better job—*faster and cheaper.* Into every huge tire goes Goodyear's unmatched knowledge of tread design, cord, compound and bead construction.

Leadership in Off-the-Road Tires is another reason why "more people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind". . . for the same skill that makes *big* tires also makes the *best* tires for your car.

A pioneer in rubber and the world's leading builder of tires, Goodyear is also an experienced worker with metals, plastics, chemicals, fabrics and other vital materials . . . seeking always to develop more useful products for you.

VICTORY! BUY BONDS!

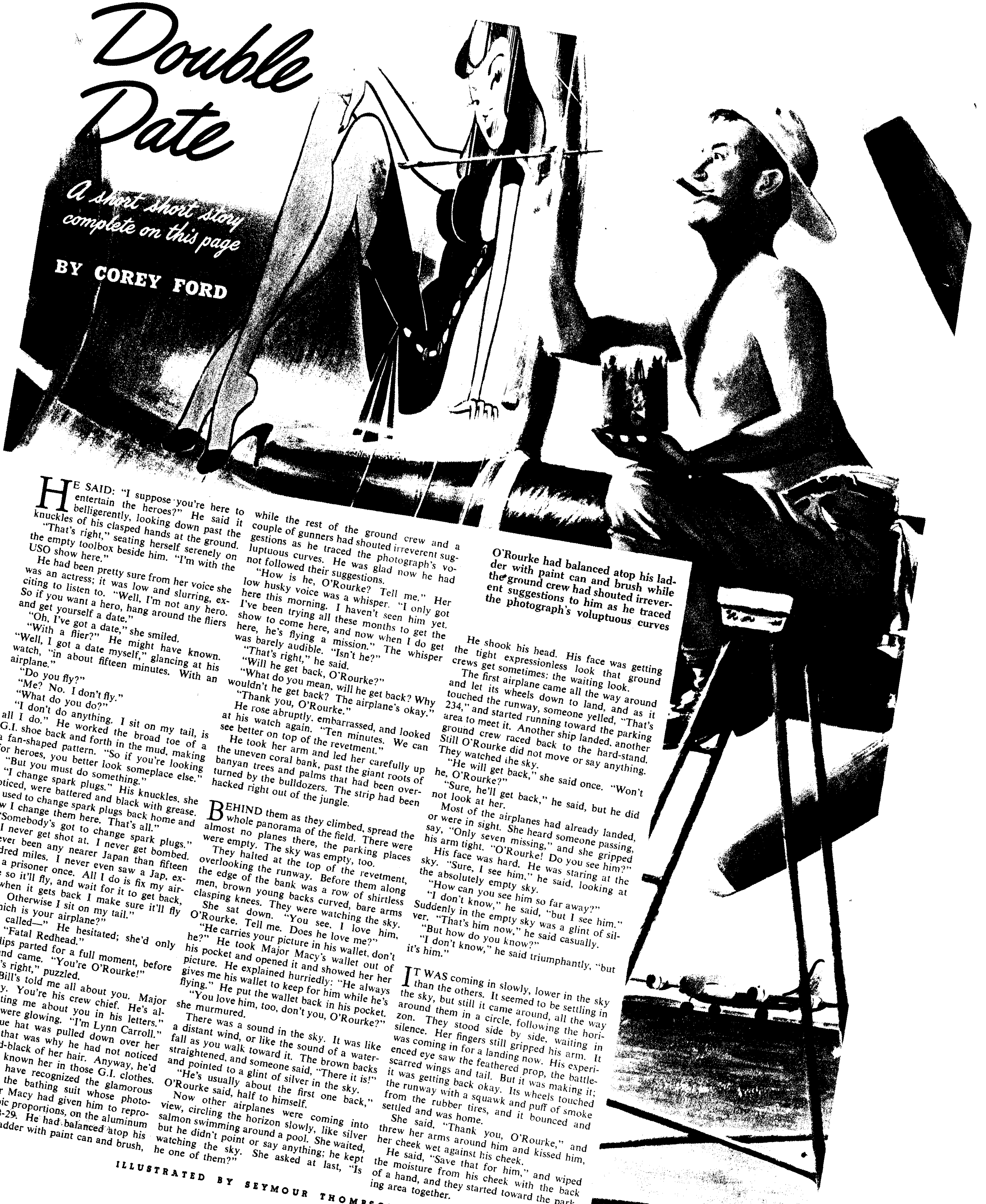
GOODYEAR

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

Double Date

A short short story complete on this page

BY COREY FORD



O'Rourke had balanced atop his ladder with paint can and brush while the ground crew had shouted irreverent suggestions to him as he traced the photograph's voluptuous curves

HE SAID: "I suppose you're here to entertain the heroes?" He said it belligerently, looking down past the knuckles of his clasped hands at the ground.

"That's right," seating herself serenely on the empty toolbox beside him. "I'm with the USO show here."

He had been pretty sure from her voice she was an actress; it was low and slurring, exciting to listen to. "Well, I'm not any hero. So if you want a hero, hang around the fliers and get yourself a date."

"Oh, I've got a date," she smiled.

"With a flier?" He might have known.

"Well, I got a date myself," glancing at his watch, "in about fifteen minutes. With an airplane."

"Do you fly?"

"Me? No. I don't fly."

"What do you do?"

"I don't do anything. I sit on my tail, is all I do." He worked the broad toe of a G.I. shoe back and forth in the mud, making a fan-shaped pattern. "So if you're looking for heroes, you better look someplace else."

"But you must do something."

"I change spark plugs." His knuckles, she noticed, were battered and black with grease. "I used to change spark plugs back home and now I change them here. That's all."

"Somebody's got to change spark plugs."

"I never get shot at. I never get bombed. I never been any nearer Japan than fifteen hundred miles. I never even saw a Jap, except a prisoner once. All I do is fix my airplane so it'll fly, and wait for it to get back, and when it gets back I make sure it'll fly again. Otherwise I sit on my tail."

"Which is your airplane?"

"It's called—" He hesitated; she'd only laugh. "Fatal Redhead."

Her lips parted for a full moment, before any sound came. "You're O'Rourke!"

"That's right," puzzled.

"But Bill's told me all about you. Major Bill Macy. You're his crew chief. He's always writing me about you in his letters." Her eyes were glowing. "I'm Lynn Carroll."

A fatigue hat was pulled down over her ears, and that was why he had not noticed the rich red-black of her hair. Anyway, he'd never have known her in those G.I. clothes. He'd never have recognized the glamorous creature in the bathing suit whose photograph Major Macy had given him to reproduce, in heroic proportions, on the aluminum side of the B-29. He had balanced atop his crew chief's ladder with paint can and brush, while the rest of the ground crew and a couple of gunners had shouted irreverent suggestions as he traced the photograph's voluptuous curves. He was glad now he had not followed their suggestions.

"How is he, O'Rourke? Tell me." Her low husky voice was a whisper. "I only got here this morning. I haven't seen him yet. I've been trying all these months to get the show to come here, and now when I do get here, he's flying a mission." The whisper was barely audible. "Isn't he?"

"That's right," he said.

"Will he get back, O'Rourke?"

"What do you mean, will he get back? Why wouldn't he get back? The airplane's okay."

"Thank you, O'Rourke."

He rose abruptly, embarrassed, and looked at his watch again. "Ten minutes. We can see better on top of the revetment."

He took her arm and led her carefully up the uneven coral bank, past the giant roots of banyan trees and palms that had been overturned by the bulldozers. The strip had been hacked right out of the jungle.

BEHIND them as they climbed, spread the whole panorama of the field. There were almost no planes there, the parking places were empty. The sky was empty, too.

They halted at the top of the revetment, overlooking the runway. Before them along the edge of the bank was a row of shirtless men, brown young backs curved, bare arms clasping knees. They were watching the sky.

She sat down. "You see. I love him, O'Rourke. Tell me. Does he love me?"

"He carries your picture in his wallet, don't he?" He took Major Macy's wallet out of his pocket and opened it and showed her her picture. He explained hurriedly: "He always gives me his wallet to keep for him while he's flying." He put the wallet back in his pocket.

"You love him, too, don't you, O'Rourke?" she murmured.

There was a sound in the sky. It was like a distant wind, or like the sound of a waterfall as you walk toward it. The brown backs straightened, and someone said, "There it is!" and pointed to a glint of silver in the sky.

"He's usually about the first one back," O'Rourke said, half to himself.

Now other airplanes were coming into view, circling the horizon slowly, like silver salmon swimming around a pool. She waited, but he didn't point or say anything; he kept watching the sky. She asked at last, "Is he one of them?"

He shook his head. His face was getting the tight expressionless look that ground crews get sometimes: the waiting look.

The first airplane came all the way around and let its wheels down to land, and as it touched the runway, someone yelled, "That's 234," and started running toward the parking area to meet it. Another ship landed, another ground crew raced back to the hard-stand. Still O'Rourke did not move or say anything. They watched the sky.

"He will get back," she said once. "Won't he, O'Rourke?"

"Sure, he'll get back," he said, but he did not look at her.

Most of the airplanes had already landed, or were in sight. She heard someone passing, say, "Only seven missing," and she gripped his arm tight. "O'Rourke! Do you see him?"

His face was hard. He was staring at the sky. "Sure, I see him," he said, looking at the absolutely empty sky.

"How can you see him so far away?"

"I don't know," he said, "but I see him." Suddenly in the empty sky was a glint of silver. "That's him now," he said casually.

"But how do you know?"

"I don't know," he said triumphantly, "but it's him."

IT WAS coming in slowly, lower in the sky than the others. It seemed to be settling in the sky, but still it came around, all the way around them in a circle, following the horizon. They stood side by side, waiting in silence. Her fingers still gripped his arm. It was coming in for a landing now. His experienced eye saw the feathered prop, the battle-scarred wings and tail. But it was making it; it was getting back okay. Its wheels touched the runway with a squawk and puff of smoke from the rubber tires, and it bounced and settled and was home.

She said, "Thank you, O'Rourke," and threw her arms around him and kissed him, her cheek wet against his cheek.

He said, "Save that for him," and wiped the moisture from his cheek with the back of a hand, and they started toward the parking area together.

ILLUSTRATED BY SEYMOUR THOMPSON

Luxurious lower-deck lounge of the Stratocruiser

BUY VICTORY BONDS

London—660 minutes by Stratocruiser

Some millions of Americans have recently made new friends in countries all around the globe. Many of those friendships will continue to flourish. For there are no longer any "far-away places." The Boeing Stratocruiser will measure in hours the distance to any spot on earth.

You would expect such an airplane from Boeing—world's leading builder of four-engine aircraft, pioneer in supercharged planes for over-weather stratosphere flight, and creator of the mighty B-29. And the Boeing Stratocruiser will not disappoint you. It is what you want and the airlines need.

The Stratocruiser brings a new, unprecedented standard of performance, operating efficiency and reliability. For it makes full use of the aerodynamic, structural and mechanical advancements developed by Boeing for big bombers and transports during the war. It has a maximum cruising speed of 340 miles per hour and provides exceptionally low operating costs over a wide range of flying distances—from 300 to more than 3000 miles.

Most versatile of all large aircraft, its spacious double-deck design and big payload capacity fit the Stratocruiser for almost every type of medium or long range operation. In the standard, domestic version, 81 passengers may be carried—67 on the upper deck in large, comfortable reclining chairs and 14 in luxurious seats in the lounge—with ample luggage and cargo capacity. As a de luxe trans-ocean plane, the Stratocruiser will accommodate 75 passengers on daylight trips or at night—provide 30 unusually spacious berths plus 15 additional seats—together with baggage and cargo. As a "commuter" transport, it can seat 114 passengers, and in all-cargo operation its 19½-ton capacity and easy-loading provisions make it outstandingly efficient.

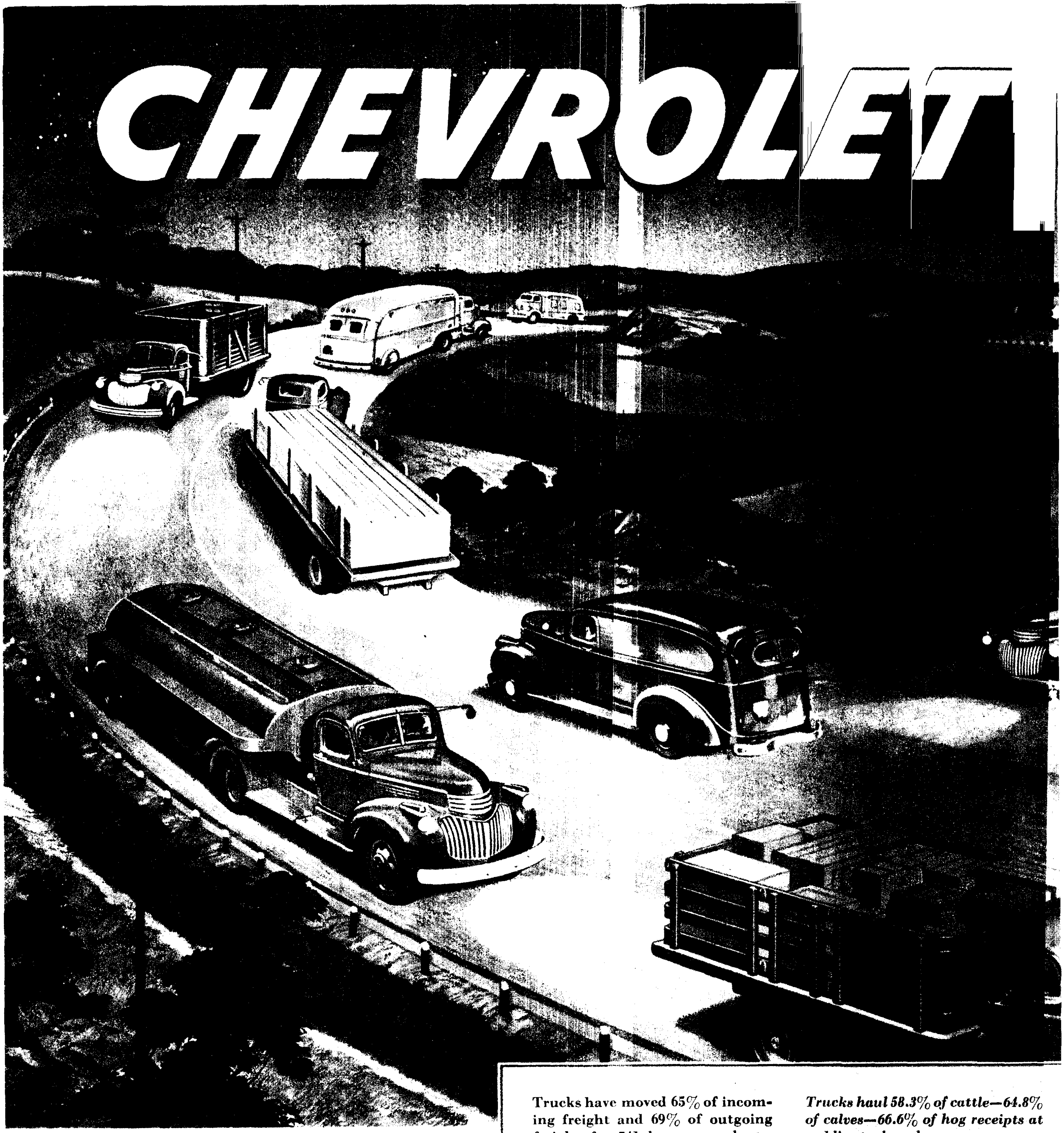
For any of these kinds of service, the Boeing Stratocruiser offers the lowest direct operating cost per ton mile achieved by any existing aircraft. To meet the need for all types of feeder and main line operation, other Boeing transports are also on the way.

• • •

The extraordinary performance of the Stratocruiser stems directly from Boeing principles of research, design, engineering and manufacture. You can be sure that any airplane "Built by Boeing" is built to lead.

DESIGNERS OF THE B-29 SUPERFORTRESS • THE FLYING FORTRESS • THE NEW STRATOCRUISER
THE KAYDET TRAINER • THE STRATOLINER • PAN AMERICAN CLIPPERS

BOEING



"Trucks promote progress—Progress demands trucks!"

Trucks have moved 65% of incoming freight and 69% of outgoing freight for 741 busy war plants.

★ ★ ★

Trucks have actually become a part of our national assembly line itself, extending from factory to factory, connecting sources of supply of semi-finished products and even raw materials.

★ ★ ★

54,000 U. S. communities depend entirely on motor transport for many vital supplies and services.

Trucks haul 58.3% of cattle—64.8% of calves—66.6% of hog receipts at public stockyards.

★ ★ ★

Trucks haul more than 75% of live poultry and more than 50% of egg receipts at important markets.

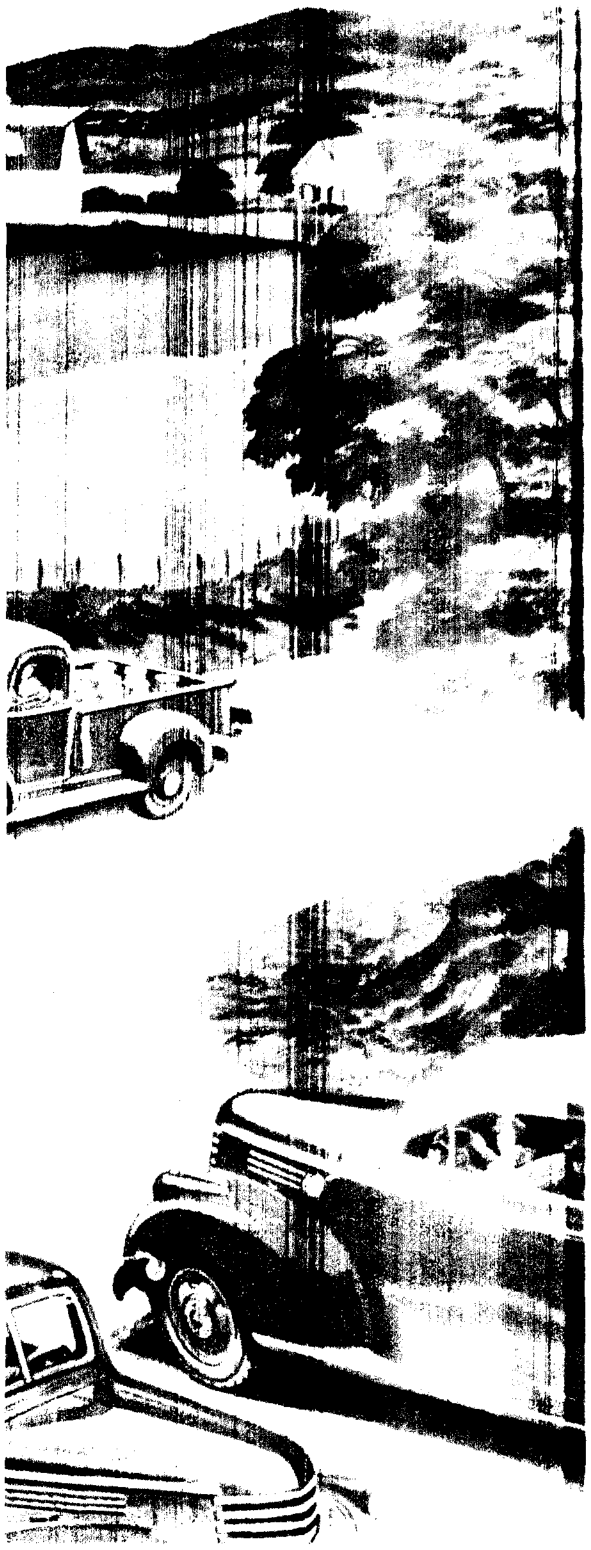
★ ★ ★

98% of farm products leaving farms move by truck.

★ ★ ★

All facts and figures compiled from Motor Truck Facts, official publication of Automobile Manufacturers Association.

TRUCK PRODUCTION



. . . And yet fully one [illegible] ll the trucks in use in [illegible] today are nine years old [illegible]—and one out of every eight trucks was made prior to 1931. TRUCKS PROMOTE PROGRESS—PROGRESS DEMANDS TRUCKS

AMERICA DEPENDS ON TRUCKS

for thousands of vital jobs which only trucks perform . . . where only trucks operate

For example: *54,000 U. S. communities depend entirely on motor transport . . . small business firms, merchants, service industries deliver much of their freight by truck . . . and 98% of farm products leaving farms move by truck.*

More and more, the people of the United States are coming to realize that this fast-moving modern nation is built on *motorized transportation*, and that motor trucks play an extremely important role in the life of every man, woman and child in the country.

Trucks "deliver the goods" for America. Trucks are indispensable connecting carriers between farm and market, mine and factory, producer and consumer. Trucks haul an amazingly large percentage of the food we eat, the clothes we wear, the fuel that keeps us warm—all the vital and varied necessities of daily life and living.

Manufacturer in normal times of a complete line of ½-, ¾-1- and 1½-ton units—supplying a wide variety of models, wheelbases and optional equipment to meet the needs of 91% of the total truck market—Chevrolet is the world's leading builder of trucks. This organization is everywhere recognized as being *first in truck production*, due to overwhelming national preference for Chevrolet pulling-power, dependability and economy.

America needs more of these "thrift-carriers for the nation"—will need them in ever-increasing numbers as the strain on America's weakening transportation system becomes ever more severe—and Chevrolet stands ready to meet that need today as it has done in the past.

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, *General Motors Corporation*, DETROIT 2, MICHIGAN

1 OUT OF EVERY 3 TRUCKS IS A CHEVROLET

HIGH QUALITY **CHEVROLET** **LOW COST**

KEEP ON BUYING VICTORY BONDS

ACT I...The curtains part!

7 A. M. Bill's promised to drive over and get the turkey from Farmer Lent bright and early. But he begs off. Feels heavy, miserable. Head aches. "You need a laxative," says the missus. "A sparkling glass of Sal Hepatica!"

ACT II...Hero gets the bird!

9 A. M. Will you look at Bill! He feels swell! And is he grateful for Sal Hepatica! Taken first thing in the morning, this refreshing saline laxative usually acts within an hour—brings quick, ever-so-easy relief. Helps counteract excess gastric acidity, too; aids in turning a sour stomach sweet again.

Three out of five doctors, interviewed in a survey, recommend this sparkling saline. Try Sal Hepatica next time *you* need a laxative.

ASK YOUR DOCTOR about the efficacy of this famous prescription: Sal Hepatica's active ingredients: sodium sulphate, sodium chloride, sodium phosphate, lithium carbonate, sodium bicarbonate, tartaric acid. Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica today, remembering this: caution—use only as directed.

Whenever you need a laxative
-take gentle, *speedy*
SAL HEPATICA

TUNE IN { "THE EDDIE CANTOR SHOW"—Wednesdays, NBC, 9:00 P.M., E.T.
"THE ALAN YOUNG SHOW"—Tuesdays, ABC, 8:30 P.M., E.T.

The Golden Octopus

Continued from page 13

The purpose of Schmitz's camouflage was to hide the trust's control over foreign enterprises so that they could better achieve their aims by assuming some other nationality. In many cases, clandestine subsidiaries served as outposts for German espionage and Nazi propaganda, and were able to attain more valuable results by not revealing their ties with a German concern. There never was any hesitation on the part of the leaders to render such services to the Nazi state in exchange for broad compensations of all sorts (large orders for the army, full foreign-exchange facilities for all transactions abroad, etc.).

Thanks From the Wehrmacht

Colonel Piekenbrock, chief of the counter-espionage section of the Oberkommando of the Wehrmacht, wrote on March 15, 1943, to Von Schnitzler: "I feel particularly urged to thank you for the valuable co-operation you have extended to my office."

Answered Doctor von Schnitzler on March 24th: "I and my colleagues working here at Frankfort on foreign business have always considered it a duty of honor to be at all times at your disposal for your special tasks. This will, of course, be the same in the future."

Another purpose of hiding connections with subsidiaries in foreign countries was to avoid their seizure once Germany declared war on these countries. An ultracomplicated system of holding companies in Switzerland, Sweden and Holland which seemingly belonged to neutral nationals was created to this end.

Geheimrat Schmitz was so apprehensive of possible indiscretions that he was reluctant to reveal full details of his camouflage mechanisms even to German tax authorities. Instead, when they inquired about the nature of certain I.G. foreign holdings, he wrote that supplying the required information would be "harmful to the national interest," and such was his backing in the higher government circles that the Office of Revenue didn't get the information.

Highly confidential memoranda exchanged between the various bureaus of I.G. Farben reveal piecemeal information about the camouflage arrangements. One problem to overcome was how to enter in the books the foreign holdings that officially didn't belong to the firm.

In some cases, I.G. solved this problem by continuing to carry the foreign property on the books as belonging to Farben, but to disclaim any connection when dealing with foreign governments. (They could do this because, under Continental law, a stockholder cannot demand to know any specific details shown by the company's records, but can get only a general report from an impartial auditor that everything was all right—or everything was wrong.)

A Farben memorandum noted cynically and euphemistically as follows: "Our bookkeeping department makes its entries not according to legal but according to economic principles."

Another memorandum describes the scheme for a particular camouflage: "In order not to allow the interest of I.G. Farben to appear, X Company will receive funds in the following way: "An account is opened in the Enskilda Bank of Stockholm in the amount to which this bank will give a loan to one of Farben's secretly affiliated companies. This company will loan to another company and so forth until the money reaches X Company."

Correspondence found in I.G. files often refers to "business friends of whose reliability we may be sure," who appear as owners of certain enterprises that are supposed to be independent of I.G. Farben. No mention is made of the fact that to make sure of their reliability they had to give an option on their shares to the trust or to Schmitz and that this hold always is reinforced by further means.

One such holding company entirely under Farben control is I.G. Chemie of Basle, Switzerland. It was founded originally by the trust, but it declares it has had no connection with Farben since 1940. The purpose is obvious: If the scheme succeeded, I.G. Chemie, as a Swiss company, could claim, before the American courts, ownership to $50,000,000 worth of General Aniline Corporation stock which has been seized as enemy property. But thanks to documents uncovered in Frankfort, the U.S. Alien Property Custodian is fully prepared to fight such a claim and to prove the identity of I.G. Chemie—in spite of the scientific camouflage which is facilitated by Swiss laws which still grant the full protection of secrecy to German dummy setups.

The principal director of I.G. Chemie is Albert Gadow, a brother-in-law of Geheimrat Schmitz. Today Gadow himself is a Swiss citizen. But in the I.G. Farben files it is clearly stated that advice was given to Gadow to acquire Swiss citizenship "for business reasons." Such reasons are often mentioned in the letters and memoranda found in Frankfort concerning various Farben agents abroad; they are being encouraged to acquire local nationality and are given full reassurance when some anxiously inquire whether they may be certain not to lose their German citizenship.

"Don't Forget to Buy a Victory Bond!"

Schmitz also had members of his own family heading up foreign subsidiaries, as did many of the other top executives. For example, Dietrich A. Schmitz, a brother of Hermann, came to the United States in 1906 and became a citizen in 1916. In 1935, he received proxies from all large stockholders in American I.G. (the Farben subsidiary here which later became General Aniline Corporation) and became the firm's president. In 1941, at the approach of war, he divested himself of all interest in the concern.

Other Farben relatives in the United States included Doctor Walter Duisberg, son of a Farben founder, who came to America in 1927 to specialize in patent matters for I.G. A director of American I.G., he ended all official contact with the firm in 1939. R. W. Ilgner, brother of Max and nephew of Schmitz, is a former assistant secretary of American I.G., and William vom Rath, who used to be a director and secretary of American I.G., is a son of Walther vom Rath, one of the founders of the trust. Walther vom Rath's nephew, Willy von Meister, was a director of another American affiliate of I.G., the Ozalid Corporation.

All these interlocking ties, both family and financial, cut across national boundaries and loyalties. And Farben executives acted in conformity with their primary devotion to I.G. Farben. The supertrust, undoubtedly the most involved, ambitious and expansionist structure of its kind in the world,

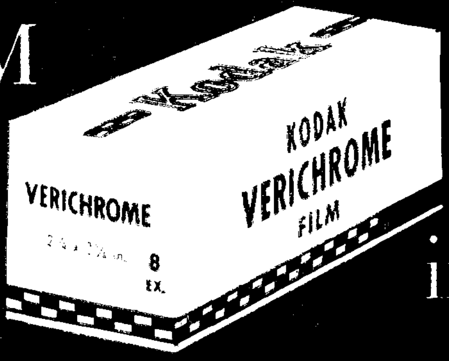
Snapshots speak of the life
they think about . . . dream about
. . . imagine a thousand times—
snapshots speak of home

The word spreads . . . buddies gather . . . hands reach out. Somebody received snapshots! It's a glimpse of home for all of them.

Kodak Film is coming back. Though the services still have first call on film, the tremendous manufacturing facilities built up by Kodak for the war are being converted for peacetime picture-taking as rapidly as possible. Keep in touch with your dealer. Kodak Verichrome Film is worth waiting for — it gets the picture . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N. Y.

Visit your man in the service
with SNAPSHOTS

KODAK FILM



in the yellow box

Choice of a lifetime...

Golden Wedding
Golden Wedding

Relax with lighter, finer *Golden Wedding,* the noblest whiskey ever to bear this grand old name. Discover with pleasure why so many treasure this "Choice of a lifetime".

Golden Wedding

Has
had no
peers for
fifty
years

BLENDED WHISKEY. 86 PROOF. 72½% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. JOSEPH S. FINCH & COMPANY, SCHENLEY, PA.

dovetailed beautifully with the most aggressive, domineering and ambitious political state.

It is true that when the Nazis came into power they didn't think much of I.G. Farben, from which they had received much less support than from large steel and coal groups. But even during the days of the Weimar Republic, the I.G. leaders realized that no state but Germany could offer the same opportunities for aggressive, world-wide expansion.

When in 1919 the heads of the German army decided to circumvent the Versailles Treaty by creating the Reichsverband der Deutschen Industrie, to subsidize secret research and experimentation for military purposes, the plants belonging to the half-formed I.G. co-operated fully. So it required no great step for them to solidify their position with the Nazis when Hitler came to power.

Young Doctor Max Ilgner, nephew of Hermann Schmitz and head of Farben's finance division, had early established contact with the Nazis. When they came into power in January, 1933, Max took matters in hand and gave reassurances to the Party. He did the work so well that Uncle Schmitz was soon admitted to the inner circles of the Party and even became—a clear sign of confidence under the Nazi regime—a member of the Reichstag.

Leading Farben directors and principal agents abroad took oaths of "blind allegiance" to Hitler personally. Foreign representatives of the firm were instructed to co-operate closely with local Nazi organizations. When money was needed for propaganda abroad, I.G. Farben bureaus would readily help out. *(Editor's note:* According to the U.S. Department of Justice, the Polish branch of I.G. was designated as official manager of propaganda and espionage in that country.)

An exchange of notes between Georg von Schnitzler and another Farben executive, Doctor E. von der Heyde, is characteristic. Wrote Von der Heyde on March 30, 1940, to Schnitzler: "As you know, the OKW (supreme command of the Wehrmacht) has repeatedly expressed its request for all possible help in placing its confidential agents abroad. The OKW has approached us in regard to cases in which it was desirable to incorporate permanently into our foreign organization a trustworthy person and in regard to cases where temporary backing for confidential agents on individual trips abroad was needed. As I explained at the last meeting of the commercial committee, not only OKW but also the Reich Security Main Office has such a desire and pursues its specific aims in accord with the OKW."

In his answer of April 3d, Schnitzler said: "This company is particularly well suited for the intended camouflaging maneuvers, since the failure of one of its emissaries will never lead to a catastrophe. If worst comes to worst, this company might have to cease operating in some particular country and would have to confine its activities to other neutral countries."

Schnitzler places here the "national" interest before that of the firm with the obvious purpose of supplying Doctor von der Heyde with arguments for his negotiations with the Wehrmacht, to make it appear that Farben was completely unselfish.

If Farben was not the richest of all industrial enterprises in the world, it certainly was the most elaborate and involved trust, with a dominant position in many of its fields of activity. Among its thirty-two main lines of production were such varied domains as dyestuffs, fertilizers, synthetic rubber, light and heavy metals, compressed gases and rare gases, pharmaceutical products, photographic supplies, artificial silk, wool fibers, celluloid, explosives and synthetic oils. It controls patents and fabrication secrets of many highly important processes such as the hydrogenation process for treating crude oil, the iron-carbonyl process, etc.

One realizes what a weapon an alliance with such a firm was for the Nazi state. Doctor Georg von Schnitzler doesn't like to be reminded nowadays of the parades in which he participated, clad in the dashing uniform of an SS officer. His approach to this is somewhat along these lines: It was all a terrible mistake anyone might make once in a lifetime. Can't it be forgotten between men of the world? And the I.G. executives and chemists, who specialized in poison-gas research and who knew their products went into the gas chambers of the extermination camps (and tell you so candidly), are proud mainly of the fact that until 1942 other German plants tried to improve the old types of poison gas and failed. Then the government called in I.G., and the firm did an excellent job.

Today the golden octopus is seemingly chained. All of its available leading executives are in jail and Allied authorities have announced their firm intention to take over its plants and destroy the monster. Nevertheless, it already poses new threats. In each of the I.G. plants are men whose names are unknown but who have been fully trained in the basic philosophies of the leaders. The plants in the American zone have all been seized by the U.S. Army. Some of them will undoubtedly be dismantled either for reparation purposes or to achieve disarmament. But there are enough men in the remaining plants to think up ways and means of reconstituting not only the trust itself, but also its world-wide cartel arrangements. They are already at work.

"Walther," the young Farben executive, was very outspoken about this. "If the Allies decide to divide Germany," he said, "I must confess it would not affect me as much as if they went through with the plan implied in the Potsdam decision that would mean the breaking up of I.G. Farben, the end of our company. And I still can't believe it will be done."

How I.G. Could Be Preserved

When I inquired what, in his opinion, could save the octopus, his reply was:

(1) Foreign friends who will act as protectors.

(2) The first waves of Allied officials who handle Farben matter are zealous young men who take the Potsdam decisions literally, but eventually they may be replaced by more placid types.

(3) Even if certain plants are designated to be transferred into Allied countries as part payment of reparations, this involves only material equipment while the technical know-how will remain in Germany; the majority of I.G. plants will undoubtedly be left in the Reich, as it will be possible to make a plausible case that they are essential for German needs; they will be a berth for all good German chemists.

(4) Even if the remaining plants are forced by the Allies to break up their corporate and cartel ties, eventually the Interessen Gemeinschaft (I.G.)—community of interests—will be reconstituted; if all else fails, this will be done through Reich-wide over-all consumer co-operatives that in certain cases (for example for chemicals needed in agriculture) will be the only customers of these various plants.

(5) Nothing in the plans of the Allies, so far as is known, suggests the use of measures that will deprive Farben of its open or camouflaged control over present holdings in certain neutral countries, and if these various companies continued to be jointly operated, they could form the nucleus from which to reconstitute I.G. power.

(6) Geheimrat Hermann Schmitz, the czar of the I.G. setup, is credited not only by Walther but by most of his associates with having hidden "a fabulous fortune" outside the Reich, mainly in Switzerland; they speak of this with a mixture of jealousy and pride, and many count on it greatly to help rebuild the I.G. empire.

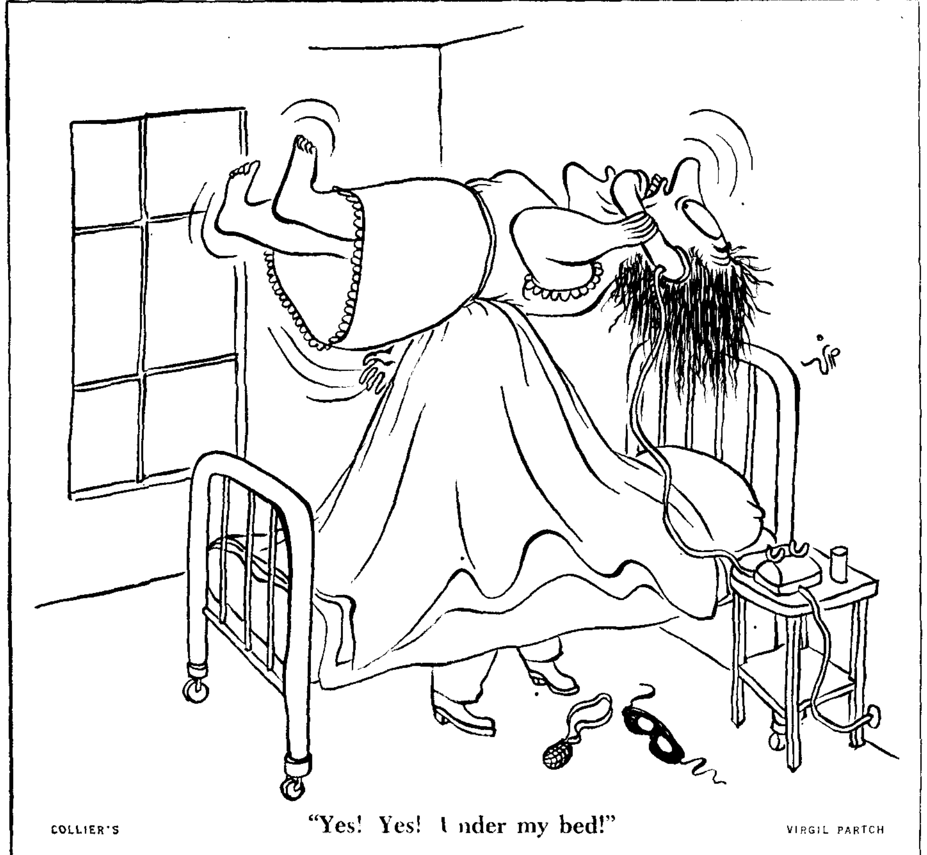
The principal pharmaceutical plant of I.G. —the Behringwerke of Bladenbach-Marburg—recently submitted a written request to the local U.S. industrial control officer to re-establish its business connections abroad. Behringwerke explained that before the war it was the dominant producer in Europe in its field, though some countries produced quantities of certain similar products beyond their own needs.

"With these countries," commented the report, "Behringwerke reached agreements to take over their surplus. By adopting this method of mutual help, the even distribution of these products in these countries was assured."

The slogans "mutual help" and "even distribution" are pretty phrases to describe a domineering cartel position which this I.G. plant, among others, sincerely hopes to re-establish over Europe, with the aid of Allied authorities.

"The Behringwerke are able to work at full capacity," continues the report. "This means we are able to supply not only Germany with any desired quantity of our products, but also all other countries of Europe. . . . At the present time all former contacts of Behringwerke with either neutral or previously accessible countries (a euphemism for countries previously occupied by the German army) are interrupted. But, as pointed out above, many of these countries are unable to meet their own needs. On the other hand, however, Behringwerke are as able as ever to meet these needs outside Germany. . . . Our branch offices, foreign distributors, are probably only waiting to resume their former activities."

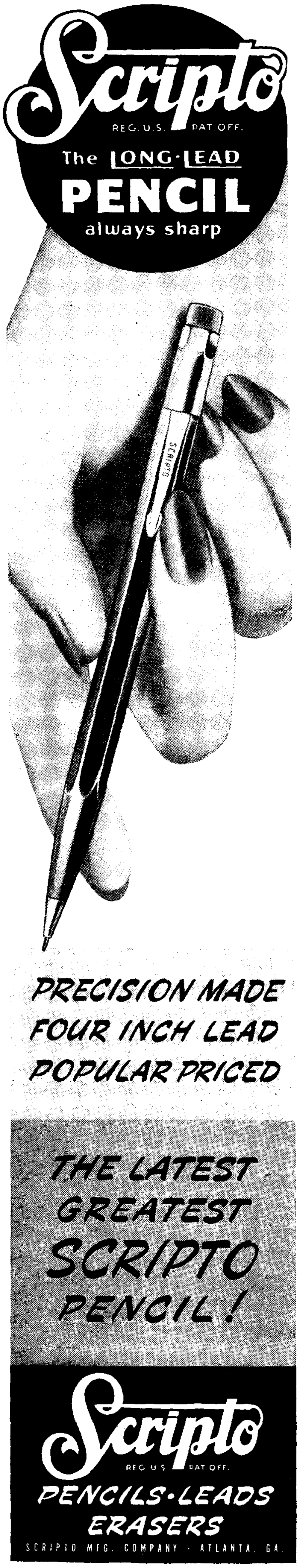
THE END



COLLIER'S

"Yes! Yes! Under my bed!"

VIRGIL PARTCH

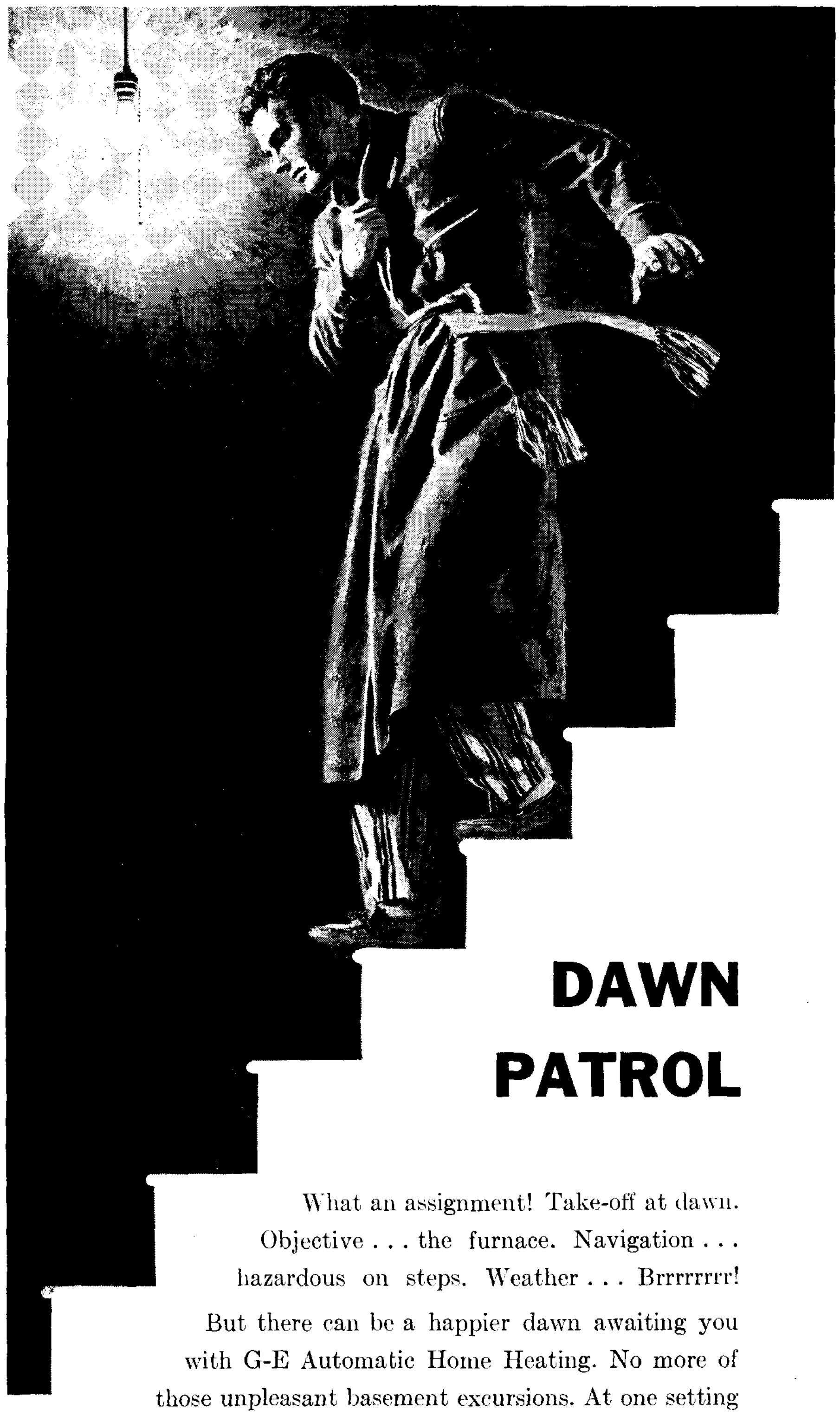


Scripto
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
The LONG-LEAD PENCIL
always sharp

PRECISION MADE
FOUR INCH LEAD
POPULAR PRICED

THE LATEST
GREATEST
SCRIPTO
PENCIL!

Scripto
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
PENCILS·LEADS
ERASERS
SCRIPTO MFG. COMPANY · ATLANTA, GA.



DAWN PATROL

What an assignment! Take-off at dawn. Objective . . . the furnace. Navigation . . . hazardous on steps. Weather . . . Brrrrrrrr!

But there can be a happier dawn awaiting you with G-E Automatic Home Heating. No more of those unpleasant basement excursions. At one setting of the thermostat, you'll get the temperature you want when you want it, night and day, for an entire season.

G-E Automatic Heating can be adapted to your present heating system . . . or you can get a complete new G-E unit at a cost less than that of prewar types. Your G-E distributor may be able to supply you soon . . . See him *now!*

General Electric Company, Automatic Heating Division, Section 59911, Bloomfield, New Jersey.

BUY . . . and hold . . . VICTORY BONDS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Automatic Home Heating

Oil burners for your present heating plant.

For steam or hot water heating systems—oil or gas fuel.

For warm air heating systems—oil or gas fuel.

Black Eve

Continued from page 24

what to me seemed strange. Captain Ken moved me into his room, placing a cot for me beside his bed. It was a large room downstairs looking toward the Chesapeake. There was an untidiness about it, his books and his guns and fishing gear and tobacco pouches and pipes strewn about, that made it just right for a boy. I could move in there without upsetting all those fancy bits of bric-a-brac that filled the house. The curtains were brown cloth and the carpeting was thick. There was a decanter with sherry in it, and fencing foils upon the wall and Captain Ken's diploma from the University of Virginia in a frame. And there was a mandolin.

"It's not like the other rooms," I said.

"Those other rooms are your aunts'," said Captain Ken. "And your grandmother's. This is mine."

I looked at him. "Why can't Eve clean in here?"

"This room is mine."

"But aren't the others yours, too, now? Eve says they're yours."

"Eve says!" he echoed me. He took his mandolin and sat upon his bed. His fingers tinkered out a little tune, Over the Waves. He played it lazily, not noticing, and yet expertly. "Boy," he said finally, "I wouldn't talk too much with Eve." There was a tone of faint hostility. Not anger, but an edginess. Something that hurt, that he guarded carefully. But there was one thing more.

"My mother calls her Black Eve, Captain Ken."

He dropped the mandolin and smiled. "Her name's not Eve."

"What is it, then?"

"I don't recall. She came here when your grandmother married me, she came from over in Northampton County, from your grandmother's family. Named Jane or Chloe—"

"You don't even know?"

"No, sir," he said. "I don't. They called her Black Eve on account—" He paused, then winked at me. "I shouldn't tell you this, boy. You mayn't understand. It's Biblical. The girls—your mother's sisters and your grandmother—said she slept raw. She slept like Eve—Black Eve. Primeval woman—" He shrugged, then got up suddenly. "She runs the house. Your mother and her sisters come back when they wish, and it's always the same as when they lived in it. Shall we go walking on the flats?"

THAT was a good day, for we fired the gun. It was the first time. We went a long way up the shore, marching in silence steadily. A stretch of shore is like that, always beckoning. You see so much of it that none of it seems far, and so you walk, feeling the firm tug of the sand upon your shoes, until at last your breath is gone and all of you seems spent and satisfied. That was the way it was that day. We reached an inlet where a tidal creek was sloshing in, then we sat down beside the dead trunk of a tree.

"Some day," said Captain Ken, "we'll come out here and dig."

"For clams?" I said.

"Clams nothing, boy. For gold! For pirate gold, the treasures of the Indies—"

"Why would they bury gold here, Captain Ken?"

He wiped his forehead. "Ever hear of Blackbeard?"

"No, sir."

"Well, he came here. He used to roam these waters before the governor of Virginia sent a sloop for him. Caught him off North Carolina's Topsail Inlet, shot him, and sailed back into James River with his head tied to the bowsprit. Blackbeard, or Edward Teach, as fine a murdering blackguard as ever lived. Tied ribbons in his whiskers and tucked 'em behind his ears. I expect," he said, "he buried gold right here. Or could have, anyway. You got your breath yet, boy?"

"Yes, sir," I said.

"Then let's go back." He grinned at me. "And you can tote the gun."

I took it reverently. We walked along, going the way that we had come, and every step I popped my eyes, certain that something shootable would rise in front of me.

"Let go that trigger, boy. And don't tighten up."

"Yes, sir," I said. Then suddenly I stopped. "What's that? That sound?"

It was a scream. The shrill of it cut through the steady sloshing of the surf. It came from everywhere. And nowhere. Anger was in it. Anger, hate and terror.

"What is it, Captain Ken?"

He pointed to the sky. Far up, so high that I saw nothing but two black dots. "Bald eagle swooping on a hawk," he said. "Survival, boy. Hear that?"

I listened carefully. It was a series of screams, pitched high and sharp.

"That part's the fishing hawk," said Captain Ken. "Hear what it says? Bald-eagle! Bald-eagle! Bald-eagle! You say that fast, run it together—balleagle, balleagle, balleagle! That's the hawk. Now watch—the eagle's diving, threatening. See how he shoots down past the hawk?"

I said. "The hawk got away."

"No, boy! That's part of it. Watch, now. Magnificent, magnificent! The eagle's underneath. He's turning over now. Listen now. Hear that?"

Three piercing screams.

"The fish hawk's screaming, 'fish, fish, fish!' That's what he's got. That's what the eagle wants. That's what he'll take. Survival, boy! The strong. That's why he dived—he means, let go. Drop it."

"Drop it?"

"The fish, boy! That's the way an eagle catches fish. Hangs high up there until a hawk comes soaring up, clutching a fish he's scooped out of the bay. The eagle dives on him and turns up underneath, then when the hawk lets go the fish, the eagle grabs. Sometimes—"

HE WHISTLED underneath his breath. The hawk was looping sharply. Up, then quickly down. The eagle righted and then glided without any movement of its wings.

"He got away," I said.

"No, boy!" He said it sharply, almost reprimanding me. "They don't get away. It's only that he's spunkier than most hawks. But he'll learn better. Ah, now—now watch!"

The hawk was coming toward us in a swooping dive. The eagle pivoted. We heard those cries: Balleagle, balleagle, balleagle! Much closer now. And then out of the deep blue of the upper sky the eagle plummeted. The hawk was leveling, beating its wings in frantic speed. It seemed that in only a moment more the eagle's claws would strike.

"Watch now!" cried Captain Ken. "Watch now!"

The hawk dived desperately. It was almost on top of us. It tried to turn, and yet I saw it never could get out from under. Not in time. I saw the fish pierced in its claws. I heard its terror-stricken scream—balleagle! balleagle! I clenched tight with my hands.

"Damn it!" roared Captain Ken. And then, gasping: "By God!"

I'd fired. It must have been the fascination of the sight that guided me. And pity, blind but sure pity. I'd killed the hawk.

"Boy, that was marvelous!"

I stood there with the gun, trembling, surprised. Then all at once I felt immensely proud. I'd killed the hawk.

"You'll be a hunter, boy. You've got the feel of it. You've got the eye. Of course it was an accident—you'll never in your life get off a shot like that again. I couldn't now, and I've hunted for forty—"

"I'll fetch him, Captain Ken. I saw him fall. He's in that grass."

But Captain Ken was waving toward the sky. Far up, soaring, the great bald eagle rode the wind away from us. And yet that waving seemed to link the two of them. It was a salute. "Look, boy!" Captain Ken said. "Look at that bird! He's huge enough to go to the Smithsonian."

A day like that comes once and never comes again. We trudged the long way home together in that high, excited mood. We went in through the back, the dead hawk limp within my hands.

"Look, Eve," I cried. "I killed a hawk. I shot it, didn't I?" I turned to Captain Ken.

"He killed the hawk," said Captain Ken.

Eve stood beside the kitchen stove. The

vastness of her body was impressive in that gloom. Somehow, thougn not a muscle moved within the blue-black of her face, I felt that she resented it.

"Fedders," she said. And that was all.

"We won't get feathers in the house," said Captain Ken hurriedly. "We'll hang it in the barn. How'll that be, boy?"

That would be fine. The barn was good enough for me. So we went out and nailed my hawk against the inside of a door, and then stood back and marveled at the beauty of it, crested top and mottled wings, all that loveliness of upper air and sea.

"Proud, aren't you, boy?"

"Captain Ken," I said, "we'll always keep it here, won't we? So I can come and look at it?"

"Yes, boy. Damn' right we will." His voice took on a huskiness, a strange and solemn depth that in the shadows of the barn seemed almost sad. I don't know why, but in that moment I saw him clearly for the first time, standing there a little back from me, alone. Just that—alone. The scraggly whiteness of his eyebrows and his bony nose stood out, giving his face a brooding, somehow fierce and bitter look. "Yes, boy," he said. "We will."

IT WAS about four o'clock the next day after we had returned from our walk upon the flats. Black Eve was taking washing from the line. Then all at once she stopped. She stood half-crouched above her wicker hamper, staring hard into the painful brightness of the sky beyond Onancock. Her lips were loose as if in awe. As if she were a prophetess, seeing beyond the world we knew.

"Dah he," she said, whispering it.

I felt the chill of it without knowing what she meant. But Captain Ken turned quickly from the gun that he was cleaning on the back porch steps.

"What's that you're mumbling, Eve?" he snapped.

She didn't move. All of her huge and shapeless body seemed to strain, intense and frightening. Only the slow roll of her eyes, the brown-streaked white of them against the blue-black of her face, gave any hint of what she watched.

"Blackbeard," she said. "Up dere. Way up. Doin' dat same ole piratin'."

"That's a bald eagle. Nothing else," said Captain Ken. "And I don't want you telling Miss Nan's boy any of that rubbish about Blackbeard. You hear that, Eve?"

Her loose lips moved, and I could hear her murmur, "Feesh, feesh, feesh—"

"You, boy," said Captain Ken sharply. "Come in the house."

We went into his room. He kept on working with his gun, meticulously taking it apart, cleaning each segment as he placed it carefully upon his bed. His face looked grim. Through all of this I sat upon my cot and watched as if the gun and cleaning it were all that mattered. Finally, he said: "It's poppycock, of course."

I nodded solemnly, the way a boy does when a man says something indisputable. "Yes, sir," I said.

"They will say things like that," he added, working with the oil-soaked rag. "It's in their nature, boy. They're mystics, inclined to see symbols in the simple, natural things around them. A tree is not a tree to them. A bird is not a bird. Three hundred years of living in our way of life have not changed that. Reject it, boy. But never scorn it. There is a force, a kind of spiritual power *in what they think. Even in how they think.*"

"Yes, sir," I said. I hadn't any idea what he meant.

"That eagle, now," he said. "We watched it yesterday when it attacked the hawk. That was nature, the survival of the fittest, kill or be killed, big dog eat little dog. But it's not that to Black Eve. You heard her mutter, fish, fish, fish—exactly like the hawk. She's seen all that, and somehow she identifies herself with the hawk. She pities the hawk. And pity sets her imagination at work. She thinks that's Blackbeard's spirit moving on the eagle's wings. Blackbeard the pirate, plundering the innocent. What she forgets is that the hawk's a bird of prey itself. That imagination and that pity—feminine distortion, boy. It's just an eagle, although a damned fine specimen. I'd like—"

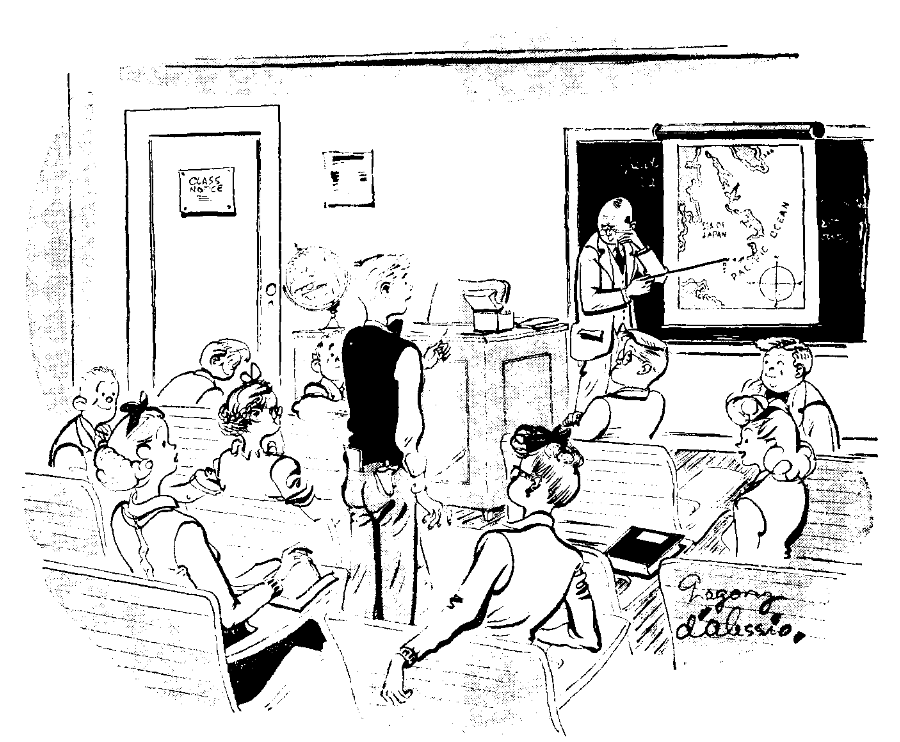
"Yes, sir?"

"I'd like to get him for the Smithsonian. But he's too fine a creature to end up like that. I couldn't do that to so strong and free a thing. Behind glass. Stuffed."

THERE was a lift in his voice as he began that, but it died out suddenly and we sat there, looking out the window toward the marshy flats and the Chesapeake, smelling the salt air that was moving across the Eastern Shore toward the Atlantic. Somehow, it was depressing. I'm not sure what it was, whether that dusk was coming, or the faint click of the gun parts as Captain Ken moved upon the bed, or the slow, everlasting padding of Black Eve's heavy feet beyond that island of a room in the house. . . .

My mother returned from Baltimore the following week, so she was there when it happened. It began as a picnic, for we were going away that Sunday, returning to Alabama. All that morning Black Eve was busy

WELCOME HOME! **by GREGORY D'ALESSIO**



"I beg to differ, sir—there are no flora and fauna on that island. My outfit cleared everything away for an airstrip a year ago"

COLLIER'S

"AT EASE"
After Shave Lotion
CREATED
BY THE MAKERS OF
LISTERINE
ANTISEPTIC

Buy "AT EASE"
Try "AT EASE"

Be
At
Ease

"AT EASE" AFTER SHAVE LOTION
"AT EASE"
AFTER SHAVE LOTION

A Product of the
LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.
St. Louis, Mo.

SIX OUNCES
FOR
50¢

No curative power is claimed for PHILIP MORRIS, but—

AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION is Worth a Pound of Cure!

PHILIP MORRIS & Co. Ltd. INC.
TWENTY

PHILIP MORRIS are scientifically proved far less irritating to the smoker's nose and throat.

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

AMERICA'S FINEST CIGARETTE

in the kitchen, preparing fried chicken and potato salad and beaten biscuit, and then at noon Captain Ken loaded us into his surrey.

"We'll take the gun, just in case," he added. "And maybe we'll show Nan something, eh, boy?"

I knew what that meant. I was going to fire the gun. I was going to show my mother what I had learned that summer, for it was still a secret between Captain Ken and me about the hawk.

We drove a long way down toward Cape Charles. There was a wide space there along the shore, with a clump of trees on one side and a kind of bluff on the other, making a little cove with clean white sand and some shelter from the wind.

"I remember this," my mother said. "This is where you drove us the time that John and I—"

"The night you told me you were getting married," Captain Ken finished, laughing as if he'd made a joke. Black Eve was getting out, hauling at her napkin-covered baskets.

"Dat night," she said. And I knew that she was remembering it. I had that dark feeling, that lost feeling. I was left out again. "Dat night," said Black Eve, mumbling as she pulled her baskets to the ground. "Dat man—"

I COULD sense it clearly. Her disapproval down through all those years. And somehow there was something tyrannous in that, something repellent. I saw Captain Ken, his chin pulled back, looking toward me with that bleak expression on his face. Alone. And it was frightening.

"Let's look around, boy," he called suddenly, and took the gun. I ran to him. He cuffed my hand, gently. "Come on," he said.

We climbed the bluff. The top of it was covered with scrawny, wind-flattened brush, and we found it hard going plowing ahead through that. I was ready to turn back to go along the shore when Captain Ken cried out:

"Look, boy! Come look at this, for this is something you likely won't see in Alabama."

He pointed the gun toward a huge pile of sticks and twigs, shaped roughly into a sort of mound and depressed at the top.

"That's an eyrie," he explained. "An eagle's nest. They usually build in a tree but sometimes like this on the ground. And if we looked into it I'd not be surprised—"

It was then that we heard it. The hairs on my neck stood stiff at the sound of it. I saw Captain Ken instinctively throw up his arm, and I crouched, shaking. It was the eagle's scream. He was already plummeting. He was striking for us.

"Lie flat," roared Captain Ken. "And don't move, boy! He strikes what moves. Lie flat upon your face."

I burrowed down. Captain Ken was kneeling with the gun upraised. That scream never stopped. It grew in shrilling volume through all the seconds of the huge bird's descent. Until it seemed upon us. Until the anger of its wings seemed bursting in our ears.

And then, terrifically, I heard the gun.

Captain Ken did not speak. But instantly he leaped up from his knees and started running through the brush, toward the cove. I followed him. We slid down the bluff. And then we saw the eagle standing on the clean white sand.

One wing was limp, dragging where it was shattered by the shot. But it stood erect, its back toward us. And Black Eve was moving ponderously toward it with a rock. There was an elephantine and deadly passion in her face. Its stolidity, I think, and the poise of the jagged rock within her hand were the essence of it. She was not hurrying.

"Get back there, Eve," called Captain Ken. "He'll get those meat-tearing talons fastened into you—"

"Blackbeard," she said, her loose lips pouting out the words, "you gwine die now."

She hurled the rock. The eagle leaped into the air, and then its talons caught the rock. As it would catch a falling fish. As it would strike a hawk.

"You sho gwine die," said Black Eve, mumbling as she poised another rock. "Gwine die, you man, dis time or next—"

The eagle made its desperate, leaping strike. And caught the rock. And braced itself. Something was wrong with this. I couldn't grasp it,all at once. It wasn't only pity, certainly. Not after what Captain Ken had said to me. But still, something was horrible about Black Eve's relentlessness. It wasn't sport. It wasn't just survival. It was more. Much more.

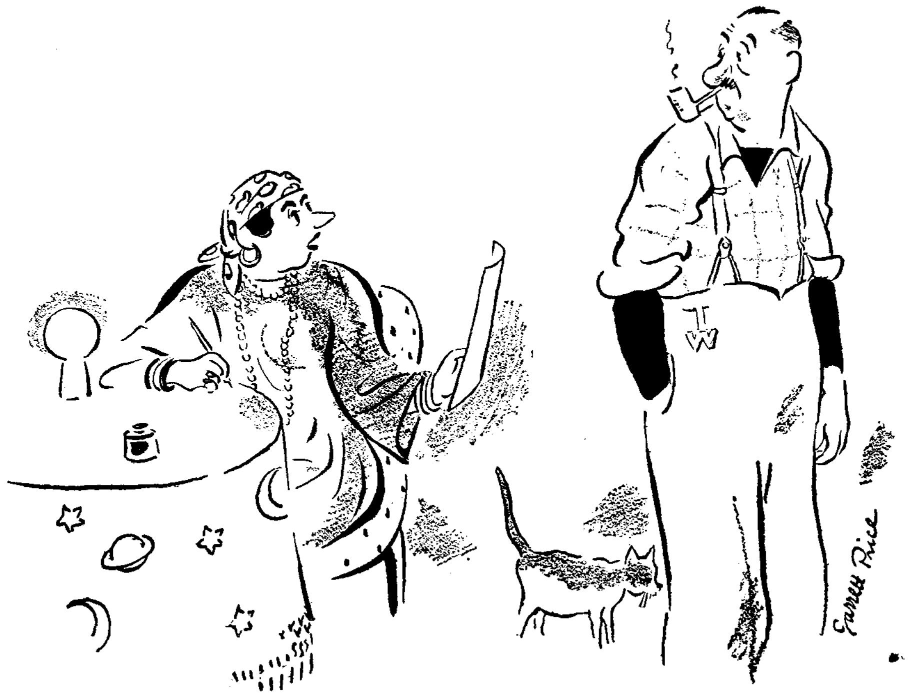
"Gwine die—gwine die, ole man—"

"Stop it!" cried Captain Ken. "Stop that! For God's sake, Eve—"

I saw his face as he moved to stand between the woman and the great bird. And for an instant he was like the eagle that he'd shot. Cornered and desperate. A frightened man. I knew him then. I knew him finally.

"We'll drive home," Captain Ken said at last, his voice again within control. "We'll leave the eagle here—his wing will mend." He stood quite straight, bitterly resolute. "We'll go home now. No man should be badgered to his death by women. It's not right. I say it is not right!"

THE END



"I'm going to be gone next week, Joe, so I've written out your schedule: Sunday, miss a train for Mamaroneck; Monday, go fishing and catch three blowfish and a flounder; Tuesday, your Uncle Nels drops in to make a touch; Wednesday, lose pipe out window; Thursday, get call for jury duty; Friday, sleep all day; Saturday, lose four dollars on a horse—I thought you were going to quit gambling"

COLLIER'S GARRETT PRICE

Hold fast to your desire...

THERE WILL BE MORE ELGINS

Lord Elgins

Perhaps you have been patiently waiting for an Elgin Watch—America's favored gift choice since 1865. If you have, don't change your wish now.

Until V-J Day Elgin's fourth generation craftsmen were serving the nation by making vitally needed precision instruments and timing devices. But that need has been filled. Elgin's war-sharpened skills are now happily applied to the creation of supremely fine watches for you.

It will be a while yet; the making of fine watches is a painstaking work. But what a reward for *your* patience will those watches be! Utterly beautiful; precisely accurate.

In the confusion of claims for foreign-made watches, hold fast to your desire for a Lord Elgin, a Lady Elgin or an Elgin DeLuxe. There *will* be more of these superb, American-made watches—reasonably priced, styled in unquestionable taste and timed to the stars. *You'll be glad you waited for an Elgin.* Elgin National Watch Company, Elgin, Illinois, U. S. A. (*This is our 80th Anniversary.*)

BUY THE BONDS OF VICTORY!

CBS *Again on Thanksgiving and Christmas—Elgin's "2 HOURS OF STARS"—coast to coast over CBS Stations, 4 to 6 p. m. ET.*

ELGIN

Gift choice of American Families since 1865

2 ways to weather a storm

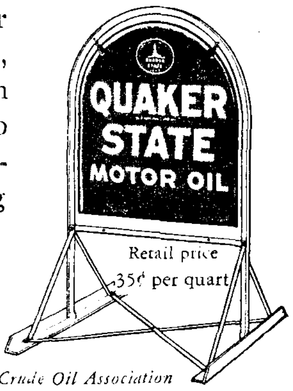
RIGHT now, with the last leaves coming down, and a chill in the Autumn air, you're probably thinking how grand it would be to jump in your car and follow the birds south.

For a lucky few, that's certainly one good way to beat the threat of another stormy winter, with its resultant winter driving troubles. But, for the millions of motorists at home, there's another way. They can overcome many winter driving troubles *before they start,* by getting the two-way protection of Quaker State Winter Oil *now!*

1. ***Quaker State's free flow — low viscosity — assures you quick, easy starts in cold weather.***
2. ***Quaker State's greater heat resistance — high "flash" point — keeps it from burning away when your motor reaches hot operating temperatures.***

Every drop of Quaker State is made from pure Pennsylvania grade crude oil—a big plus in itself. And extra refining processes put it even further ahead!

Remember: this is the crucial winter for your car—it needs the best possible care. So, head for that friendly green-and-white sign . . . and head off trouble by changing *now* to Quaker State Winter Oil and Superfine Winter Lubricants! Quaker State Oil Refining Corporation, Oil City, Pennsylvania.



Member Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association

Should Greenland Be American?

Continued from page 17

shores. We can be bombed from Greenland and our shipping cut off by Greenland-based air patrols over the sea. Even if we should be so shortsighted as to fail to purchase the country outright, we must still have the military installations, for we must defend Greenland always.

The southern tip of Greenland is slightly north of the halfway point on the great arctic route between New York and London. Between more central points in the two hemispheres, the direct airway cuts higher and higher across the breadth of the icecap. From Chicago to Berlin, the great circle touches the arctic proper, passing through the two northern fields in Greenland and coming down into Europe by way of Iceland. The same general track can be used for through traffic to Moscow by holding to the north after leaving east Greenland at Angmagssalik and flying to Norway, thence to Russia.

Full-scale commercial arctic air operations may require some inventive developments, but the economies of distance are a fact which human ingenuity can do nothing about. Inevitably air transport must compete on a basis of speed, and the great circle routes are the shortest and the fastest. Transarctic flying is no more dangerous than transocean. Northern weather is, if anything, propitious, with less moisture, less icing, and generally lower cloud formations. In case of an accident, there is something solid under you half the time, and there are intermediate fields along the way.

Shorter Nonstop Flights

That the Greenland routes are spaced over land will have an inescapable economic effect. Through Narsarssuak field and Iceland to Scotland, the longest nonstop flight stage is approximately eight hundred miles, and this is almost halved for the more northern track. By comparison, the nonstop flight distance on the transocean route in middle latitudes is more than doubled, even traveling via Bermuda and the Azores.

Any way we look at it, Greenland, by reason simply of its geographical position, is destined to play a leading part in the development of the biggest American international airway.

One of these days you may hear more about north Greenland, for it lies almost exactly halfway on the direct air route from the central United States to the new industrial areas of eastern Russia. From Kansas City to Igarka the new Russian city on the arctic Yenisei River, the great circle strikes a bold path into the high north. We will fly over the northern end of Greenland, across Peary Land, and into Russia via the northern sea.

It sounds visionary perhaps, but already we have the machines and the equipment to make it a reality whenever the demand promises a reward. We will need new facilities along the way. As a result of recent experience, however, we now know that it is no longer an explorer's bitter prerogative to brave the dangers of the north, but rather a question of specialized engineering using modern tools and modern methods.

The men who built the present Greenland fields and those in Baffin Island and Hudson Bay, and on the Mackenzie River for the Canol development and in Alaska, would have no trouble with another arctic project. It is not very difficult to build an airfield and set up radios and establish weather stations.

Even though the realization of commercial transpolar flying may be fairly remote, we must nevertheless have the weather stations in the far north immediately. Greenland is not only the keystone of the North Atlantic geographically but it also dominates the weather for areas far to the south and east. The great rib of icecap projects down into the normal track of weather systems moving eastward from the United States. The sweep of atmospheric movement breaks against the coast in waves much like the waves of the sea.

The so-called semipermanent Icelandic "low," which is basic to every North Atlantic weather map, lies just to the east and can only be delineated in reference to Greenland reports. We do not know enough about Greenland weather to appreciate its full implications, but scientists agree that until we do, we cannot solve some of the most pressing problems in the science of meteorology.

The United States is well in the forefront of the development of airplanes but is backward in the science of the atmosphere which is the medium in which those airplanes must move. Modern flight operations are planned to take advantage of weather patterns, seeking propitious winds and smooth air on varied routes and at different altitudes. Accurate forecasts in great detail covering the high levels of the air are essential. We need every scrap of meteorological data which it is possible to secure, and no information is more vitally required than that from the polar regions.

The Russians have appreciated this condition during the last ten years and have established weather stations on every arctic land mass of the Eastern Hemisphere. We need a network of stations for the western world reaching, if possible, to the North Pole itself. Greenland offers the closest opportunity. Its northern extremity is the most northerly land known in the world. Peary Land can be made accessible by air. Weather stations can be built there with all the comforts of modern civilization.

EUROPEAN

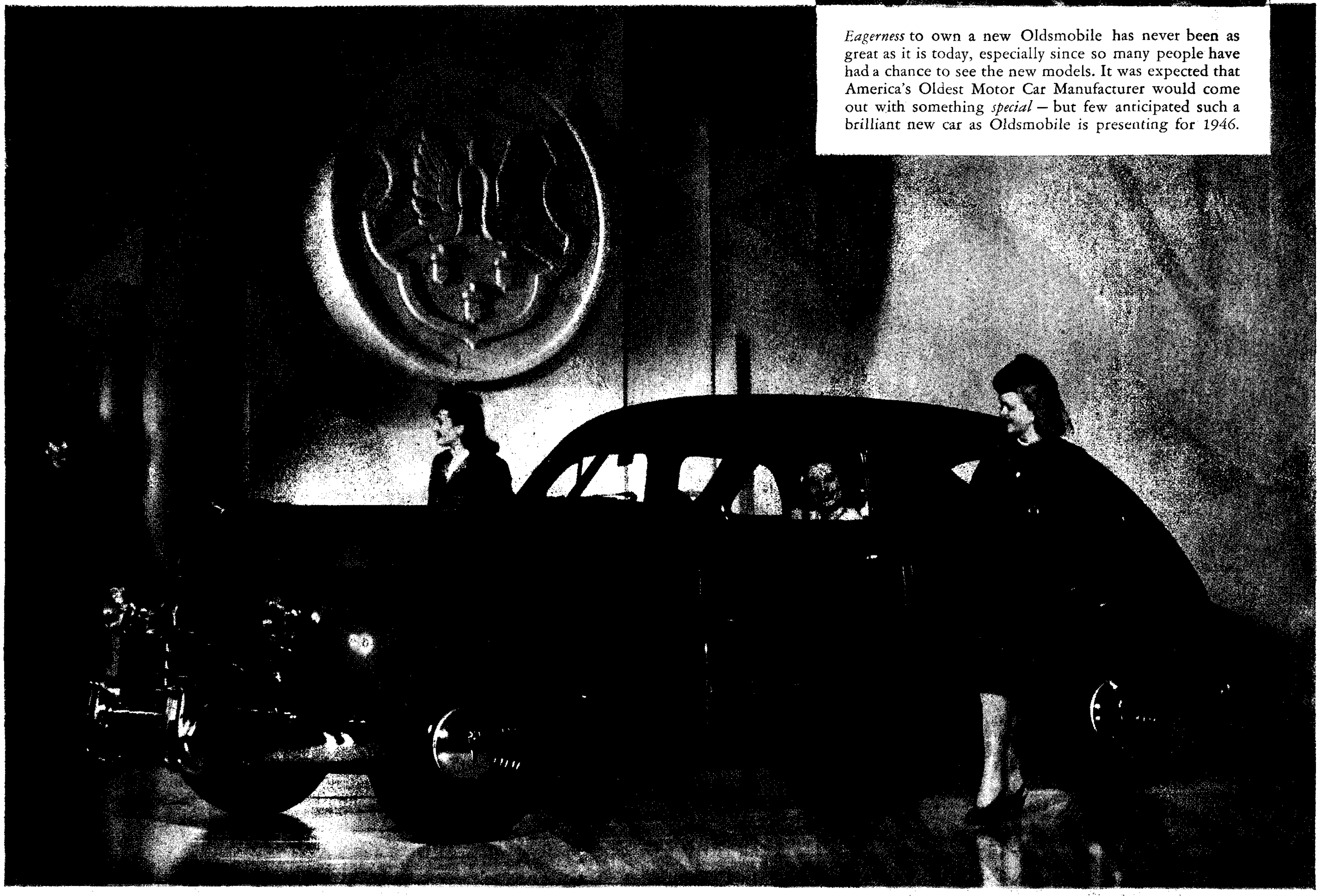
An Eskimo boy of Greenland

The Germans knew very well that Greenland is a weather factory producing one of the raw materials of aviation. When other nations published the scientific results of their explorations, the Germans kept as a military secret the studies of Alfred Wegener on the icecap in 1930. And early in this war, in spite of American occupation of southern Greenland, they established a weather station on the high northeast coast at a location so remote that we were a long time in doing much about it. We bombed it once but in a few weeks it was back on the air. Then we sent an expedition by icebreaker and knocked out the station.

Knowledge of Greenland weather paid dividends for the enemy. It was given a great share of the credit for the exceptionally accurate forecasts which allowed the escape of the Scharnhorst and Gneisenau through the English Channel, and which helped to plan the blitz of England. The Germans kept their Greenland stations to the end and were able to plan the costly break-through of last December at a time when the Allied air force would be grounded. Weather is an instrument of war. Control of the information about Greenland weather is as much a part of the defenses of America as if it were actually a line of fortifications.

THE END

Look to OLDS for all that's NEW!



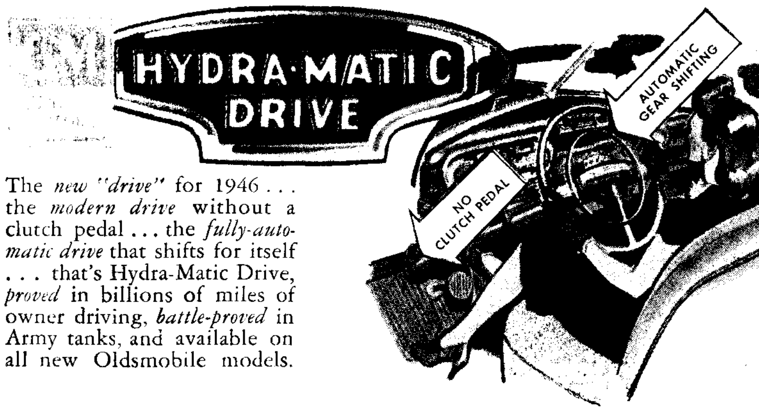
Eagerness to own a new Oldsmobile has never been as great as it is today, especially since so many people have had a chance to see the new models. It was expected that America's Oldest Motor Car Manufacturer would come out with something *special* — but few anticipated such a brilliant new car as Oldsmobile is presenting for 1946.

The New Oldsmobile is a surprising car in more ways than one. Its all-around, all-over newness is the first thing that catches the eye—its smartly tailored styling and trim interior fittings and appointments. But the feature that still draws top interest, wherever the car is shown, is General Motors' supreme contribution to driving ease: *the new and finer Hydra-Matic Drive.*

Hydra-Matic Drive is the fully automatic "drive" that the Army adapted during the war for use on tanks and armored cars. All gear shifting is automatic in all four forward speeds. No clutch pushing is ever necessary. *There's not even a clutch pedal in the car!* You just step on the accelerator to go, and step on the brake to stop. And, as the result of new battle-tested improvements, General Motors' new Hydra-Matic Drive introduces smoother performance than ever.

See your Oldsmobile dealer for all the news about the New Oldsmobile. If he hasn't a new car to show you now, he's sure to have one on display soon. He can also tell you how to go about placing your order for earliest possible delivery.

A NEW AND FINER

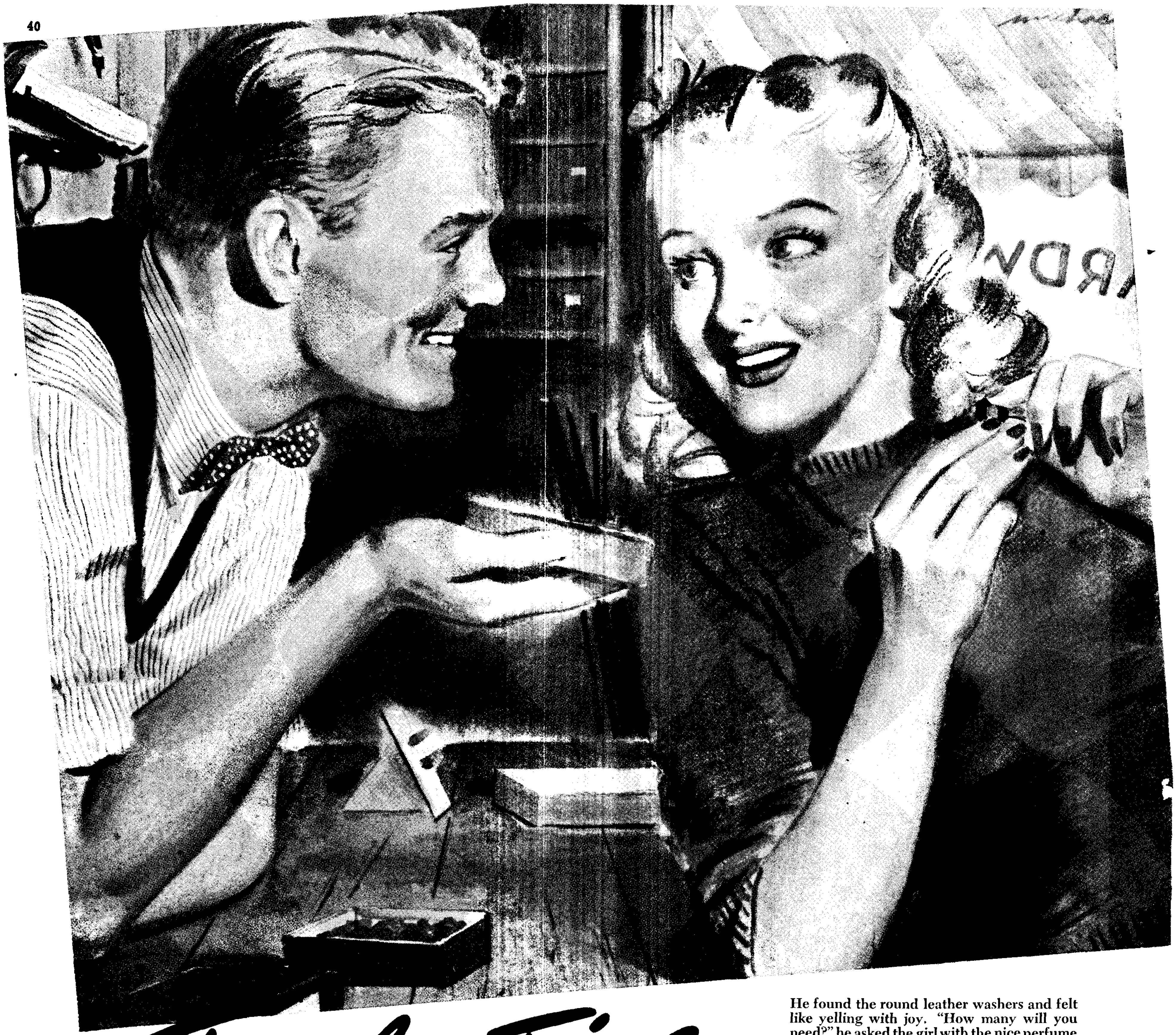


The *new "drive"* for 1946 . . . the *modern drive* without a clutch pedal . . . the *fully-automatic drive* that shifts for itself . . . that's Hydra-Matic Drive, *proved* in billions of miles of owner driving, *battle-proved* in Army tanks, and available on all new Oldsmobile models.

Invest in America . . . Buy Victory Bonds!

OLDSMOBILE

Product of
GENERAL MOTORS



He found the round leather washers and felt like yelling with joy. "How many will you need?" he asked the girl with the nice perfume

Two for Five

BY FRANK O'ROURKE

ILLUSTRATED BY MICHAEL

Sight is a precious thing and Bob had lost his, but a boy and a girl gave him back a new vision of life and the world

HE COULD feel the wind against his face and in the short hairs on his hands, cooled and slowed from its passage through the trees outside the window screen. He poised his fingers deliberately over the checkerboard, pondering his next move against the blacks; he had decided to throw the advantage to the reds this time.

He'd been playing checkers for two weeks, getting the feel of the round men and learning to gauge and picture the empty squares on the board, each space blocked off and identified by the raised lines that crisscrossed each other; and now, in his mind, he could see the board and the uneven pattern of the checkers under his spread fingers and he knew where to move and which side would win before the game was half played. But playing this game was really not important; the important thing was accustoming his fingers to the feel of space and raised surfaces, so that through the medium of his increasing sensibility he could learn to use this new and necessary sense on other things.

It was related to the feel of wind on his face and in his hand hairs. A month ago the wind was just wind; now he could feel to a high degree its temperature and speed, and sniff on its flowing tide the various smells of the land it had crossed before it entered the window. He had wondered in the beginning if a man did become hypersensitive to these things—smell and feeling and hearing—and now he knew this was true. His ears were keener now, something like highly tuned ack-ack sound equipment. It was just one of those curious change-overs a man went through when his eyes were no longer with him, and his ears, nose and fingers had to serve double duty in their place. That was how the doctors had described it to him in the hospital. They hadn't given him a lot of high-powered hoorah about going home just as good as he was before—nothing like that; but they had talked convincingly about the things he must learn and how he could go about learning them. He had worked hard this past month; and now, like the wind and the other small events, the sound and feel of people talking and feet walking and the bark of a dog and a car's horn were clear pictures in his mind.

He advanced the red checker to the front left, feeling the blacks nestling around it, and could see the game as it would develop within five subsequent moves. The blacks were licked and he grinned to himself because he had meant for the blacks to take a good whipping this time. He manipulated his fingers quickly and concisely, sliding the checkers across the board; and six moves later he executed the triple jump to the king row and the game was over. "Scratch one black," he said aloud, and swept the checkers into their box and put the board on the end table.

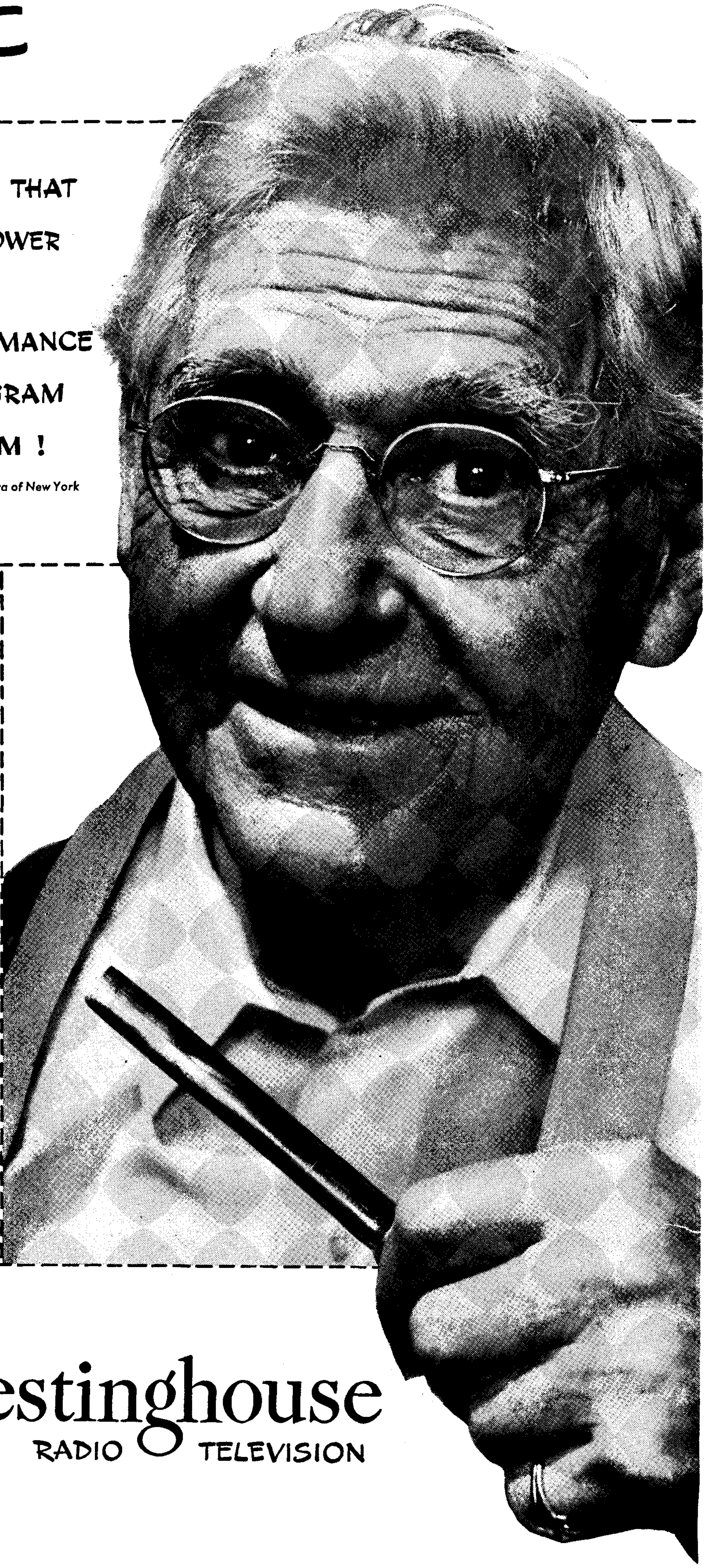
In the rear of the house, through two walls and a door, he could hear his mother rattling dishes and pans in the kitchen; and his kid brother, Ted, running up the front walk from school, shouting back at his departing friends, then calling a last "So-long" before he burst through the front door.

He knew his brother was playing their game now, creeping up the hall and sneaking into the room on his rubber-soled shoes, even holding his breath, and he let the boy get within five feet of him before speaking. "I heard you come in, Ted. You make more noise than a freight train." He laughed and his brother said, "Aw," and released his pent-up breath in one explosive burst.

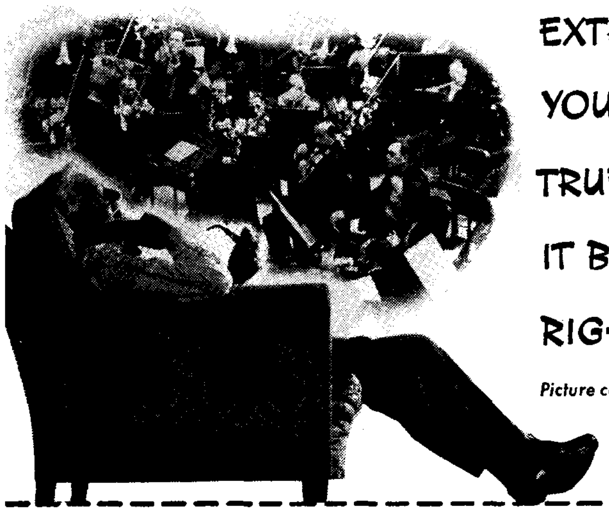
"I thought I had you this time, Bob," his

(Continued on page 52)

THE NEW WESTINGHOUSE RADIO CABINETS ARE BEAUTIFUL AND THE RADIO ENGINEERING IS WHAT YOU'D EXPECT FROM WESTINGHOUSE



THE NEW WESTINGHOUSE RADIO HAS THAT



EXTRA RESERVE OF POWER
YOU NEED FOR
TRUE-TO-LIFE PERFORMANCE
IT BRINGS YOUR PROGRAM
RIGHT INTO THE ROOM !

Picture courtesy of Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra of New York

SIX TIMES AS MUCH RECORD STORAGE SPACE AS THE SAME SIZE PRE-WAR CABINET !

ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF
WESTINGHOUSE
ORIGINALITY

Certified
Westinghouse
RADIO
Retailer

YOUR WESTINGHOUSE RADIO RETAILER DISPLAYS THIS GOLD SEAL EMBLEM.

SOON YOU WILL SEE THE NEW WESTINGHOUSE RADIOS AT HIS STORE . . . EACH ONE WITH **SOMETHING NEW** THAT YOU'VE NEVER SEEN OR HEARD BEFORE!

Westinghouse
RADIO TELEVISION

no argument here!

the quality's as high as ever

Most important Hart Schaffner & Marx job the past few years was clothing fighting men. But all during that time the quality of our civilian clothes sparked right along on high . . . smartly-tailored proof is on the backs of men who wear these fine clothes. True, there still aren't enough to supply the demand. But the point is . . . you can buy with the comfortable assurance that you'll be getting the same long wearing, good looking, good *feeling* quality you've always known!

The Trumpeter label
. . . a small thing to look for
. . . a big thing to find

Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes

Diplomatic Dynamite

Continued from page 11

into hundreds of thousands of dollars. Though his father thought he was biting off more than he could chew, Braden went to New York and secured Westinghouse Electric representation, engaged the opposition in bitter battle, and won again.

Then he branched out into business on a broad front. He became a member of the board of the American Ship & Commerce Corporation, he reorganized the Englishtown Carpet Company as the Monmouth Rug Mills of New Jersey, he joined the board of W. A. Harriman & Company. But the good-sized fortune he built up in a rather short time was swept away with the larger fortune of his father in the 1929 crash.

His First Diplomatic Post

Braden was ready to forget business for a while and try his hand at something new. President Roosevelt, whom he had met during the 1928 and 1932 political campaigns, offered Braden a diplomatic job. So he went to Montevideo in 1933 to help Cordell Hull at the Seventh International Conference of American States. He marked time in Washington as chairman of the Special Advisory Committee on Latin American affairs in the State Department, and chairman of the Inter-American Commercial Arbitration Commission until 1935, when he was sent to Argentina for the first time as head of the U.S.A. delegation to the Pan American Commercial Conference.

He returned to Washington in the same summer, just as a 90-day truce in the Chaco war, between Paraguay and Bolivia, was drawing to an end and both sides were preparing to renew hostilities. He was sent back to Buenos Aires to relieve Hugh Gibson as head of our delegation to the Chaco Peace Conference.

Braden found that the conference had degenerated from a conflict between two small states to a struggle for power between Argentina, Brazil and Chile, the three big countries of South America which were supposed to be helping mediate a settlement.

He worked to preserve peace between the South American countries, most of which were almost sure to be dragged into the war if it was resumed by Paraguay and Bolivia. This would have shattered continental unity for years, playing into the hands of the Nazis who were then preparing a campaign of world conquest. Braden also discovered the budding growth of Fascism in Argentina, which he encountered later in full bloom. He found the conference obstructed by the small nationalistic and Fascist groups. Braden checked these aspirations, quieted the fears they aroused in Brazil and Chile, and held the conference together for three years until he got a break.

President Ortiz came to power in the new elections and eliminated the previous Argentine obstruction. Braden closed in for a settlement. He got the Paraguayan and Bolivian governments together on a proposed peace treaty, won the confidence of Ortiz, who authorized Braden to accept on behalf of Argentina any commitments he made on behalf of the United States, secured the approval of the other mediating powers, and ended the bitter conflict in 1939, the year in which the Nazis struck.

With his first big diplomatic victory in his bag, Braden went to Colombia as ambassador. His sharp eyes and intuition led him to another source of danger. The domestic airlines of Colombia, operated by Scadta Company, were in the hands of 134 Nazi executives, pilots and technicians of the regular German army. When Hitler went to war in Europe, the Nazis under his command were operating an air force in the heart of the Western Hemisphere, within 200 miles—or about one hour's flying time—from the Panama Canal.

Officers of our embassy discovered Nazi plans and bombs for destroying the Canal. Braden demanded immediate expulsion of the Nazis. Eighty-four per cent of Scadta Airlines was controlled by Pan American Airways and the rest by German interests. Braden insisted that Pan Air take over entirely.

Due to the difficulty and cost of making the change, Braden encountered hesitation on the part of Pan Air. On February 5, 1940, he challenged the company to a showdown. He summoned George Rihl, Pan Air vice-president, then in Bogota, and Maxwell Rice, assistant vice-president, and gave them a four-day ultimatum: If the American employees of Pan American Airways didn't take over by 6 P.M. on February 9th, Braden said he would wire Washington that he could no longer accept responsibility for the security of the Panama Canal from hostile planes operating in Colombia. Pan Air gave way and the Americans took over, and by June 14th no Germans were left in any positions.

Two years later, when Braden left Bogota, he had already established close and friendly ties with President Santos, who united the democratic forces of his country behind his government, defeated pro-Axis opposition and brought Colombia into the system of continental solidarity in support of the United States by breaking relations with the Axis immediately after Pearl Harbor. Braden was given an unprecedented send-off—a banquet attended by President Santos, all members of his cabinet and representatives of all three political parties. No other foreign diplomat in Colombia was ever so honored.

With two big diplomatic victories in his bag, Braden moved to Cuba, his second regular ambassadorial post. Again he ran into Nazis. The Caribbean was infested with German subs which took a heavy toll of our shipping. Braden had a hunch that Major Govea, chief of the Cuban National Radio, had sold out and was informing the enemy subs of our ship movements. He asked Prime Minister Zaydin to fire Govea. Zaydin said he could do nothing because of Govea's strong political position in the Batista government.

Then Braden got another break. Our embassy picked up and broke the simple code in which Govea was broadcasting to German submarines, informing them of the names, tonnage and destination of ships in an American convoy in Santiago Harbor. Braden cut loose. He threatened to isolate Cuba from the outside world. He told Dictator Batista that not one pound of freight would be permitted to enter or leave Cuban waters unless Govea was liquidated immediately. Govea was fired.

Braden turned to the political corruption in Cuba which was permitted to prosper at the expense of American interests. The ambassador publicly announced that he wouldn't receive in his embassy any American businessman involved in graft. No one believed him, but one day the Cuban subsidiary of a big American company sold some property to the Cuban Ministry of Defense for $100,000 and was obliged to add another $183,000 graft. Braden telephoned the head of the company in New York and demanded that the general manager of the Cuban subsidiary be fired. He was.

Having stopped American participation in graft, Braden ended American intervention in Cuban elections by prohibiting contributions by American businessmen to the election funds of any candidates. For the first time in history, there was not a single American contribution to an election in Cuba. Braden saved American businessmen millions of dollars and made it possible for a majority of the Cuban people to elect a government of their own choosing. Assured there would not be American business intervention in favor of Saladrigas, the dictator's candidate for president, the Cubans surged to the polls on June 1, 1944. The result was an electoral tidal wave which swept away the dictatorship and brought democratic government to Cuba under Grau San Martin.

A Plain-Spoken Ambassador

During his three years in Cuba, Braden developed into something more than an astute ambassador with a reputation for being a trouble-shooter. He became an expert on military dictatorships. He didn't talk or act like a diplomat of the old school. He forged a new kind of diplomacy—militant and active, rather than pacific and passive; brutally outspoken and frank, rather than secretive and hypercritical. He lost the confidence of the dictatorship, which feared and respected him, but he won the friendship of the people.

While Braden's stock soared in Cuba, our State Department went bankrupt over the Argentine issue. It had recognized the Argentine dictatorship and fallen into disrepute with the democratic elements both at home and in Argentina. After securing recognition, and possibly because of it, the dictatorship became more rather than less oppressive. Nelson Rockefeller, then Assistant Secretary of State, thought Braden and his forceful diplomacy might liquidate the mess. He recommended Braden for the job as ambassador to Argentina.

Three days after his arrival in Buenos

"It's definite, then—about two o'clock some day next month"

COLLIER'S SALO ROTH

The Lowest Priced
Nationally Advertised Tooth Brush in America
only 23¢
Pro-phy-lac-tic + NYLON

IN DUST-PROOF CARTON

Pro-phy-lac-tic NYLON Tooth Brush

MEDICO FILTERED SMOKING

1 Cleaner, cooler smoke enters your mouth, because—

2 Sensational filter whirl-cools smoke, collects flakes and slugs, absorbs juices.

3 Replace filter when discolored.

X-RAY VIEW OF WHIRL-COOLING ACTION

PIPE $1 with box of 10 filters

Don't tolerate tongue bite. Try milder MEDICO FILTERED SMOKING.

ABSORBENT FILT
for Frank MEDICO
PAT'D BAFFLE SCREEN INTERIOR
WITH "CELLOPHANE" EXTERIOR
10 for 10¢

Genuine Filters for MEDICO Pipes, Cigarette & Cigar Holders Packed Only in this Red and Black Box.

There is no substitute for FRANK MEDICO FILTERED SMOKING!

"NO NO NO-O-O!
OH, YOU'VE RUINED THE WALLPAPER. NOW WHAT'LL I DO?"
QUITE SIMPLE, REALLY, DEAR. MERELY PLACE A STRIP OF THIS TRANSPARENT "SCOTCH" CELLULOSE TAPE OVER THE PLACE WHERE I HAVE SO MISCHIEVOUSLY TORN THE PAPER. NO ONE WILL EVER KNOW.
WHY, OF COURSE, DUMPLING... AND AM I GLAD "SCOTCH" TAPE IS BACK AGAIN! IT'S PERFECT FOR MENDING TORN PAGES, SEALING PACKAGES, MOUNTING SNAPSHOTS AND ALL SORTS OF TRICKY LITTLE CHORES. MY FAVORITE STORE FINALLY GOT SOME TODAY—I THINK I'LL GET ANOTHER ROLL RIGHT AWAY.
SEALS WITHOUT MOISTENING
SCOTCH Cellulose TAPE

HERE'S GOOD NEWS! "Scotch" Tape is back again in most stores. Look for it today —**25¢** including dispenser.

© 1945 3M CO.

SCOTCH *Cellulose* **TAPE**
BRAND

"SCOTCH" is the trade-mark for the more than 100 varieties of adhesive tapes

Made in U. S. A. by MINNESOTA MINING & MFG. CO. Saint Paul 6, Minn.
THE **3M** COMPANY
Also makers of "3M" Brand abrasives, adhesives, and a wide variety of other products for home and industry

Aires, Braden blew up the rumor which was discrediting our country: that in recognizing the Argentine regime, we displayed a preference for dealing with dictatorships rather than democracies. He announced that our preference was just the reverse. That was when the explosive charge began to go off. It was the first blast at the Farrell regime, a forecast of the storm ahead.

Braden came to Buenos Aires with definite ideas on how to tackle our toughest diplomatic problem in the hemisphere. He had a valuable instrument in the Act of Chapultepec, which the Argentine regime signed as one of the conditions for securing recognition. If the military men were held to the various resolutions of the Act, with its democratic principles, guarantees for human rights and control of Axis activities, they would be obliged to bow out and give the country free elections and a democratic government, thereby ending the two-year diplomatic war between the United States and Argentina. Braden began to press the military regime to fulfill its obligations under the Act of Chapultepec.

At his first meeting with Perón in Casa Rosada on June 1, 1945. Braden bluntly announced that there could be no cordial relations between the two countries while the press was suppressed, political prisoners were held in jail and Axis activities were still uncontrolled. The colonel, full of friendship and charm, promised to correct these matters. In exchange, he asked Braden to control the unfavorable press the Argentine regime was receiving in the United States. Braden advised Perón that we practice democracy in the United States and not press control.

He let it be known that there would be no military supplies for Argentina or any other assistance from the United States until the government met its international commitments. This put another color on the promises of military aid which he understood were offered by the members of the Warren Mission during their three-day honeymoon in Buenos Aires to celebrate our renewal of relations with the Argentine dictatorship. It also put the colonel in a tight spot because he had informed fellow officers that he had fixed the situation with the United States and that military supplies would soon be forthcoming.

The colonel accepted the ambassador's three suggestions. Five days after their meeting, the government issued a decree lifting press censorship. Three days later it began releasing political prisoners, some of whom had been confined for two years without a hearing and others brutally tortured. The government also half-heartedly moved against Axis interests.

Solving the Censorship Problem

The colonel still wanted something in exchange, and his press chief, Oscar Lomuto, called on Braden to suggest again that he stop unfavorable news reports being sent to the United States. The ambassador pointed out that the Argentine government had just announced freedom of the press, and Braden made a smarter suggestion: Lomuto might authorize Braden to announce that the American ambassador had been given personal assurances from the government press chief that the American correspondents could file whatever they wanted, free from censorship and all official control. Lomuto could hardly refuse and the announcement was made. That ended government control of American correspondents. Braden opened the news channels to the outside world.

In winning the first round of the battle for democracy in Argentina, Braden lifted the lid which the military regime had firmly clamped on the democratic opposition. The fireworks started and threatened to blow it off completely. Students staged antigovernment demonstrations and clashed with the police. Many were arrested and beaten up, so they retaliated with nation-wide university strikes.

The dormant political parties began to move. The powerful economic forces of the country, agriculture, finance, industry and commerce opened a public campaign against Perón. The big newspapers of the capital, though still too frightened to print articles of their own about the situation, published stories by American correspondents after they were recabled back to Buenos Aires from New York.

Perón and his government, crowded into a corner, decided to fight their way out, to stop the movement which might push them over the edge. The colonel received the ambassador in Casa Rosada for their second meeting on June 13, 1945. There were no friendly officials at the main door to greet him, nor was the colonel beaming cordiality as on the previous occasion. He delivered some cold-blooded threats which made Braden look up and listen in amazement.

Perón announced that the lives of two American correspondents, those of the New York Times and the New York Herald Tribune, were in danger because of the reports they were sending to the United States; that he had received word that Braden had been talking with the businessmen who were conducting the campaign against him; that his people, in their fanatical adoration of him, were capable of murdering anyone who stood in the colonel's way. Perón also forecast a future public campaign to discredit Braden by saying he could put out a half-dozen nickel newspapers which would attack the ambassador.

A Declaration of Principle

Braden was impressed by this unprecedented outburst, but not intimidated. He said that it did not matter if he or any other Americans were murdered; what was important was that we stand by our democratic principles for which we have waged two world wars and lost many lives.

Five days later, Braden delivered a stiff protest from the State Department against the threats to American lives. In their third and last formal meeting, the colonel was told that our government expected the Argentine regime to provide the same protection for American citizens that Argentine nationals received in the United States. Perón reluctantly gave Braden the necessary guarantee for the security of the American correspondents.

The war went on. Perón sought to reseal the lid by reimposing partial censorship on the Argentine newspapers by ordering them not to publish any more articles by American correspondents after being recabled from New York. He threatened home opposition by announcing that he was ready to engage them in civil war if they pressed their campaign. But the people continued their agitation, and rallied to the defense of our ambassador.

They denounced the public campaign by Perón's Labor and Propaganda offices, which sponsored a demonstration and filled the capital with insulting leaflets in an attempt to antagonize and discredit our ambassador. They staged a great demonstration at the Retiro Railway Station to welcome him back from a trip to the interior of the country. They wildly cheered his militant speeches upholding democracy and denouncing dictatorship.

The Argentine people saw in Braden a fearless leader that they themselves needed so badly during the current critical period, and more than one said, "If Braden were only an Argentine," or "What a pity we have no Braden of our own!"

For his courage in confronting the colonel and standing up for his principles in the face of threats, Braden won the nickname "Domador de Coroneles" (tamer of colonels).

Braden, in turn, served as a strong stimulant to the growing movement against the dictatorship. His offices were open, not only to government officials and diplomats, but also to Argentines in all walks of life. He talked to leaders of all political parties from Communist to conservative; to labor leaders who explained the effects of the government policy to control labor; to former political prisoners who called to express thanks for his help in securing their release; to newspapermen and publishers who felt the heavy hand of press control; to students and professors who were the vanguard of the movement to recover democratic rights; to captains of industry and agriculture who accused the government of totalitarian economic policies.

In signing the Act of Chapultepec, the military regime was bound by the commitments common to all the other republics to observe such principles. Therefore, the United States ambassador justified his insistence that the Argentine regime fulfill its agreements with our country, and Braden could not be accused of intervening in the internal affairs of a foreign country. His policy of pressing the dictatorship to meet its international obligations paid dividends both to our country in the form of greater prestige than ever enjoyed before in Argentina, and to the Argentine people in the form of greater civil liberties than at any time since the 1943 revolution.

Political Exiles Repatriated

During his four months in Buenos Aires, the government released a majority of all political prisoners, permitted political exiles to return from abroad, began curtailing Axis activities, raised the state of siege, permitted political parties to operate again and promised to call elections by the end of the year.

Four days before Braden left Argentina for a bigger job in Washington, the citizens of Buenos Aires exercised their newly won liberties by staging the greatest mass demonstration for democracy ever witnessed in Argentina or any other Latin American country.

This was an indirect tribute to the departing American ambassador and a direct rebuke to the Argentine regime. The Liberty March by 500,000 people from the Congressional Building to the Plaza Francia, a symbol of freedom, was a public verdict which no totalitarian government in the world could accept and hope to continue in power.

The Argentine government therefore refused to recognize the verdict and decided to prevent the public from passing further judgment upon it. Three days after Braden's departure, and exactly one week after the Liberty March, the cabinet decreed the restoration of a state of siege, suspending all civil liberties once more and wiping out most of the gains which Braden had made for democracy.

Argentines were again packed into jails as political prisoners. Many fled to foreign embassies for asylum, or returned to exile in Uruguay. Press control was restored and several papers were suspended or closed.

It began to look like a vicious cycle which spun right back to where it began on June 4, 1943, the day that the military officers took power.

But there were differences which may be big enough to break the cycle. In their Liberty March, the people discovered the strength of their numbers. In Spruille Braden, they knew they had a powerful friend. In the Act of Chapultepec, both the people and their friend knew they had a precious instrument.

And so the people became bolder. The officer clique saw this and called a meeting at Campo de Mayo. Some of the warriors came in by plane; others requisitioned four hundred cars to attend. After the meeting, Perón, who was not present, received a committee of officers in Buenos Aires and heard them demand his resignation. The army wanted no civilian uprising which might threaten the army. So Perón would have to go.

The colonel tried to resign as vice-president and Minister of War, thus retaining the Ministry of Labor, which he had been using as a springboard in his campaign for the presidency. But the army was adamant and, in the face of military opposition, he resigned all three posts.

Thus the chain of events begun by Braden worked against the dictator after the ambassador had left for Washington.

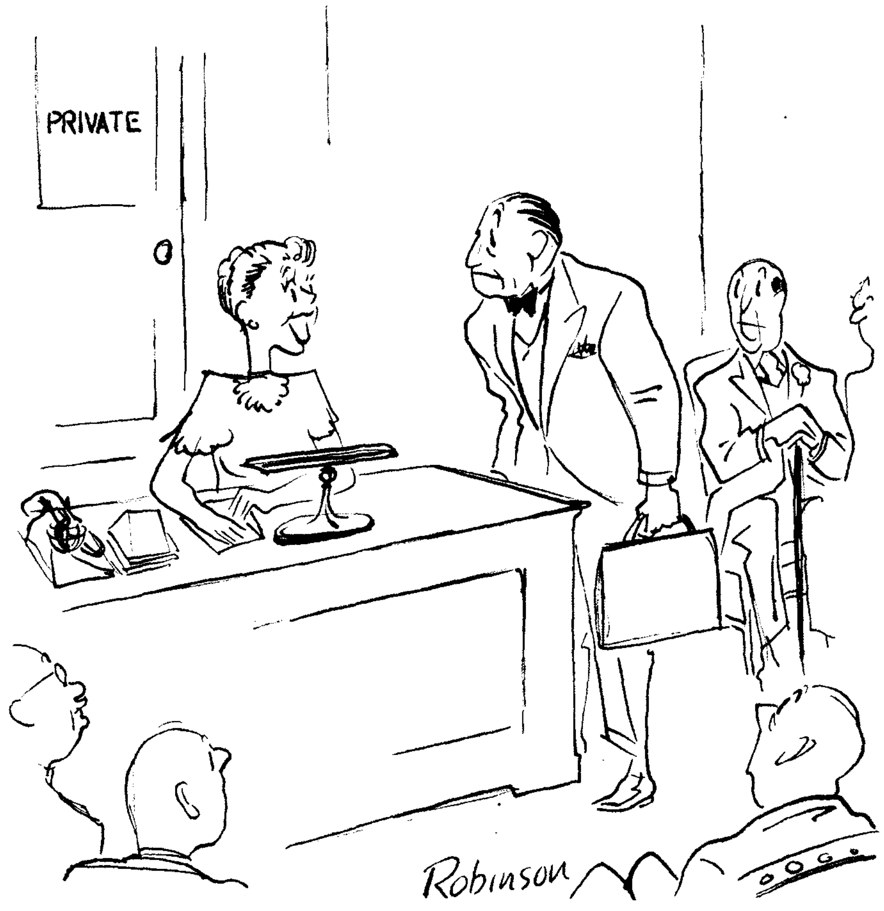
Other Dictators Are Due to Fall

The implications of our policy, as applied by Braden, are vast. There's more than one dictatorship which violated the Act of Chapultepec. The dictatorships of Brazil, Bolivia, Paraguay and Central America didn't realize what they were signing when they affixed their signatures to it. The Argentine dictatorship didn't, either, but soon found out. Perhaps the others will, too.

The Act of Chapultepec is a formidable instrument. In the hands of Spruille Braden it could serve to eliminate dictatorship and bring democracy to the entire hemisphere. We would then have what Braden feels is the only sound basis for our Good Neighbor policy and for peace in the family of twenty-one American republics.

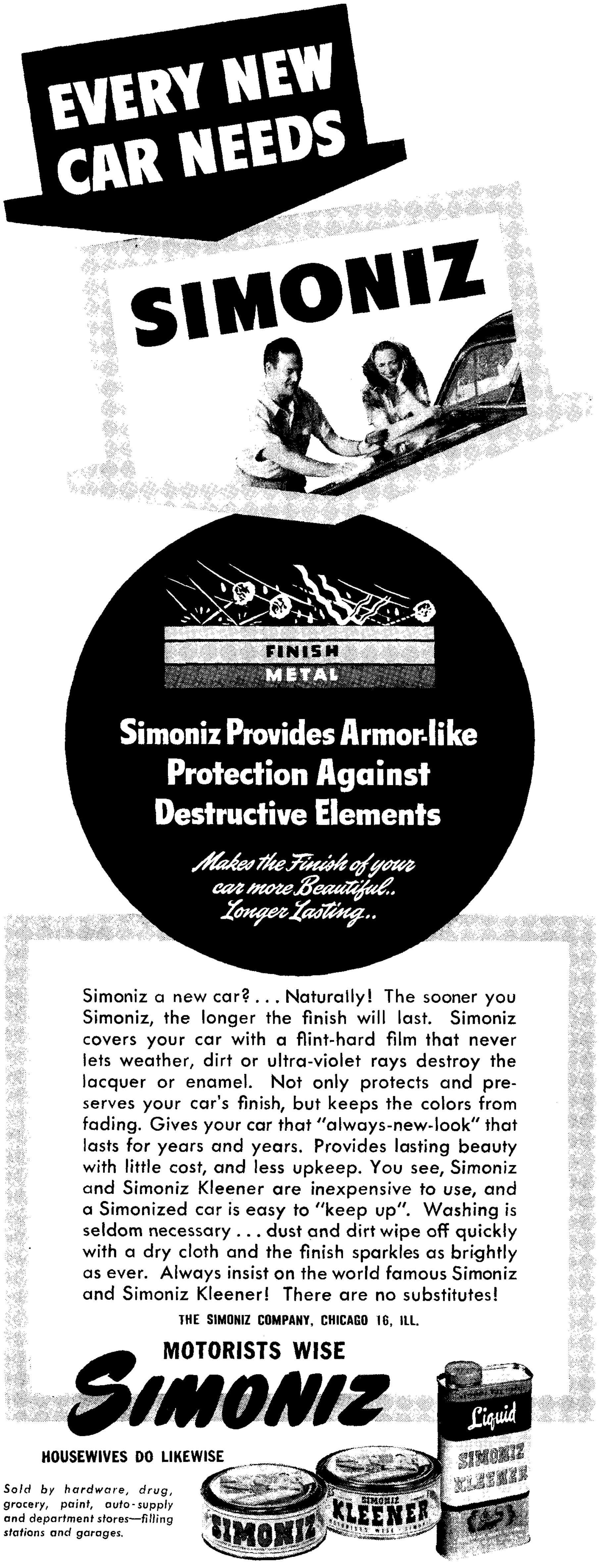
There are cries from more than one republic for American ambassadors like Braden. Now they will all have one. He will be Spruille Braden, Ambassador to All the American Republics, operating as Assistant Secretary of State in charge of Latin American Affairs in Washington.

THE END



"If you'll wait a little while, you can see him right away"

COLLIER'S ROBINSON


EVERY NEW CAR NEEDS

SIMONIZ

FINISH
METAL

Simoniz Provides Armor-like Protection Against Destructive Elements

Makes the Finish of your car more Beautiful.. Longer Lasting..

Simoniz a new car? . . . Naturally! The sooner you Simoniz, the longer the finish will last. Simoniz covers your car with a flint-hard film that never lets weather, dirt or ultra-violet rays destroy the lacquer or enamel. Not only protects and preserves your car's finish, but keeps the colors from fading. Gives your car that "always-new-look" that lasts for years and years. Provides lasting beauty with little cost, and less upkeep. You see, Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener are inexpensive to use, and a Simonized car is easy to "keep up". Washing is seldom necessary . . . dust and dirt wipe off quickly with a dry cloth and the finish sparkles as brightly as ever. Always insist on the world famous Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener! There are no substitutes!

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY, CHICAGO 16, ILL.

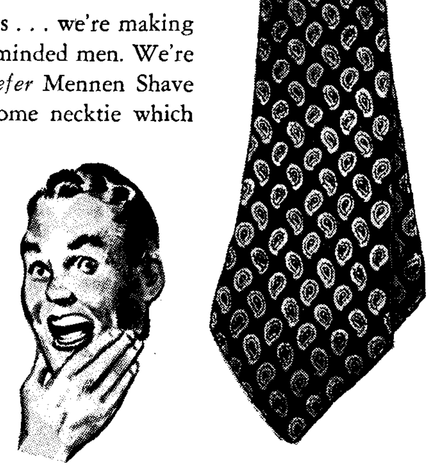
MOTORISTS WISE
SIMONIZ
HOUSEWIVES DO LIKEWISE

Sold by hardware, drug, grocery, paint, auto-supply and department stores—filling stations and garages.

WIN
THIS
2 to 1 Bet

Accept A SPORTING Wager on Your Next Shave, Sir!

PROPOSITION. Instead of fancy claims . . . we're making a proposition that will appeal to fair-minded men. We're betting actually 2 to 1 that you'll *prefer* Mennen Shave Cream — or we'll send you a handsome necktie which actually costs us $1.



PROOF. On your *own face!* Try Mennen Shave Cream — Lather or Brushless! See how it actually gives you *a cleaner shave that keeps you presentable longer.* Let your own mirror (or the lady in your life) testify to that!

PAY-OFF. Either Mennen Shave Cream does everything we say — OR simply mail us the empty carton with a letter of explanation and you'll get the necktie. Here's a bet you simply cannot lose.

Accept this sensational 2 to 1 bet. Get Mennen Shave Cream — Lather or Brushless — today.

Bet expires Jan. 10, 1946

Your Best Bet

MENNEN *Shave Cream*

- **Lather Shave (Plain)**
- **Lather Shave (Menthol-Iced)**
- **Brushless (Tube or Jar)**

MENNEN
LATHER
SHAVE
MENNEN
Brushless
SHAVE
MENNEN

Try MENNEN TALCUM for men . . . kills face shine and doesn't show. America's *favorite* men's talcum.

Snip and Tuck School

Continued from page 14

something ought to be done about America's method of teaching the three Rs. He had spent the twelve years prior to the war as a designer in the cloak-and-suit business in New York, where his high-school education was something to be concealed. He worried about the benighted state of the garment industry, and he came home committed to a new crusade.

He got a job in Public School No. 7, teaching a vocational course in garment making. Nights he attended Columbia University, and won, in painstaking succession, the degrees of A.B., Master, and Director of Vocational Education.

The Board Receives a Report

Thus armed, he approached the New York City Board of Education. He told them about the garment industry. He told them of the magnitude of the business and of the sad conditions, the immigrant labor, the ignorance and prejudice that prevailed.

Surely, he said, such a vast industry deserved a vocational high school of its own to train workers. Surely the boys and girls of New York should have a chance to learn the trade of their fathers, and have an acquaintance with reading and writing and arithmetic besides. He asked for an appropriation for a needle trades high school.

The educators mulled it over. There were many arguments, and much wrangling. The garment business wouldn't take the kids if they were school-trained, said practical businessmen. Everybody knew they had a limitless labor supply in the incoming tide of immigrants. It was all a lot of highfalutin nonsense.

But young Ritter stood his ground. He talked to his friends in the industry and he argued with his bosses on the Board of Education. Finally they allotted $10,000 for the experiment. They turned over to him an antiquated pre-Civil War school building. Schoolteacher Ritter said no, that wouldn't do. He'd rather have a floor in a loft building, down in the garment-center area. He got it, and in 1926 the first class of the Central High School for Needle Trades enrolled, and started to work on rickety secondhand machines which Mort Ritter had begged and borrowed.

There were 75 students and a faculty of two in that first school. That was in 1926. In 1940 the Central High School of Needle Trades moved into a skyscraper building in the heart of the garment district, with an enrollment of 2,500 day students, a faculty of 120 and an additional 2,000 pupils in night school.

Here, on each of the eleven floors, is taught a different division of the garment business, from shoemaking to millinery, from knitgoods manufacturing to men's tailoring. Equipment is the best. Instructors are experts drawn from the ranks of the industry. Students acquire professional skill and actual trade experience, alternating a week in a job and a week at school, before they graduate.

Educators and industry leaders were proud as Punch of this new educational phenomenon. They took crowds of sight-seers through the spotless marble halls, pointed out the vast auditorium with its impressive murals depicting the progress of the garment business from sweatshops to modern education, the department store on the ground floor where student-made shoes and dresses and fur coats and suits were sold.

Visitors came away dazed after seeing a school where each floor was a modern factory. Where teen-age boys worked with master-craftsman skill cutting and designing fur coats, turned out shoes and suits and shirts on a mass-production scale. Where girls made women's wear, children's wear and millinery, learned to design and cut and run the high-speed machines with skill.

So far, so good, said Mort Ritter. His school was now turning out skilled craftsmen for the trade, but where were the future leaders, the bosses, the designers going to come from? They needed more than a craftsman's skill. They needed more than a high-school education.

That's where the new idea came in. That's where Mortimer Ritter's biggest and toughest fight began. He evolved a plan for a free-tuition college to be supported jointly by the industry and the city. When you hit a cloak-and-suit mogul in his pocketbook, you hit where it hurts.

But Principal Ritter had a few good friends in his corner. He had white-haired philanthropic Max Meyer, who had returned from a successful career in the garment industry to head the Needlecraft Educational Commission. And he had Doctor John E. Wade, New York Superintendent of Schools, who had watched the career of Mortimer Ritter from its start and had quietly encouraged him in his plans.

Mort visited every technological college in the East—Philadelphia Textile, Lowell Textile, M.I.T., the Harvard School of Business. He compiled facts and figures by the bale. He shuttled among the leading colleges of the Atlantic seaboard, the New York Board of Education and the garment center. He sweated, he argued, he stormed. And finally the Seventh Avenue boys said:

"Don't Forget to Buy a Victory Bond!"

"Okay, Mort. We'll put up the dough."

At the end of the first school year of the Fashion Institute of Technology known as F.I.T., Governor Thomas E. Dewey of New York wrote a letter to Mortimer Ritter and said:

"Your Fashion Institute . . . is strengthening what has seemed to me to be a weak link in our educational chain—the further schooling of young men and women who are not planning to attend college but who do wish additional schooling beyond high school. . . ."

A Schoolmaster's Dream Realized

So the $65,000,000 postwar educational program of the New York State Board of Regents proposes 22 new institutes, eleven to be in New York City, all to be modeled after the plan of Mortimer C. Ritter's F.I.T. These institutes will serve other industries, they will offer scientific and technological training in many fields, and they will all be free.

Other states in the nation are expected to follow suit. And when all the G.I. Joes and Janes come back for good, they may find a complete revolution in the U.S. educational system.

They may find they can get educated and trained for a skilled job in less time than they ever dreamed. And if they do, they can thank Mortimer C. Ritter, a crusader in pince-nez.

THE END

Just in Time for Your Winter Driving...

NEW Mobiloil

Mobiloil
SOCONY-VACUUM OIL COMPANY
MADE IN U.S.A.

☞ By far the Finest Mobiloil ever offered—Proved in thousands of wartime Civilian Bus and Truck Fleets and Army Combat and Transport vehicles....

☞ Advanced Clearosol Process gives Greater Heat-Resisting properties—Greater ability to keep Engines Clean, Safer, Smoother-Running, in Condition for Peak Performance!

Your Car Starts Instantly—Gets Full Protection—when the Engine is [illegible]

What do we mean by *Mobiloil Clean?* . . . Just this:

> **Keeping rings, pistons, valves freer than ever before from power-wasting, fuel-wasting, and oil-wasting deposits!**

Isn't that what you want this winter? Everybody knows a *clean* engine is an *efficient* engine. And now this big step up in oil quality comes just when you need it most.

New, free-flowing, double-range Mobiloil can help you beat hard starting—keep your engine free-turning, easy on your battery—yet fully protected after warm-up.

Stop today at your Mobilgas Dealers' for the finest Mobiloil ever made—NEW Mobiloil.

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL COMPANY, INC. and Affiliates: Magnolia Petroleum Company, General Petroleum Corporation of California.

Tune in "Information Please"—Monday Evenings, 9:30 E S.T.—NBC

Change Now to NEW Mobiloil

RAILWAY EXPRESS AGENCY

A Better Service Born of Our Wartime Experience

With the nation engaged in all-out war, transportation became a factor of dominating importance. Every form of shipping was summoned into action. Railway Express, equipped to deliver nation-wide service in peacetime, was suddenly called upon to use its complete resources in equipment and organization to cope with the most pressing demands in history. During the first six months of 1945, the Government express traffic was 42 times heavier than for the entire year of 1939.

Gun, Tank and Engine Parts, Serums and Drugs... Urgent and strategic materiel had to move speedily and accurately, and in tremendous volume. At the same time the fast and uninterrupted flow of raw materials and finished products to and from manufacturing plants was a wartime essential.

Camp and Base Express Offices... The personal package traffic between homes and camps meant millions of shipments daily. Fully equipped Express offices handled this important feature of wartime service.

Blood Units... High speed handling and special refrigerator containers saved thousands of American wounded. Over 8 million pints of blood were shipped in this manner by Express.

Ration Books and Tokens... More than 2½ million pounds of ration books, and ration tokens by the billions were delivered to their destinations through 23,000 Express offices.

War Dogs for the K-9 Corps... The highly technical service of handling and shipping the nation's war dogs was assigned solely to Railway Express, and performed with signal success.

The above is a partial summary of wartime Express service. Today, with the return of peace, we are adding to our facilities all of the lessons learned in that historic period. We appreciate your cooperation and tolerance during the wartime days. We promise, in the not too distant future, a service superior to any we have rendered during our long nation-wide record.

RAILWAY EXPRESS AGENCY INC.

NATION-WIDE RAIL-AIR SERVICE

OF MITES AND MEN

By Frank D. Morris

Out on Guam, Navy scientists, with a well-equipped laboratory, have started a research project which will help win the battle against an obstinate enemy—tropical disease

Captain T. M. Rivers, outstanding medical researcher, heads the tropical disease unit

FROM the outside, the buildings are not too prepossessing, just a colony of prefabricated, one-story huts interrupting a Guam jungle. At first glance you might mistake it for a mining camp or a construction crew barracks—but look inside and here, in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, is a modern, well-equipped medical research laboratory.

The Navy's official name for it is NAMRU, meaning Naval Medical Research Unit. In manpower the whole outfit numbers fewer than three hundred officers and enlisted men, yet this modest group is fighting a battle against one of the deadliest foes in history, tropical disease. The work of the laboratory has already proved very valuable. Vice-Admiral Ross T. McIntire, Surgeon General of the Navy, announced late in September that the project not only would be continued but that it might even be enlarged. Since most of the scientists now stationed there are members of the Naval Reserve, some changes in personnel are expected.

The NAMRU idea was born a couple of years ago when Vice-Admiral McIntire asked a friend of his to take a swing around the Southwest Pacific on an inspection tour. The friend was Doctor Thomas M. Rivers, hospital director of the Rockefeller Institute on military leave, and recognized in high medical circles as an outstanding research man. At that time malaria and other tropical diseases were causing as many Pacific casualties as were bullets, and Admiral McIntire realized his medical corps faced a tough war of its own. He also realized that Doctor Rivers, then a captain in the Naval Reserve, was the man to lead that fight, track down the diseases and their carriers, and discover possible cures.

For months Doctor Rivers trekked through the jungles of New Caledonia and the New Hebrides, the Solomons and the Russell Islands.

When his tour was finished he submitted a report to Admiral Bill Halsey, naval commander of that area, and recommended that the Navy set up a field research laboratory to tackle the problems in their native habitats. The admiral agreed, as did the Chief of Naval Operations, and Doctor Rivers was empowered to establish and staff NAMRU Number Two. (The only other NAMRU—Number One—was then making a study of influenza at the University of California.)

The Navy's choice of Doctor Rivers for the job had a sound basis. In 1912, when he had finished two years study at Johns Hopkins, young Rivers interrupted his medical course to take a job and make enough money to finance the rest of his schooling. For two years he worked as a laboratory assistant at Santo Tomas Hospital in the Panama Canal Zone. As the canal work progressed, the number of patients at Santo Tomas rose sharply, and, in addition to his laboratory duties, he was called upon to help the small staff of doctors. Eventually he found himself running a dispensary and two wards, treating some seven hundred patients a month, pulling teeth, delivering babies and performing operations. Then he went back to finish his course at Johns Hopkins, standing number one in the class of graduates. In later years his work on filterable viruses established him in an important position in the Rockefeller Institute Hospital, of which he eventually became director.

Doctor Rivers picked his NAMRU staff as carefully as a varsity coach picks his team. There were thirty-seven doctors, all with Navy commissions. Seven hospital corps officers were hand-picked and all of the pharmacist's mates were given a six-months training course before starting overseas.

Late in 1944, three NAMRU officers arrived in Guam as an advance contingent. Doctor Rivers and the others stayed behind to complete plans for their campaign and to assemble the elaborate equipment they would need in the field. Last January they also stepped ashore at Guam, were driven out past Agaña, the war-wrecked capital city, and made the final stage of the trip plodding through a dense jungle. Eventually their guide, Doctor R. E. Shope, announced: "Here it is, boys! Welcome to your new home."

Doctor Pinch-Hits for Carpenter

There wasn't much to see: a small clearing in the trees, a few tents and a huge pile of lumber, boxes and crates, materials for building the station. Only fifty Seabees had been assigned to the construction job, so it was obvious who would have to do much of the work—the doctors and corpsmen. They turned to immediately and within three months twenty-five acres of that forbidding jungle had been cleared and a colony of Butler huts, a near relative of the Quonset, had been erected. Fortunately Doctor Francis F. Schwentker, the staff expert on infectious diseases, was also a home workshop hobbyist and qualified as a boss electrician, carpenter and machinist.

Today air-conditioning protects the precision instruments and there is every modern facility for conducting research experiments. Even the animal room, where Corpsman John R. Clymer, a Texas boy, feeds and cares for dozens of rabbits, guinea pigs, cotton rats, white mice and hamsters (a rodent from Syria), is air-conditioned.

Malaria is still Public Enemy Number One in the whole list of tropical diseases. Its menace has been cut considerably, however, according to Doctor Rivers, by control of mosquitoes. It was a group of NAMRU men who introduced to the Navy mosquito fighters in the South Pacific the method of spraying infested areas with DDT from a plane.

Another disease which Doctor Rivers' bug detectives are working on is scrub typhus, or flood fever. No effective vaccine or preventive drug has yet been discovered to combat scrub typhus, which is prevalent in New Guinea, Bougainville and some parts of the Philippines. The disease is transmitted by a mite, so there is a special NAMRU group working on its life and habits.

Lieutenant George W. Wharton, the mite expert, is raising a family of them through their complete life cycle in the Guam laboratory. To sustain life, however, these mites must make their home on an animal, so

Wharton has two mammalogists locating and studying the homesites. The female mite lays an egg which eventually develops into a chigger and it is this last little fellow which bites his human victim and infects the blood stream. The chigger, after perpetrating this bit of dirty work on man, usually dies.

Doctor Wharton is concentrating on his mites to find out in which stage of their career they are most vulnerable to the scientists' attack and when the scrub typhus virus they carry is most active.

"This phase of our work may take a long time," Doctor Rivers reports, "but in the end we will get the results we want. Incidentally, such a study requires a rare type of specialist. There are about six qualified mite men in the whole United States and I have one of them—Doctor Wharton."

Many Okinawa natives are afflicted with filariasis, a disease which may produce a grotesque swelling in parts of the human body. In some cases it's fatal, and again the buzzing mosquito is the criminal carrier, so a crew led by Commander R. E. Shope, famed for his work on influenza, is working on mosquito control. You needn't worry about any of our boys on Pacific duty catching filariasis for, even if they should, Doctor Rivers says the chances are one in a thousand that anything serious would come of it. The reason for advanced cases among the Okinawans is that they have been infected many times and have done nothing about it.

Now we come to a tropical disease with a jaw-breaking name—schistosomiasis. Approached intelligently it isn't nearly as fearsome as it sounds, but again ignorance of its existence and neglect of advanced cases have brought dire results. The cause and effect cycle of schistosomiasis, a bloodworm disease, follows this general pattern—eggs laid by the bloodworm in an infected person are carried out in the excrement and if they hit water they hatch almost immediately. The young worms look around for a place to live, and the one natural spot for them is the fleshy part of a snail. Here they develop and multiply, and the second generation, active little things with a forked tail, swim about in the water until they touch human skin. Then they bore right in, reach the blood stream and lay more eggs. These last descendants have a prickly spine which does all the damage, puncturing the intestinal lining, causing ulcers, finally leading to a condition similar to cirrhosis of the liver.

If schistosomiasis is treated early in its career with a simple remedy, an antimony compound, the cure is swift. The NAMRU researchers attack the disease by focusing their attention first on the intermediate host, the snail. They know that, to date, only three types of snail have been proven guilty of harboring the bloodworm, but some other types may do the same. Doctor Shope has shipped into the Guam laboratory more than a dozen species of snail found on Okinawa and samples are arriving regularly from other areas. Specimens are also sent to Lieutenant (jg) R. Tucker Abbott and Lieutenant Don R. Mathieson, NAMRU malacologists, who are doing field work on Leyte and Samar, where the disease is prevalent. There, tests are being made to see if any of the visiting snails are capable of acting as intermediate hosts, and those which qualify will be blacklisted.

Shortly after they arrived in Guam, Doctor Rivers' scientists found that most of the natives had hookworm. It's not the same type found in some of our Southern states, which is known as New World hookworm. That in Guam is called Old World, and some of our troops stationed on Leyte and on Guam have picked it up. Doctor Rivers also discovered that, reciprocally, some of the G.I.s shipped out to the Pacific from the States brought mild cases of New World hookworm with them. Now the NAMRU people are devising ways and means to keep our military men from catching the Old World type in the field and also to prevent them from carrying it home if they should become infected. Fortunately they have the situation well in hand.

Endless Research—No Favoritism

Old-timers in the tropical disease world, such as infectious jaundice and amoebic and bacillary dysentery, are being treated with the proper respect in the NAMRU laboratory. Doctor Schwentker, executive officer of the unit, is a renowned specialist in infectious diseases. Follow Doctor Schwentker on his daily inspection of the NAMRU buildings and you will be witness to some strange procedure. In the first room Rollin H. Baker is introduced and he apologizes for not shaking hands—he's carving up a rat. There's a pile of other defunct rats on the table before him, many of them carriers of disease-bearing parasites.

Baker's associate, Doctor David H. Johnson, proudly displays his collection of stuffed birds—gorgeously colored parrots, yellow-beaked mynas, hornbills, parakeets and downy-breasted fruit doves. They're all beautiful but some of the tiny characters nesting in their feathers may be dangerous.

Step into the entomology department where a heap of dead flies has just been spilled out on a bench—the day's catch from a single flytrap. Flies can carry disease, too, so these will be examined closely. Pass on through locked doors into a smaller room where a fat white rabbit in a cage is furnishing a meal of warm blood to a swarm of Aëdes aegypti. These are the day-biting, night-resting mosquitoes, which pass on dengue fever from one victim to the next.

The NAMRU people are philosophical and conservative about their experimental work. Doctor Rivers puts it this way: "The whole project may take years. We can expect setbacks and disappointments but, in the long run, we can save lives lost needlessly and prevent much unnecessary sickness. Even if we only get a ten per cent yield from the research we're doing, we'll feel amply rewarded." ★★★

Two Navy pharmacist's mates take a blood smear from an Okinawa native as part of a survey of filariasis. The disease hits natives much harder than U.S. personnel

EVEN YOUNG FOLKS MAY HAVE IT and at first not even suspect it's GINGIVITIS

IRRITATED GUMS
TENDER GUMS
BLEEDING GUMS
INFLAMED GUMS

This wicked enemy of handsome teeth and firm gums may strike at 4 OUT OF 5!

No one can afford to ignore gums that bleed even the *least tiny bit.* Because tender, bleeding gums are often some of the first signs of Gingivitis—an all too common gum inflammation which is attacking thousands.

You should *never* neglect Gingivitis because neglect often leads to Pyorrhea with its soft, spongy gums and loosening teeth, which only your dentist can help. See your dentist every 3 months.

Then at home one of the very best ways to help guard against Gingivitis is to massage your gums twice daily with Forhan's Toothpaste.

Made Especially for BOTH Massaging Gums and Cleaning Teeth

Forhan's—the remarkable formula of Dr. R. J. Forhan—is the *first* and *original* toothpaste for both massaging gums to be firmer—more able to ward off infection—and for cleaning teeth to their natural bright lustrous beauty.

Notice how invigorated *your gums feel.* Notice how sparkling clean *your teeth look.* You'll like the tangy, refreshing taste of Forhan's too!

Be sure to buy a tube of Forhan's today. Used and recommended by many Dentists for over 30 years. At all drug, department and 10¢ stores.

NO HARSH ABRASIVES IN FORHAN'S

Forhan's
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
FOR MASSAGING GUMS AND CLEANING TEETH
ORIGINALLY

use Forhan's with massage
FOR FIRMER GUMS—CLEANER TEETH

Better than ever! THE NEW

PERFECT SLEEPER *Tuftless* MATTRESS

JOAN BENNETT, star of the Walter Wanger Universal Pictures Production, "Scarlet Street," says: "My PERFECT SLEEPER Mattress gives me relaxing sleep to keep fit and fresh before the camera."

The Only Innerspring Mattress with "LIVE" RIBBON-STEEL COILS!

1 *Thrilling new comfort!* These patented, exclusive SERTA coils have far greater resilience and durability. Ask for a demonstration at your dealer's. *Feel* the difference. *See* the difference.

2 *No bumps! No hollows!* SERTA'S exclusive non-shift Tuftless construction provides a "smooth as satin" surface that's better looking, more comfortable, more sanitary.

3 *Complete luxury!* The matching PERFECT SLEEPER Box Spring—noiseless, dustproof—is specially built to give the PERFECT SLEEPER Mattress perfect support for supreme sleeping comfort.

If your dealer can't supply you with the PERFECT SLEEPER Mattress at once, please be patient. You'll be glad you waited. Available now—SERTA 4-A Tuftless Mattress, PERFECT SLEEPER Box Spring, $39.50 each. West Coast and Canada, $42.50 each.

MADE BY A Serta ASSOCIATE

SERTA ASSOCIATES, INC., 32 Leading Mattress Manufacturers from Coast to Coast and in Canada

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

applaud; the wing is on top of the cabin, and the passengers can see downward from any seat. This range of vision used to be a great selling point for air travel in the days of the old high-wing monoplanes, but when the low-wing airliners replaced them, with greater advantages in other ways, direct downward vision could be had only from seats far forward or in the rear.

Consolidated-Vultee's Model 110 has the noteworthy feature of loading the passengers through a retractable ramp in the upswept tail. As the plane sits on the ground, a rear gangway is lowered electrically, and passengers can leave or enter without waiting for the loading stairs to be rolled up. Baggage, cargo and mail, meanwhile, are handled at an opening up front. The Boeing, Consolidated-Vultee and Martin models will be powered with the Pratt & Whitney air-cooled 2,100-horsepower Double Wasp, the standard for our Hellcat, Thunderbolt, Corsair and Black Widow fighters.

Curtiss-Wright's Model CW-28 will have two Wright Cyclone engines, each developing 2,500 horsepower at take-off. These engines will be further refinements of the ones that took the B-29s to Japan. Fluorescent lighting will be used in the interior of the cabin, and Curtiss engineers have paid special attention to the buffet to provide constant hot temperatures and a special refrigerated unit. War-tested features of the Curtiss C-46 Commando troop carrier underlie the design of the CW-28.

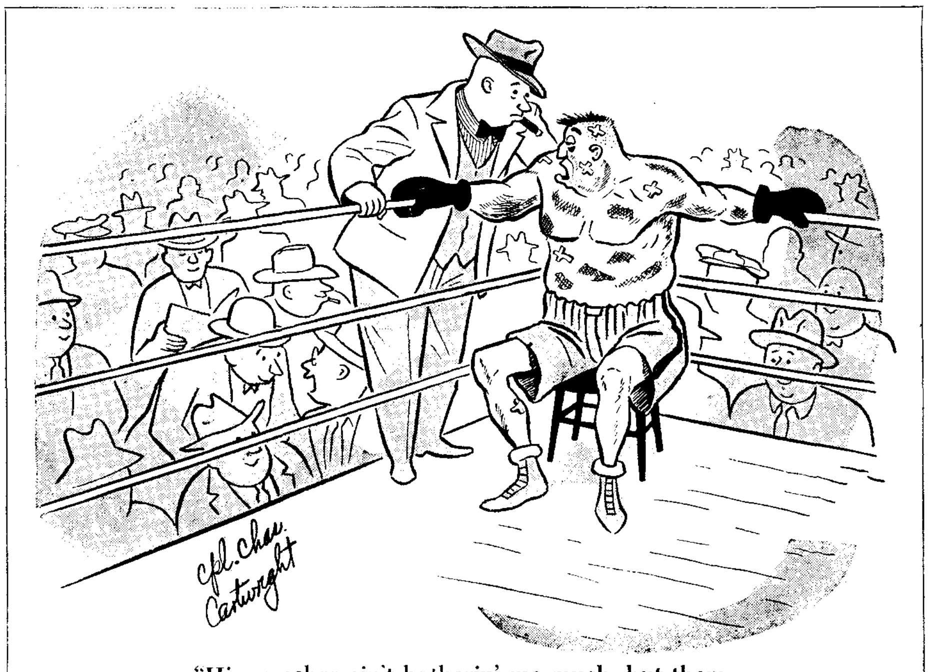
The Glenn L. Martin Company's Model 202 bids for the pilot's vote.

"We knew we could build an airplane which would do everything any airline officer asked," says a Martin official, "but we also knew that if the pilots didn't like the ship, we might just as well throw it over the fence. We found that the average age of transport pilots is about forty. At that age, a man likes to relax."

So Martin engineers designed a big, roomy cockpit with adjustable seats for tall and short and fat and skinny pilots and copilots, and they will be just as comfortable as the passengers back in the cabin.

Technically, each of the models has other notable features which pilots, mechanics and plane handlers will applaud, but with which we, the passengers, need not concern ourselves at this time. None of the ships is in the flesh and won't be ready for service much before this time next year. But when they do go onto the lines, they will provide a good return for the 4½ cents per mile or less we'll be paying.

THE END



"His punches ain't botherin' me much, but them ropes and canvas is givin' me a nasty chafin'!"

COLLIER'S CPL. CHARLES CARTWRIGHT

Any Week

Continued from page 4

Democrats, and the Democrats producing testimony that the raiders were Republicans—at heart anyway.

YOU don't have to believe this. We don't, either. But Colonel Dudley V. Haddock of Sarasota, Florida, reports the opening of a new Hush Puppy Lunch Stand, which the proprietor intended should be known as The United Nations. The proprietor painted the sign himself, and when it was finished, it turned out to be Untied Nations. A "hush puppy" is something to eat. That's all we know about it.

THE society of the Powngts (pronounced powngts) held a meeting somewhere in Washington recently and agreed to petition Congress to give them a public-relations man. The Powngts are Public Officials Whom Nobody Goes To See. No representative of the press attended the meeting, therefore we don't know much more than that about them. We have dug up a few facts, however. Almost all of them have been in the employ of government for twenty years or more. All have fact-finding jobs which were created years ago and then forgotten. Nobody seems to know what their offices were created to find out, but all of them are exceedingly anxious to tell somebody what it is and what they've done about it. They make annual reports to nobody in particular which nobody reads. We've heard that one of them reported that one day not long ago he received four telephone calls, only three of which were from his wife. We shall make it our business to look them up sometime and let you know.

AND then we met a fellow who has been away for three years—fighting somewhere—and who spent his first two days roaming around the capital trying to refamiliarize himself. That done, he dropped in to see us, and announced this startling discovery: "The outstanding characteristics of Washington today are Northern chivalry and Southern efficiency."

THE war is over, even if Congress hasn't said so. But it's still very difficult to get hotel rooms in the United States. This we learn from Mr. Edward Modest, a traveler in ladies' underwear. Mr. Modest added that unless something is done about the hotel situation, particularly for traveling salesmen, there is bound to be a large increase in stories about the farmer's daughter. "And," Mr. Modest concludes, "it will serve us right." . . .

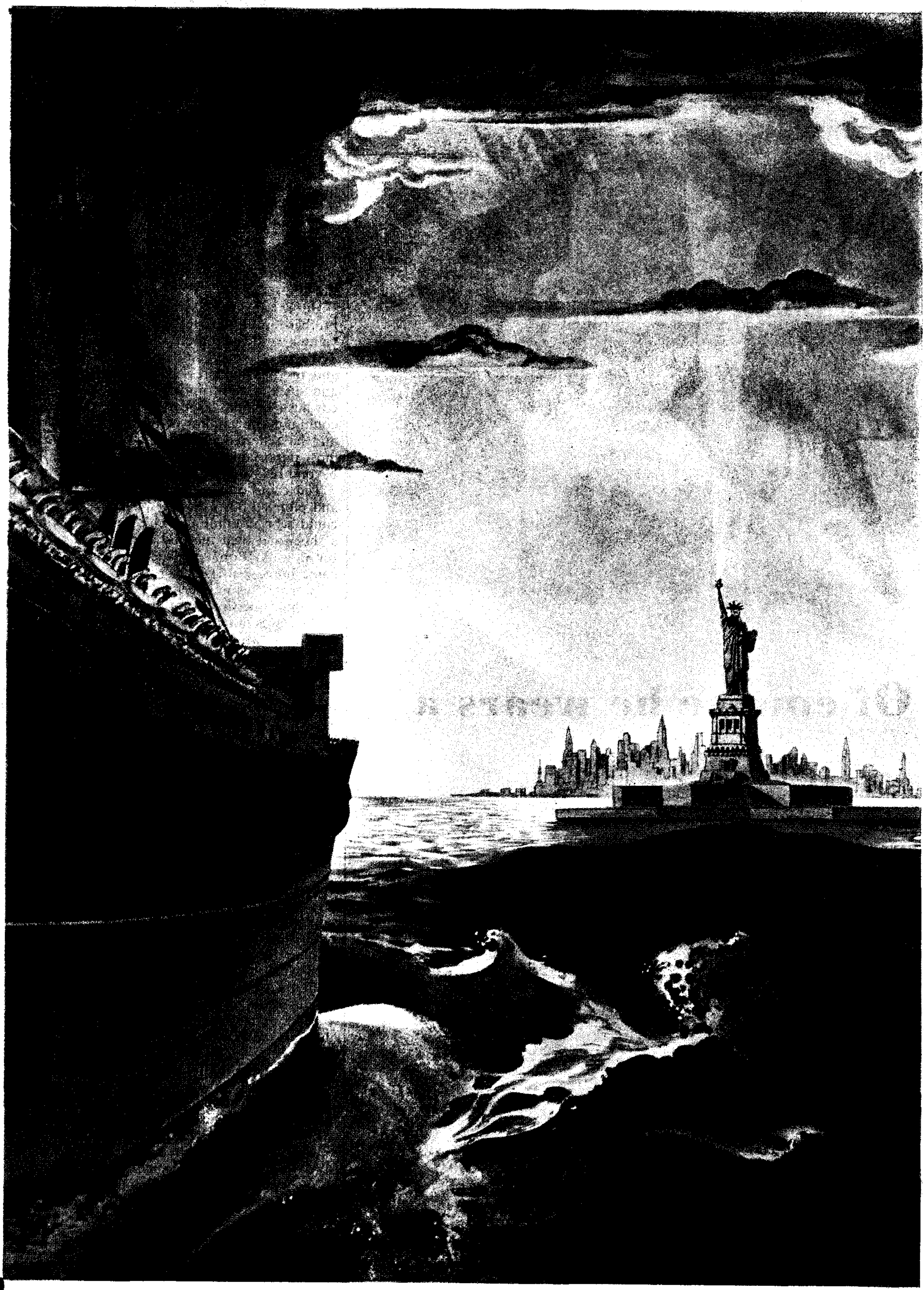
W. D.

Home . . .
and all
that it Means

Folks who have been abroad seldom lack enthusiastic words to describe what they have seen in strange lands. Yet, there is one experience for the traveler that is far beyond his ability to make clear to others. It is that emotional moment when again he sees his native shore and a mixture of exhilaration and veneration soars from his heart.

Even in little daily incidents, the 600,000 words of the English language are powerless to help you explain certain things—how a color looks, a voice sounds, a flavor tastes. Much, for example, can be said in praise of the distinctive flavor that sets Budweiser apart from all other beers . . . but only when you raise a tall, cold glassful of this delicious brew to your lips will you understand completely why it is the world's most popular beer.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH • • ST. LOUIS

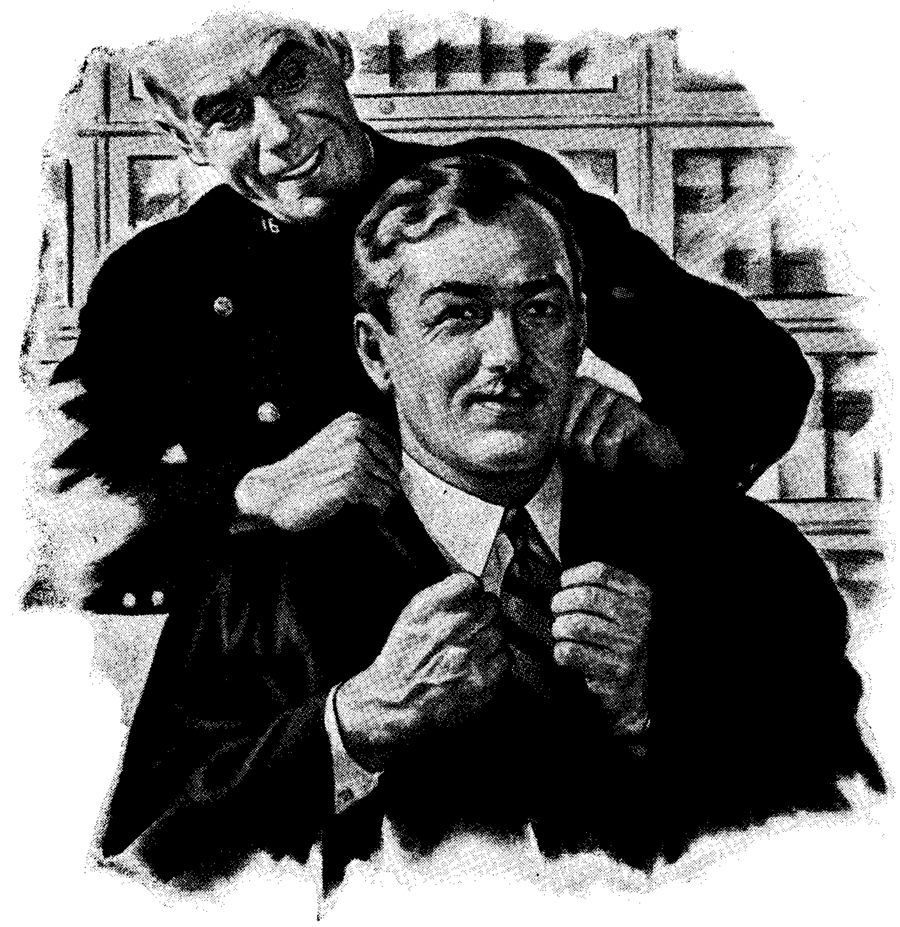


BUDWEISER
BEER
Lager Beer

Every sip tells you what words can't
—why Budweiser is
something more than beer...a tradition

Budweiser

© 1945 A-B Co.



Of course he wears a

VAN HEUSEN shirt

Looks better, fits better, feels better—it has the famous non-wilt Van Heusen collar attached. Launders better too—Sanforized, laundry-tested, bears Good Housekeeping's seal. A new shirt free if your Van Heusen Shirt shrinks out of size! PHILLIPS-JONES CORP., N. Y. 1

Two for Five

Continued from page 40

brother said ruefully. "We had a good day at school. I got two hits off that high school pitcher."

"No kidding," he said. "Singles?"

"Both good ones. One off that stinking little curve ball he thinks is so good. And I didn't put my foot in the bucket, either. I did like you said last night about batting practice. I laid a bat down so I'd trip if I stepped back, and it worked swell."

"Good," he said. "You're coming along fast."

"I want a drink," Ted said. "Excuse me, Bob."

He sat in the leather chair while his brother ran through the house to the kitchen, yelling at their mother, and he wondered if Ted's freckles were still the size of pennies, and his pants unpressed and his hair short and stuck straight up in those two stubborn cowlicks behind his ears. These things he could not know unless he felt them or asked; and he reflected glumly that they were the most important because they were ironically beyond his reach.

Ted came running back from the kitchen and plopped down beside the bookcase. He could hear him pulling up his socks and tying a shoe, and then the boy said, "Want to go for a walk, Bob? Let's go downtown and come home with Dad."

He knew his mother had prompted Ted to ask that question; and he knew how his mother was hoping, day after day, that he would go with one of them, down through the streets he had known so well, downtown to his friends and his father's lumberyard. That was the only thing he hadn't licked, and all other progress was as nothing because of this. This was the big thing, the important step, and he couldn't take it.

"Not today, Ted," he answered. "I want to read this new book that came this afternoon. I'm just beginning to savvy this Braille business. Did you see it?"

"No," Ted said, and jumped up and crossed the room to stand beside him and look at the book.

He lifted it from the table and opened the cover, running his fingers over the raised letters. "I can't read it very fast yet," he said, "but I'll get it down pat in another month."

"It sure is funny looking," his brother said. "Come on, let's take a walk."

"I will," he said. "Pretty soon, Ted. Wait until I get better on this stuff and know my way around."

"Okay," his brother said. "I got to meet the kids. We're having a game before supper."

"Get a couple of hits for me," he called.

HIS brother went down the hall and he heard the back door close and felt the air swirl around his face, and then the house was quiet again, with his mother moving softly in the kitchen and small sounds drifting in from outside. He heard his brother calling in the vacant lot across the alley, and the clear, high voices of the other boys, and then a bat cracked sharply against a baseball and yells rose in mingled joy and youthful disgust as the game got under way. And then he couldn't stand those light, happy sounds any longer, and he walked swiftly from the living room and upstairs to his room. He closed the door behind him and crossed to the window. The sounds were just as clear upstairs, and he slammed the window down hard and sat on the bed, rubbing his sightless eyes gently and biting his lip, hating himself for his cowardice.

This was the bad time when he thought, why can't I break through this barrier? I have licked everything else; why can't I go downtown and meet my old friends? Am I afraid they will laugh if I trip or stumble, or because they might say something careless and hurt me inside, where I must live with myself? Home one month and I have not been out in my own town. What difference if I cannot see the schoolhouse and the trees and Main Street and the park and the farmers driving in for lumber? I can hear dogs barking and hear the farmers talking in front of the barber shop and in the saloon. What if I can't see these things again? I can feel them because I remember them so well.

He got up and walked to his desk and sat, facing the book ends and his football letters on the wall and feeling his pen and pencils and his math books, and all the equipment of his life before the war; and his mother's voice cut through his savage, dark mood like a beam of light: "Bob, dinner is ready and your father is home."

"Coming down, Mom," he called. "Soon as I wash."

Soon after supper that evening, he went upstairs to his room again, and washing and changing to pajamas, he stood in the window in the darkened room, hearing a passing car, a dog's lonely howl, and a boy and girl walking on the street, talking in low, happy voices. The loneliness lay heavy against his chest and he pressed his fingers against the window glass and frowned; and then told himself silently that he had to go downtown soon, not next week or next month, but tomorrow.

He heard voices below him and leaned toward the open window, pressing his ear against the screen; it was his brother and some friends, standing near the birdbath, talking in low, excited tones.

He heard one of the boys say, "Well, why don't he come out, huh? He ain't sick no more."

His brother said, "He is sick. He'll come out soon enough."

"Aw," the other boy said. "He's just scared, that's what he is; he can't see. He's scared to come out."

"He's not scared," Ted said, his voice thin and high. "You just wait—he'll show you."

He turned from the window and threw himself on the bed, pushing his face into the pillow. He was ashamed now, deeply ashamed of himself. He whispered against the pillow, "Tomorrow, tomorrow," and remembered it was Saturday.

He rolled over and stared with his sightless eyes at the invisible ceiling above him, feeling the tremor in his stomach and wondering if he had the guts.

HIS brother was eating a late breakfast when he went downstairs. He sat down and his mother said, "Hungry, Bob?" and set his plate down in front of him. He smelled the eggs and sausages and the fresh hot coffee. Ted said, "Saturday is the best day in the week, you know that?" talking through half a mouthful of eggs and toast.

"Sure it is," he said. "Ted, you doing anything special this morning?"

His brother squirmed in his seat—he knew that because the chair legs gave off small, infinitesimal creaks—and answered, "Well, sort of, Bob. I was going swimming with the guys."

"I just wondered if you'd walk downtown with me," he said casually. "To the store and then you could go swimming. I'll come home with Dad."

His mother turned from the stove with a sudden swish of her skirt and he heard the frying pan clatter against the burner. He heard Ted gag over his mouthful of toast and egg, and then say, "Gosh, Bob, sure I'll go with you. You mean, like you showed me, with our hands touching?"

"That's it," Bob said. "We walk beside each other, our inside hands touching, so you can guide me."

His brother laughed, a bright, happy sound. "I'm a Seeing-Eye dog, Mom," he laughed.

"Sure," Bob laughed with Ted. "And if we see someone I know you tell me before they come close so I can say hello. Done with your breakfast?" He was getting the shakes now. He had to get started or he'd lose his nerve.

He drank his coffee in two gulps and got up, pushing his chair back and walking toward the door. "Let's go," he said. "Is it nice out this morning?"

"It's swell," Ted said, his voice normal again. "You want your hat, Bob?"

"I'll go bareheaded," he said firmly. He had promised himself to go that way. No walking like a coward with his hatbrim pulled low over his eyes. He knew the eyes were all right to look at. The doctors had explained that they weren't hurt outwardly and anyone seeing them would not know unless they came up close and really stared. He said again, with rising voice, "I'll go bareheaded."

Ted's hand came against his own, small and warm, and they walked down the hall and through the front door, out onto the porch, and he felt the warmth of the day and the fresh wind and noises from the street, loud and distinct.

Ted said, "Steps," and he said, "Okay, Butch," and they went down the five steps and across the lawn to the sidewalk. Ted said, "Gosh, this is swell," and he knew what Ted meant. The tremor went through Ted's arm and came up to his own. Then Ted yelled, with that casual victorious accent that all small boys have, "Hi, there, Bill. Hi, Jimmy," and he heard them answer and recognized the voices of the two boys under his window the night before; and he understood Ted's triumph and was glad.

They walked a block and he counted his steps and remembered the curb within three steps, and even recalled a crack in the sidewalk in front of the Jennings' house; and then they crossed the side street and the noises of the business block were louder now. He sorted them out automatically, identifying the trucks, cars, people, bicycles, horns, feet on paving and, high above, a plane floating westward.

He was frightened but he couldn't go back now, and his brother's hand was solid and firm against his own. They were in the business block now, passing the saloon—he could smell the malt and whisky and strong cigar smoke—and then they crossed the alley and far down toward the stockyards he heard the angry bellow of an enraged steer being forced up the loading chute into a stock car. And then he smelled talcum powder and more cigar smoke and face lotion, and a door banged open and a strong voice yelled, "Bob, you old son of a gun, where you been?" and he knew the voice before Ted could whisper.

"Matt," he said warmly, and held out his right hand. The barber's big, hairy, strong fingers closed over his and held them tight and shook them until his shoulder quivered.

"Gosh, Bob," Matt said, "you look swell. I thought you were never going to get well enough to come out and go back to work. We've all been waiting for you, boy—Bill Shock and Dale Beigler and even the well-digger."

He knew he was blushing but somehow he didn't care, now that he was here on his own street, his hand in his friend's. He said, "I'm all right now, Matt. I'll be with you all whenever you say the word."

"Tomorrow night," Matt boomed. "My house for some cribbage, see. The gals play this gin rummy so we just let 'em go and play a man's game. Bring a girl and prepare for a good time. Okay?"

He had no girl, no special one, and he had always felt good about this fact when he came home. Now he didn't know where to find one. He said, "I'll be there, Matt. See you later."

They moved on toward the lumberyard and he walked easier now, more relaxed and with some of his old, cocky spring in his legs. Then Ted said, "Here we are," and they turned off the wide sidewalk and followed the narrow one up the steps to the hardware-store porch; and Ted opened the screen door and he stepped inside.

Here is my life, he thought, my old job, my store and behind it the lumberyard, and I cannot see it—but I can, I can. All the old smells came to him with a clarity and sharpness that was tender and wonderful. He said, "I won't need your hand now, Ted," and pulled his own away and took another step, literally feeling the store in his ears and nose and on his hands. It was so strong, the memory. His father was coming from his private office and yelling, "Bob, you came down, you came down," and grabbing his arm and laughing.

He said, "I had to do it one of these days, Dad. This was as good as any."

His father laughed again, thickly, and said, "Good Lord, don't stand here. Come on and sit down and we'll talk. I'll bet you want to go over everything piece by piece, don't you?"

"All of it," he said. "Soon as you tell me what has changed."

"Changed?" his father said. "You know we don't change things here."

HE WALKED to the circle of chairs behind the stove and felt for the big one with the cracked arm and dropped into it. His father took his private chair across the circle from him, and his brother said, "Can I go swimming now, Bob?"

"Go on," he said, "but be back by noon, hear?"

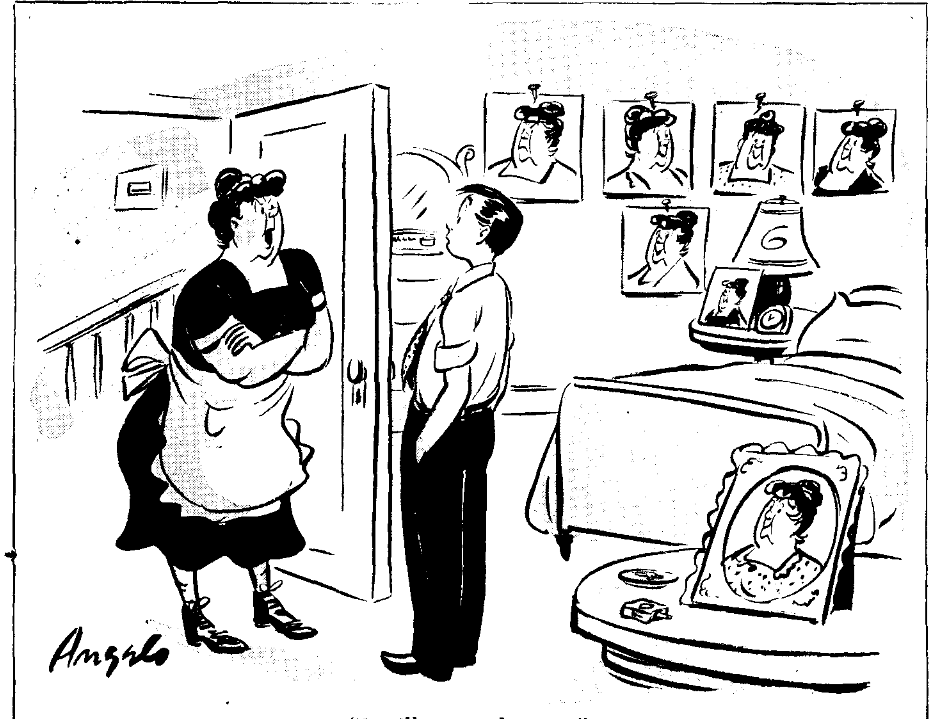
"And don't get your pants dirty again," his father called, as the back door slammed behind the departing boy.

He and his father laughed together and he felt good, with that indescribable feeling of contentment moving into his mind and over his body. He could visualize the store around him, the tables and shelves and the big desk, and the safe and main cash desk and books and papers and carpenter tools in the glass case, and watches and paint and wagons and kid scooters. He remembered the calendars then and asked, "Still got the leg art on the wall, Dad?"

His father said, with that deep chuckle, "You know Elmer Olson. Ever know a window and glass man who didn't have the best pin-ups in the world? It's a redhead this year, Bob."

"I knew it," he said. "I'll sure be glad to see Elmer again."

'Listen, Bob," his father said. "I don't



COLLIER'S

"I *still* want the rent"

EMIDIO ANGELO

Your ALLIGATOR RAINCOAT Serves... Conserves Your Clothes!

You who proudly wear Alligator, know how this smart, dependable garment keeps you dry—protects your suits in the rain. Today when it's important to guard health and clothes, the "best name in rainwear" takes on even greater meaning. Featured at better dealers in a wide range of popular prices. The Alligator Company, St. Louis, New York, Los Angeles.

ALLIGATOR
Rainwear
because . . . IT'S SURE TO RAIN!

21 JEWEL ENGINE

Like a fine watch, the Allison engine has a "21-jewel movement"— assuring dependability and long life. The jewels are the major silver-plated and copper-lead cast sleeve-type bearings, which absorb terrific loads and high temperatures from shafts revolving 3,000 times a minute. ★ Twenty years ago, Allison engineers pioneered the development of higher-precision sleeve-type bearings to enable engines to develop higher horsepower. Today, installed in virtually every aircraft engine made in this country — as well as Allison — these bearings have made good — at horsepowers far beyond the dreams of the Allison pioneers. ★ Now Allison bearings are available for other fine engines and machines to serve a world at peace.

KEEP AMERICA STRONG
BUY VICTORY BONDS

POWERED BY ALLISON

P-38—Lightning
P-39—Airacobra
P-40—Warhawk
A-36 and P-51A—Mustang
P-63—Kingcobra

Approximately 70,000 Allison engines have been built for the above planes of the U. S. Army Air Forces.

LIQUID-COOLED AIRCRAFT ENGINES

Allison

DIVISION OF

GM
GENERAL MOTORS

Indianapolis, Indiana

Every Sunday Afternoon—GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR—*NBC Network* want to rush you but I could use some help here at the store."

"You mean right now?" he asked.

"Why not?" his father said simply.

"But—" he didn't know how to start.

"No excuses," his father said firmly. "Listen, you can get around here just as good as you did before. Don't kid me, Son. I need you now and you can help me more than you know. You'll be running this place some day and you might as well get back in harness. Too much fiddling around is bad. All you have to do at first is stay in here and wait on customers in the store—you know where everything is, or you will again in two weeks."

"I don't know, Dad," he said, and heard the truck drive past the window, going into the lumberyard. His father jumped up.

"That's Lyle Moss," his father said. "In for a big load of shingles. I'll have to help Elmer load them up. You watch the store till I get back."

His father was gone before he could protest. He heard the door slam and felt the air touch his face; and then he was alone in the store. He put out his right hand and touched the shelving on the north wall. He remembered that. He reached behind him, tipping back in the chair, and felt the bottom of the rack that held the fork handles and posthole diggers. He had made that rack himself. He remembered that. It hadn't gone away.

The front door opened and closed and he smelled a sweet, faint perfume and stood up, his arms stiff at his sides. A girl had entered and he did not recognize the perfume or her walk. He knew she was young, about his own age, because it was that kind of perfume. She came toward him, walking lightly, her heels tapping firmly on the floor, and he wondered how tall she was and who she was. Then she spoke, and her voice was a stranger's.

"Hello," she said. "I don't think I know you."

She was a stranger who must have moved to town after he went away. He said automatically, "May I help you?"

"Yes," she said. "I need two of those little leather washers you slip over a hose before you screw the nozzle on. You know what I mean, they keep the water from leaking out around your hands when you water the lawn." She laughed merrily, and he thought, she must have red hair. "I tried it this morning and almost drowned. Please say you have some."

IN THE brief moment before he answered, everything rushed to a point in his mind. This was the moment: either he did it now or he never would. She didn't know he was blind, he could tell that, and she thought he was a new clerk. She was standing about six feet from him in the shadowed coolness of the store and he could feel that she was relaxed and waiting naturally for his reply. He wanted to tell her he couldn't find those washers, he didn't know where they were; that she was blind herself not to see that his eyes were staring straight at nothing and always would.

"Please," she said. "Do you have them?"

He got his courage between his teeth then, and he remembered the store as it had been, and all the silly problems he had worked out in his spare time. He had known all the shelves and the floor space and how far it was from here to there for no good reason at all, except he had loved math and enjoyed working with it. He knew it was now or never; he had to give it a try.

"I'll see if we have them," he said. "Don't get many calls for washers."

He stepped forward, thinking with every step. His mind remembered steps from here to there. Let me see, it seemed to say, we were in the big chair, and we touched the fork-handle rack and it was six steps from the counter on the south side, and the distance between the west end of the counter and the east end of the big desk was three steps. He walked six steps and passed the girl, knowing that he almost brushed her shoulder for the perfume smell was strong and sweet at the fourth step. He swung to the right easily and moved between the counter and the desk, remembering the aisle between the counter and the wall shelves.

Now, his mind said, we are in the alleyway between the nail counter and the wall shelves, and the drawer with the washers is—he thought desperately—God, where was it? Then he remembered, and he walked five steps up the aisle, catching the left leg of his pants on the sharp edge of a nail box. He stopped, facing the wall shelves, and his fingers trembled. His mind said: If we can do this, God, if we can only do this, we can do anything. He reached up and his fingers brushed the handle and hung on; he pulled the drawer out and lifted it down onto the nail counter.

Now, his mind said, which part of the drawer, left or right side, front or back? The girl was standing across the counter now, watching him, and he smelled that nice perfume. She must be pretty, he thought, about my height and she must have red hair. That perfume goes with red hair. Then his fingers felt the small round leather washers with their centers cut out, and he felt like yelling with joy, with happiness.

"How many do you need?" he asked.

"Two will be enough," she said. "Unless they come in groups, you know, three for a dime or something." She laughed. "I'll take them all, if that's the case."

He remembered prices and decided that the war couldn't have shot the price of two washers up so high. He said, "They're two for a nickel."

"Don't wrap them," she said. "Save your paper. Here."

THEN he went cold all over, for she was handing him money, and he knew it was over if she gave him a bill. He hadn't perfected his sense of touch that finely. He couldn't tell a one from a five, and she might—he gritted his teeth and thrust out his hand. She dropped a coin into his palm and for a moment their fingers touched. Hers were cool and firm. He liked their feel.

He felt the coin and turned toward the big desk. Now, ten steps to the middle of the desk, his mind said, turn to the right, put the hand under the cash drawer, feel the pullers. He turned the coin over in his fingers as he walked; it was a quarter. When he reached the cash drawer, his middle fingers caught the three center hooks and pulled, and the drawer opened smoothly and the little bell rang clearly. He dropped the quarter into the third till from the left, and reached into the second from the left and found two dimes. Now, his mind said, close the drawer and turn right and walk ten steps back—no, she's walking toward me.

Then she was beside the desk, and he held out his hand, over the railing, and felt hers under it. He dropped the two dimes into her palm and said, "Thank you very much."

"You're welcome," she said. "Are you new here?"

He smiled. He couldn't help it. "Sort of," he said. "Miss—"

"Oh, my name," she said. "Anne Moore. We moved here six months ago. I guess I must be blind or something because I simply don't remember seeing you."

"I'm Bob Jones," he said. "I just got back—discharged."

"That's why I didn't see you before," she said. "Well, we won't miss each other again. I'll be seeing you, Bob."

He said, "So long, Anne," and heard her turn and walk across the floor and open the front door, and then her steps died away on the porch and the sidewalk.

He stood at the desk, feeling the sweat in the palms of his hands and on the back of his neck; and he realized then what he had done and said to himself, "She didn't know it, she didn't know it," and then he remembered the party at Matt's and smiled.

His father stomped into the store, and the truck drove past the window heading for home with a full load. He could tell that; the motor was laboring hard.

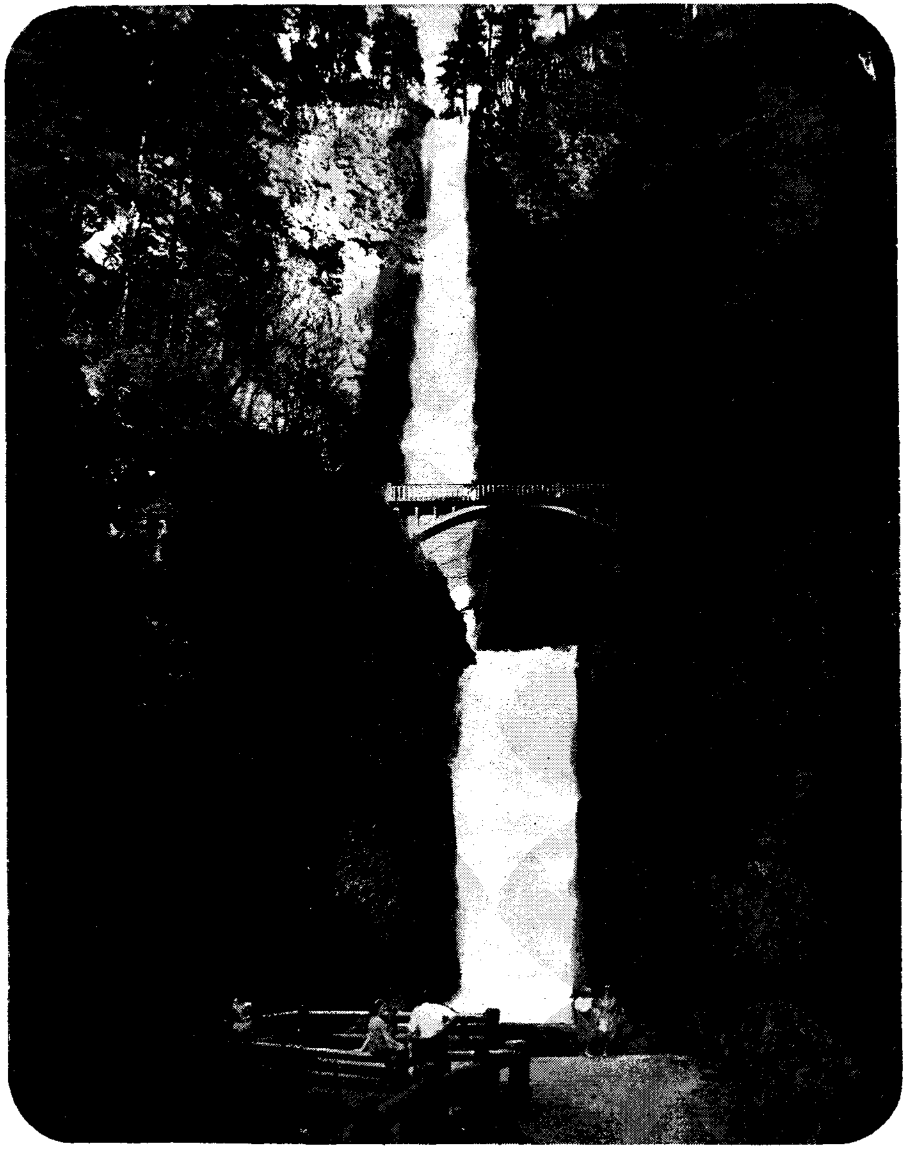
"Any business?" his father asked.

He said it quietly, with none of the overflowing joy he felt in his heart: "Two washers to a girl, Dad. Are they still two for five?"

His father breathed heavily and came around the desk and stood beside him for a moment; and then his father's arm was around his shoulder, big and easy, and his father said softly, "Still two for five, Bob. I'll put it down."

THE END

Victory Vacation...



MULTNOMAH FALLS

COLUMBIA RIVER GORGE

...the historic Old Oregon Trail is beckoning

Lewis & Clark blazed the trail of empire westward to the sea. In their path came the pioneers. Today the Old Oregon Trail is a great national highway—its Western link the far-famed Columbia River Highway. It beckons you to scenes of majesty and grandeur—to a cool green outdoor land. Here you will greatly enjoy a Victory Vacation.

DRIVE OREGON HIGHWAYS

Oregon State Highway Commission
Travel Dept. Room 510, Salem, Oregon
Please send me your free illustrated booklet on Oregon.

Name ____________________
Address ____________________
City __________ State __________

Exciting!
..and easy

Classics, ballads, swing! They'll thrill you anew on the Solovox. With Solovox attached to your piano, you create effects of violin, trumpet, sax, organ and many others. It's easy—play Solovox keyboard with your right hand, piano accompaniment with your left. Does not affect piano's ordinary use or tone. Many thousands in use—and Solovox will be available soon again. Send coupon now.

HAMMOND
Solovox

Made by the makers of the Hammond Organ

Hammond Instrument Company,
2971 N. Western Ave., Chicago 18, Ill.
Gentlemen: Please send me Solovox folder S-4.

Name____________________
Address____________________
City____________ State__________

What a difference!

Briarcraft
Smokemaster
sidetracks rank moisture

You'll make an extremely pleasant discovery when you light up your Smokemaster for the first time. The cool, sweet, fragrant smoke will tell you instantly that you've found a really different pipe. *For Smokemaster actually sidetracks moisture.*

An ordinary pipe cleaner, folded and inserted in the stem, absorbs harsh, biting moisture as soon as it forms—smoke never passes through distasteful juices.

In a wide range of handsome models of native briar.

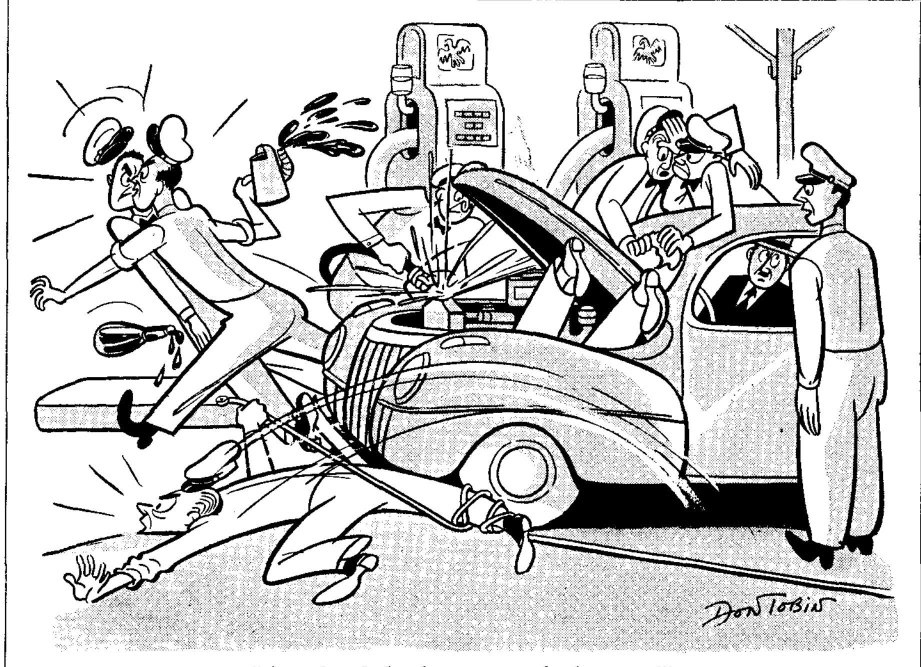
Pat. No. 2,166,537

Smoke passes through tube slotted at bottom. Moisture is absorbed by pipe cleaner underneath.

Smokemaster Custom-made $1.50
Smokemaster Standard $1

At leading dealers everywhere

Briarcraft, Inc., 347 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N.Y.



COLLIER'S "I'm afraid the boys are a little rusty!" DON TOBIN

Give Us Tomorrow

Continued from page 19

"Peter, you're absolutely unmanageable," she said happily.

"Don't you want the ring?"

"Of course I do! I was just wondering what we'd do about bread and shoes for the children."

"Let the brats go barefoot," Peter said. "Don't worry. I've got a lot of things doped out. I'm going to have a talk with Kane next week. Camp on his trail and get some things out of my system."

"What things?"

"My future. I told him when I got back I wanted to talk things over. He brushed me off. But now I'm prepared to be definite. I'm going to get married and so I have to earn more money."

"Does it follow that you can always get it—by being married?"

"Sure. It should. In the Army married men automatically get a boost. That's what gets you girls husbands."

"I'm glad I'm that much of an asset. But why do you rush things with Mr. Kane?"

"I want my girl."

"Your girl will wait. Or marry you on what you've got."

"Would you?" he asked, taking her by the shoulders as if he still didn't credit that and then kissing her gratefully.

"You know I would."

"Well, you won't have to. I'll soon be doing better. The only thing I wish is that I didn't work for your father's company."

"It's a good company, isn't it?"

"That's the hell of it. And it's not so easy to move around right now. But I don't want to have what should be coming to me mixed up with any favors because I'm marrying you. I don't think that Mr. Kane would do that sort of thing, anyway. But I want to make it clear that I'm strictly on my own."

"Father feels that way, too."

"How do you know?"

"He said so. We were talking about everything last night."

"He hasn't got the notion that I'm trying to cash in on you in any way?"

"Of course not. Peter, he wants you to lunch with him at his club today. You will, won't you? It will give you a chance to get acquainted."

There was no need to say that it was her own suggestion, that she'd urged her father to give Peter lunch.

"You're coming, too, aren't you?"

"No. Father hates the ladies' dining room. And he probably wants you to meet some of his friends."

"All right, if that's what you want me to do."

"It's not what I want. I'd rather be with you. But Father is making a special effort. And, Peter, will you, too?"

"Will I what?"

"You and Father are bound to look at some things differently. Don't mind what he says."

"Such as what?"

"Well, you know. He doesn't think it's good sense for the men in his company to get into politics."

She was expurgating and putting it mildly. Jay Desmond had said to his daughter last night, "If you want that fellow to get anywhere, Ellen, you better get him to put his mind on his job, where it belongs, and to keep away from the state capital. And from that crook Lacey. The sort of activity he's mixing in isn't doing him any good at all with the men over him. And everybody knows what he's up to."

Peter was frowning.

"Yes, I know the theory," he said. "It's been to hire special men to manage the politics of the industry. Neither your father's company nor any other mining outfit of any size can keep out of politics. They're the big taxpayers. They've got a legitimate interest in the way the state spends their money. That's all fair enough. But they can't muzzle all the men who work for them. Where I got in wrong first was in going to a national convention without asking permission from my employers. But I got there. And I'm still not asking any permission when it comes to some things. If I think that a certain type of legislation is going to help a whole lot of fellows who come back from this war, I'm going to help push it. Why not? I do it on my own time."

He looked very stubborn. And remote, which Ellen couldn't bear. She kissed him to bring him back to her and said, "Of course, you're right. Just be a little tactful, that's all. I want so much to have you and Father like each other. Don't argue unless you have to."

ALL right, he wouldn't argue. He'd promised Ellen that he wouldn't, and he talked very little during that first half hour at Desmond's club. He listened. Peter had himself under a kind of amused observation. He didn't really belong here. Yet here he happened to be today, lunching with the president of his own company, sitting among the tycoons and eating their specially prepared shad roe.

His luck tickled him but it also made him feel something of a faker. The men at this table controlled a large share of the finance and industry of the whole region. Some of the men looked Peter over carefully, as if to see whether Jay Desmond had a liability in his prospective son-in-law. One or two spoke warmly of Ellen and congratulated him. Most of them only nodded briefly, as

IN A Paragon HAT

The "Paragon 29" YOU'LL "RATE"

. . . There's a subtle, calculated dash to rate a second look from your "One and Only"

$8.50
other PARAGON Hats
$6.50 to $10
★ *at all the Better Shops*

Paragon HAT CO.
316 S. FRANKLIN ST.
CHICAGO 6, ILLINOIS

FOUR OUTSTANDING FEATURES

Originally developed by Mallory for the U. S. Signal Corps, they give—

- From 4 to 6 times the life of the batteries they replace—in smaller size.
- Continuous service—need no rest periods.
- Practically constant voltage throughout operating life.
- Far longer "shelf" life—withstand extremes of heat or humidity.

These features now are being incorporated in designs for commercial use—look for announcements in the near future.

P.R. MALLORY & CO Inc.
MALLORY
Tropical*
DRY
BATTERIES
*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

P. R. MALLORY & CO., Inc.
INDIANAPOLIS 6, INDIANA

if he didn't register, and went on eating and talking about the war.

Their talk was serious enough. But their war was one of maps and management, of cost sheets and personal worry about individuals. The war Peter had known was the risk and angry effort of tired, griping men, heroic because they had to be if they were to go on living, and the instinctive resentment of the soldier against the man who hadn't been there rose in Peter as he listened to their conversation.

"Pretty soon," said one man, "these boys are going to come back by hundreds of thousands and then our troubles will really begin."

"They were all here before, Wells," said Jay Desmond. "We took care of them before. We'll absorb them again."

"They may be hard to handle."

Desmond said, "They will be if the politicians get hold of them and fill them up with notions about their so-called rights."

"I hear Lacey's playing that up already."

"When the legislature gets in session, the fireworks will begin."

Peter stirred restlessly. It was noticeable.

"What's your idea about what the veterans' attitude will be, Major Wymark?" asked the man beside him.

"I don't think they'll have an attitude," said Peter, "except that they'd all like the kind of jobs that are worth their time. They've lost valuable years. They don't want to be penalized for having won the war."

His voice was decisive and young. The talk lapsed and the men looked at him with new appraisal. They saw a young fellow who recently had got a lot of publicity, making a statement that somehow sounded contentious. Pretty brash.

This was the man who was going to marry Jay Desmond's girl. What had been said when that engagement was announced? Young engineer in Desmond's own company. He'd been made a major in no time in the Army, and he'd managed to get back all right and also to get himself engaged to the Desmond girl. What did he have to kick about?

"Do you think it's possible to give every veteran a job to suit him? Where are all the jobs coming from?" his questioner persisted.

"A lot of them could be developed. Maybe a thorough survey of the state could uncover new ones," answered Peter, "in many industries. It should be worth a try."

In spite of his promise to Ellen, it came out as an argument. To some of them it sounded like a demand, and these were men who did not like to have demands made upon them.

Peter could feel disagreement and disapproval silently gathering around him. Then one man crumpled his napkin, scratched his chair back and said equably enough as he arose, "The servicemen will shake down in the course of time. There's always confusion after any war. The thing is to keep the crackpots out of the picture. Don't you worry, young man. At the age of most of you boys who are coming back from the war, you don't have to be disturbed about losing a few years."

Peter had not made a good impression and he knew it. He didn't care much about that. He told himself that he wasn't any bootlicker and he had given them the facts.

JAY DESMOND, cool but civil as they left the dining room, looked at his watch and asked, "Are you meeting Ellen here?"

"Yes, sir. That's what she said. At two o'clock."

"It's not quite that. Sit down here for a minute. I'd like to talk with you."

He began at once. "So you and Ellen have decided to be married?"

"Yes. I'm very happy about it, Mr. Desmond. I hope I can make her happy."

"Have you saved any money?"

It was the same question his own father had asked Peter this morning and, from him, he had not resented it. But this time it seemed a criticism, almost an attack.

"No, sir, I haven't. I've been in the Army, as you know."

"It should be possible to lay something by on a major's pay."

"Not always. And I wasn't a major to start with. But I'm not worried about taking care of Ellen, Mr. Desmond."

"I'm glad to hear it," said Desmond dryly. "I know what you're earning and maybe you and Ellen can live on it. Plenty of people live on less."

"I expect to earn more before long."

"Fine. Ellen has no money of her own. I suppose you know that?"

"I never asked her," said Peter. "It wouldn't matter to me one way or another."

"I see. Well, that's the way it is. She's always been free to spend what she wanted and to send the bills to me. Also, I've made her a generous allowance. But if she marries, I shouldn't think it suitable to continue that."

"No, it wouldn't be necessary," Peter replied in an equally businesslike tone.

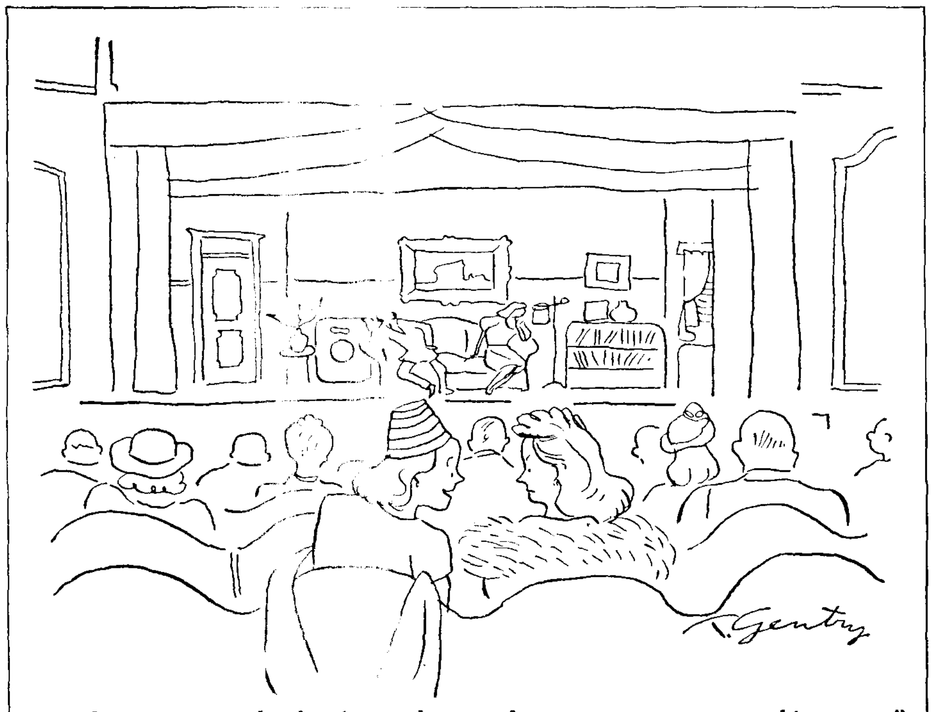
"Of course, Ellen is my only child. It's true that some day she may have something coming to her. Unless the government makes that impossible. In any case it would be left in trust. I'm a great believer in trust funds."

Peter was growing angry. But he kept himself under control.

"What you say suits me fine. Ellen and I will get on all right, Mr. Desmond. Don't you worry."

The eyes of the two men met in challenge. Each knew a fighter when he saw one.

"I can support a wife, sir," said Peter. "I'm a graduate engineer. If I stay in the mining business I can always get a job. If I



"The first act is completely silent—the two characters are not on speaking terms"

COLLIER'S THURSTON GENTRY

P&T
FOUNDED 1840

PARK & TILFORD RESERVE

"The Blend of Experience"

100 YEARS OF QUALITY
P&T FOUNDED 1840

P&T
PARK & TILFORD
RESERVE
WHISKEY
A BLEND
Blended and Bottled by
PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC.
NEW YORK N.Y.

Behind every bottle over 100 years of Knowing How!

The finest-tasting Whiskey of its type in America!

PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y. • 70% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • 86.8 PROOF

Should a young girl always do as she is told?

DAD HAD A "BLIND-SPOT" in his thinking about the kind of laxative I should use. He had actually sold himself on the idea that a medicine must be powerful and bad-tasting to do any good! It wasn't until he saw how the stuff weakened and upset me that he finally had to admit

Some laxatives are too strong!

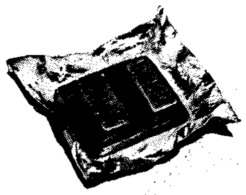
MOTHER WAS JUST AS SET in her ideas!... Mention laxatives to her and she'd hold forth for hours on the virtues of a *mild* laxative! She made me try some panty-waist stuff. But all that did was stir me up without giving proper relief. Now, Mom's beginning to agree that

Some laxatives are too mild!

COUSIN ALICE SAVED THE DAY when she told the folks about Ex-Lax! It didn't take them long to discover that it was just what I needed. Ex-Lax is grand to take—tastes just like swell chocolate. And it works so well, too—effectively, but very *gently!* Not too strong, not too mild...

Ex-Lax is the Happy Medium!

IF YOU NEED A LAXATIVE WHEN YOU HAVE A COLD!
Don't dose yourself with harsh, upsetting purgatives. Take Ex-Lax—the Chocolated Laxative! It's thoroughly effective, but it's kind and gentle, too!
10c and 25c at drug stores



As a precaution use only as directed

EX-LAX

THE "HAPPY MEDIUM" LAXATIVE

don't, I'll figure that out when the time comes."

"Thinking of going into politics?" asked Desmond sardonically.

"Not definitely. I'm interested in what can be done in the next legislature to get things set up for the end of the war."

"You mean this wildcat notion you mentioned at lunch about spending a lot of money telling employers how to run their businesses? This survey stuff? Is that Joe Lacey's new graft?"

Peter grinned. "I don't think the bill would read exactly like that."

"There won't be any such bills passed," said Desmond dogmatically, "they're all poppycock."

"I should think it would be hard to tell about that right now, sir," answered Peter, not backing down at all.

ELLEN was coming toward them across the lounge. That broke off the disagreement. She saw that both men looked rather grim as they rose to meet her and guessed that the lunch hadn't gone too well.

"I'm sorry if I'm late," she said. "I had to go downtown to see about a job I promised to take on for a few weeks."

"What are you up to now?" asked her father.

"They need somebody at the referral center for servicemen. I said I'd help out part time for a while." Until we're married, her eyes added to Peter.

"Doing what?"

"Nothing important. It's a volunteer job. Being a sort of receptionist. Steering the men who come in. I have to do something. I can't just sit around and be happy—not in wartime."

Jay Desmond's sharp eyes spied the ring on her hand that was usually bare of jewelry.

"What's that? Something new?"

"Peter just gave it to me. Isn't it beautiful?"

"Very fine," commented Desmond, as if he knew it wasn't all paid for. "Well, I have to go to work. Shall I see you again, Wymark?"

"I'm afraid not. I'm going back late this afternoon."

"He's coming down during the holidays," said Ellen.

"Thank you very much for the lunch," Peter said, and Mr. Desmond grunted something in none too cordial answer.

"How did it go?" Ellen asked curiously when they were alone.

"Stopped just short of a lynching," he told her cheerfully. "Your father's pals make me feel very old."

"What are you talking about? Old?"

"But they do. There's so much they haven't seen. And there's such a lot going on that they don't know about yet."

"Oh—I know what you mean. I felt that way with a lot of people when I came back from England."

They walked out of the rich, luxurious club to where his shabby car was parked.

"What shall we do?" she asked. "Shall we go back to the house and settle down in front of a fire?"

"No. I've had enough of your father's bounty for one day." He tried to make it sound like a joke.

"What would you do if you were alone? What did you use to do when you came here for the day?"

"I don't know. Nothing much. Went to see some girl. Went to a movie. Or to Henry's and sat in a booth and talked it over."

"The last idea is the best. You've got a girl."

They went to Henry's. It was a popular chophouse and bar where Ellen had been once or twice before, late in the evening after parties, when a group of her friends were looking for places around town that were open. But this was a different kind of visit. Peter was used to Henry's and he was well known here. It seemed to be his place, as the club was her father's.

They sat in a booth and talked over a couple of long, slow drinks apiece and they didn't have any idea where the time went. Henry's was like that on a winter afternoon, warm and sociable. Several girls, whom Ellen didn't know, spoke to Peter and then obviously made a point of walking by again to have a look at Ellen. She wondered how well Peter knew them. He was hers now, but there were memories he wouldn't turn over to her, of course. Not that she wanted to know about them. There would have been cheap little affairs. Girls must have run after him, for Peter was attractive to women. That had been his casual reputation. That was what Violet had said when she had him asked to Windower after meeting him in London. At the time, Ellen recalled, she herself had felt a kind of contempt for the lady killer, Peter Wymark, whom she knew only by name. She laughed softly at the difference now.

"What's the joke?"

"I was just remembering that there was a time not so long ago when I wasn't in love with you."

"That doesn't seem funny to me. You shouldn't be remembering it."

"By the way, Peter, I did call Violet. She was very keen to come up for the party. She had read about us. We made the St. Paul papers evidently. And she said she was crazy to see you. Sent you her love."

"Good for her. When is that party?"

It was the first time he had inquired about the date, Ellen noticed.

"I planned it for the twenty-ninth," she told him.

"That's fine. The legislature meets after the first of the year and from then on I'll be busy until that bill comes up."

"Lobbying?"

"That's what they call it. Political persuasion."

"Is it a good bill?"

"Those boys you'll meet around the referral center ought to think so."

"And will it pass?"

"Your father says not. But I'm afraid he'll be disappointed. With all the Lacey influence behind it, it's pretty sure to get by."

"What will Lacey get out of it, Peter?"

"I can't see that he stands to get anything. As it's set up, the members of the commission are going to be unpaid, and Lacey says that he doesn't want to be on the commission anyway. They'd employ experts to study the various industries—those men wouldn't have any graft—and any money appropriated from the state treasury for expansion or development in any line would be all tied up and strictly accounted for. It's a very clean project. Lacey would get prestige and support from a lot of ex-servicemen if the thing works out, and if he ran for office again. But what's wrong with that? Why shouldn't they support him if he goes to town for them now?"

"There are so many people who don't trust Lacey."

"A man who's been in politics for years is always under suspicion."

"I suppose—Peter, did you say anything to Father about when we are going to be married?"

"Not dates—he wanted to know very severely if I could take care of you."

"You can. You do. I feel taken care of right this minute."

"It's wonderful to hear you say that."

"It's wonderful to have it true. A girl who's sure of the man she loves is the safest, most taken-care-of person in the world."

Somebody dropped a dime in a juke box and a melody rolled out. A love song, common enough but also especially played for them.

IT HAD been midafternoon when they went into Henry's, and when they left, it was winter dusk. Slowly Peter drove back to the Desmond house and though they went through streets she had been familiar with for years, Ellen felt that everything was new, almost strange. She was proud of herself, exalted—yet almost ashamed of the way she felt, so possessive and eager. And when Peter snapped off the lights before her father's gates and took her closer into his arms, she felt a little cheap for she was sure he had held other girls close like this, probably in this very car. But she didn't care, so long as she gave him more delight and happiness than any other girl had or could. . . .

Jay Desmond had called in Willis Fink that same afternoon. Fink knew more about politics than any other man in the state, Desmond often said in praise of him. He had never run for any office and if he had, of course, he couldn't have been elected. For it was common knowledge that he was political adviser for several large financial interests. Educated in the law, he never appeared in a law court any more. He had other things to do which paid better than arguing cases.

Willis Fink was a large, open-faced, apparently cordial man, with a Phi Beta Kappa key bobbing on his stomach. On proper occasions he was a master of profanity. He looked coarse-grained and yet he could make the finest distinctions between people and their motives, between the legal and the dangerous way of doing things.

Desmond was still edgy after his luncheon with Peter. Also he could not forget Ellen's face as she had come across the club lounge. It almost embarrassed him to see how completely Ellen had fallen in love with that fellow Wymark. Nobody else counted with her now. That was all right in one way. Direct and human in his thoughts, Jay Desmond believed that it was high time that Ellen had a man of her own. He thought he ignored his own hurt at being displaced in her life, and he refused to brood over any threatening loneliness.

But, he thought, if Wymark was ever going to be good for anything or worth his salt to Ellen, he needed to be brought to time. He was all swelled up with having things come his way. And obviously he was stubborn as a mule. You couldn't tell him anything. He was hell-bent now on following Joe Lacey, wherever he was led, and he could be led by the nose. This vague scheme of using state money to develop jobs for ex-soldiers and prying into private business must be nipped in the bud, and all concerned in it taught a lesson. So Desmond had sent for his henchman, Fink.

"What's the legislature going to do when it meets this year, Bill?" he asked.

"I don't really know," answered Fink, who never acted sure of anything, to be on the safe side. "They'll pass some liquor bills. Fight over the usual appropriations. I don't think they'll monkey very much with the tax situation, not this session anyway. And, of course, there'll be a lot of veteran stuff in the wind. That's natural. It's popular. The boys are coming back and nothing's too good for them. Besides, they're old enough to vote."

"What's this racket of Joe Lacey's?"

"You mean his veteran bill?"

"Whatever it is."

"The bill's not drawn up so far as I know, but I've heard pretty accurately what he proposes to put into it." Fink sketched the provisions that Desmond was aware of, and commented, "On the face of it, the scheme's not bad. It just puts teeth into what business has been trying to do for itself to get ready for an unemployment situation."

"And the state pays the bills."

"That's the size of it. It gives industries a free survey, and of course, nobody can force any one of them to take the advice they may get. That wouldn't stand up in court. When you get right down to cases, it's a free ad for Lacey. He's the Great White Father, whether it works or not."

"You can get the bill killed in committee, can't you?"

WORRY touched the bland face of Mr. Fink. "I'm not so sure. Lacey's done some pretty clever groundwork, publicizing the possibilities in advance. People are expecting something. He's had some of the popular war heroes working for him—" He broke off without mentioning Peter Wymark's name and Desmond knew why.

"What's Lacey's own graft?" Desmond asked. "Can't you pin that on him? There must be something. He wouldn't be in this for his health."

"Some industries and some towns would probably get a better break than others. Or it might be a matter of timing. There probably would be something sticking to Lacey's fingers."

"Of course."

"The trouble is," Fink explained, "that it wouldn't be apparent until after the whole thing started to move. You can't prove it beforehand."

"You don't have to prove it. We know Lacey. Throw the whole thing out in committee."

"It's a tricky thing to oppose. You can't find a good argument. It will cost money, of course, but nobody cares about that right now. Not if these fellows coming back from abroad want it."

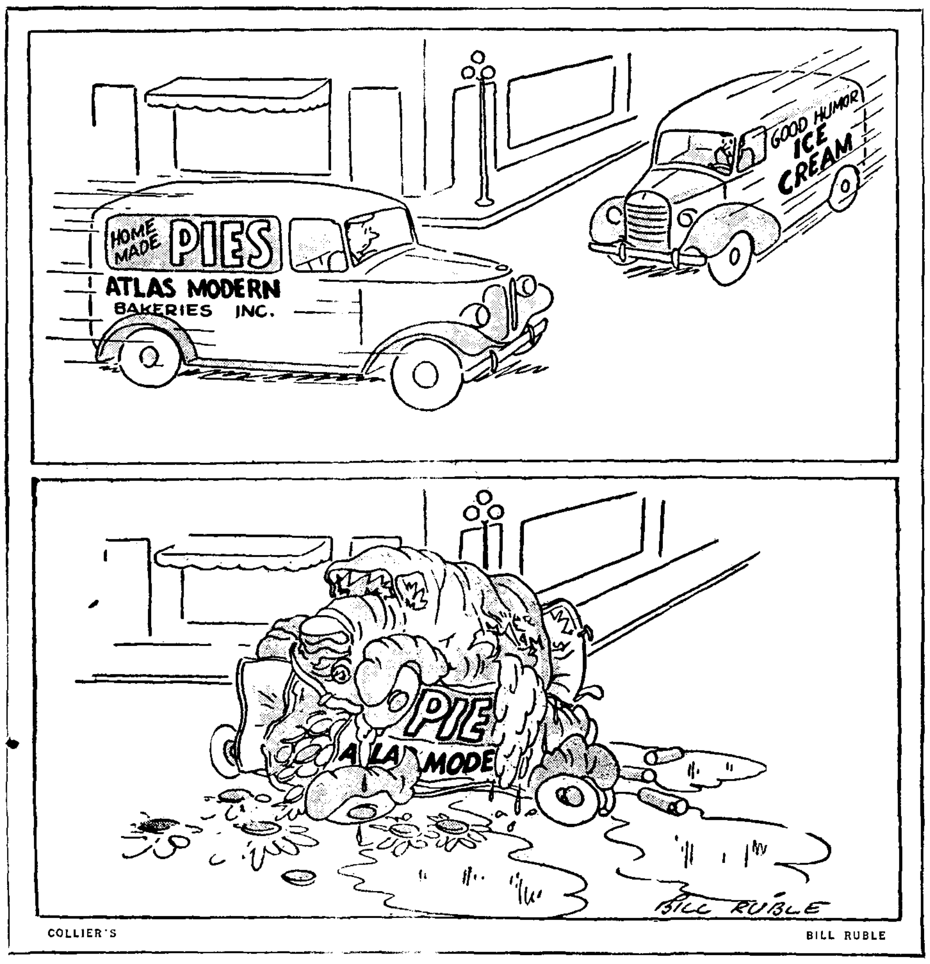
"I don't care how you do it, Fink. But that bill has to be licked."

Fink pursed his big, babyish mouth. These were orders.

"The best way to do it would be to have Lacey call it off himself," he said. "Then we wouldn't be involved in a fight on a ticklish, popular issue."

"You mean make a deal with him?"

"He'd be hard to lick in committee and worse on the floor of the House. A lot of



COLLIER'S BILL RUBLE

SOUND YOUR Z

...and Expect Something Special

with PENNZOIL

LUBRICANTS FOR WINTER

With all the gas you want, to drive farther, faster than you have in years, don't forget that winter is hard on cars whether the climate is mild or severe . . . and that vital gears need the same safe lubrication that Pennzoil motor oil gives your engine.

Car makers advise seasonal lubricant changes. Protect expensive gears by changing now to supreme quality Pennzoil winter lubricants. They flow readily, yet stay tough and safe at high temperatures. Sound your Z plain for the best winter lubrication money can buy!

SOUND YOUR Z
100% Pure Pennsylvania
PENNZOIL
Safe Lubrication

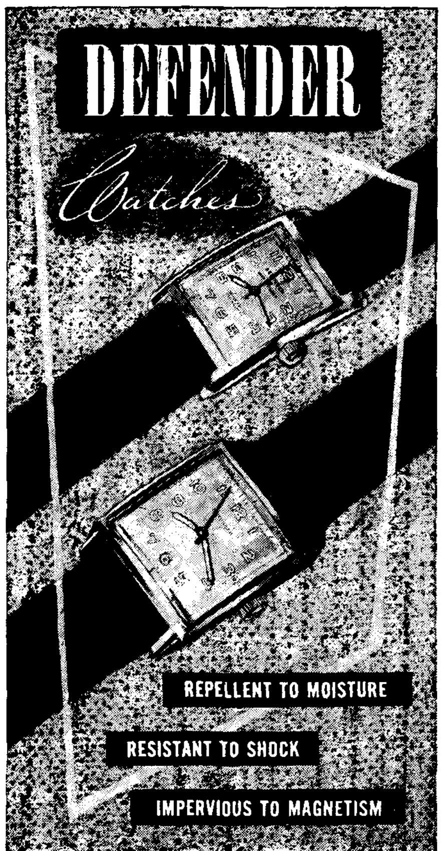
BETTER DEALERS FROM COAST TO COAST DISPLAY THIS SIGN

KEEP YOUR BONDS NOW— THEY'LL KEEP YOU LATER

*Registered trade mark

Member Penn. Grade Crude Oil Ass'n Permit No. 2

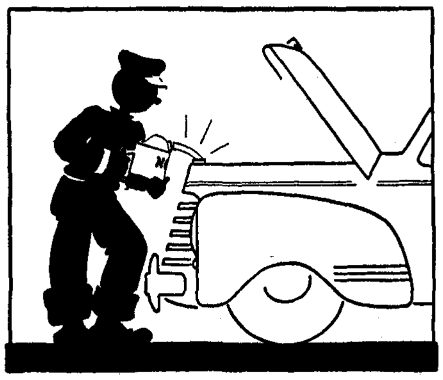
PENNZOIL* GIVES ALL ENGINES AN EXTRA MARGIN OF SAFETY



These distinguished timepieces that have served so many so well under the past critical conditions will carry forward their tradition of trustworthy performance in the important reconstruction days ahead.

Models for men and women from $39.75

EDWARD L. STERN & CO., 610 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 20



AJAX Anti-Freeze gives full protection

AJAX* proprietary alcohol type Anti-Freeze has been used regularly by many motorists for twenty years. They will tell you it is always dependable and always gives full protection. Sold by C.S.C. dealers from coast to coast . . . look for the AJAX* window banner—and drive in.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

CSC

AJAX

PROPRIETARY ALCOHOL TYPE

ANTI-FREEZE

COMMERCIAL SOLVENTS CORPORATION, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

Representatives are going to be committed to some veteran help before they take their seats."

Desmond said, "You figure it out, Bill," with an overtone that intimated that was what Fink was paid for. "The first thing that bird would do would be to get his so-called experts headed for the mining country and then they'd be telling us what to mine and when. Asking questions that are none of their business about all our future developments. I don't like it from any angle. If you've got to pay Lacey off, do it as inexpensively as possible. What does he want now personally? To go back to the Senate?"

"Hell, I don't know!" puzzled Fink. "He used to have his hand out for cash, but that can't be done any more. And I guess he's pretty well fixed financially. He's getting public-spirited and sort of pious. I heard that he'd offered to give the land for the new mid-state airport, if they'd name the field after him. Lacey Field. Doesn't that sound pretty? He's got all the money he needs and now he's after glory, I guess."

"I can put a crimp in that notion," said Desmond with satisfaction. "I know who's on that aviation commission. Good friends of mine. I know Lewis Hewston, too, and it's his company that's promoting new airways all through this region, and up into Alaska. We're probably going to give land for an airfield ourselves. All but the mineral rights."

Fink was thinking hard.

"Would you want to do it the other way, Jay? It just might be a good idea to put that over for him if he'd play ball with us. You might speak to the men on the commission—or even to Hewston—about naming the field after Lacey."

Desmond swore. "The very idea sticks in my crop," he declared.

"It's a funny thing," said Fink, "but there are people all over the state who would think it entirely suitable. Lacey's a well-known public figure, even outside the state."

"Is he really keen about it?"

"It's sheer vanity, of course. But that goes damned deep with a fellow like him. Lacey's always cheated himself, you know, into almost believing that he was doing things for the good of the people. Yes. If you can either block him on this flying-field business or give him what he wants, we've got something to trade with. And what difference does it make?"

"It might open some people's eyes," muttered Desmond. "Understand, Fink, I'm not opposed to helping out the men who've been fighting this war. But I don't want to see it develop into a racket. Let them come back in an orderly way, fit into their jobs, not get big ideas about their rights, and they'll be taken care of."

"Sure," said Fink succinctly. He realized that the boss was sore about something and he had a pretty good idea that it was young Wymark who had got under his skin. "Of course Joe Lacey is committed to do something for the servicemen. From all I hear, he's in this thing pretty deep. But he could probably dish out something to the public to save his face."

"That's the least of my troubles," said Desmond. "You know now how I feel about this. Get busy on it."

"I'll go down there and size up the whole situation. If necessary I'll see Lacey. It will all have to be handled off the record."

"Of course. I'd like to talk to you when you get back." The conversation was ended as far as Desmond was concerned. The orders were given. He didn't feel too satisfied; to trade with Lacey was demeaning business. But Willis Fink was a smart politician and if he thought it had to be done, he was probably right. At least it would show Peter Wymark that he'd been taken for a ride. It might teach him to keep his nose out of politics.

IN ONE sitting room of a hotel in St. Paul a few days later, Willis Fink was bargaining with Mr. Lacey in skillful trading. Several floors higher up, in the most luxurious suite that the hotel could provide, Lewis Hewston had entertained Violet Clyde at a very private luncheon, and now they were bargaining, too.

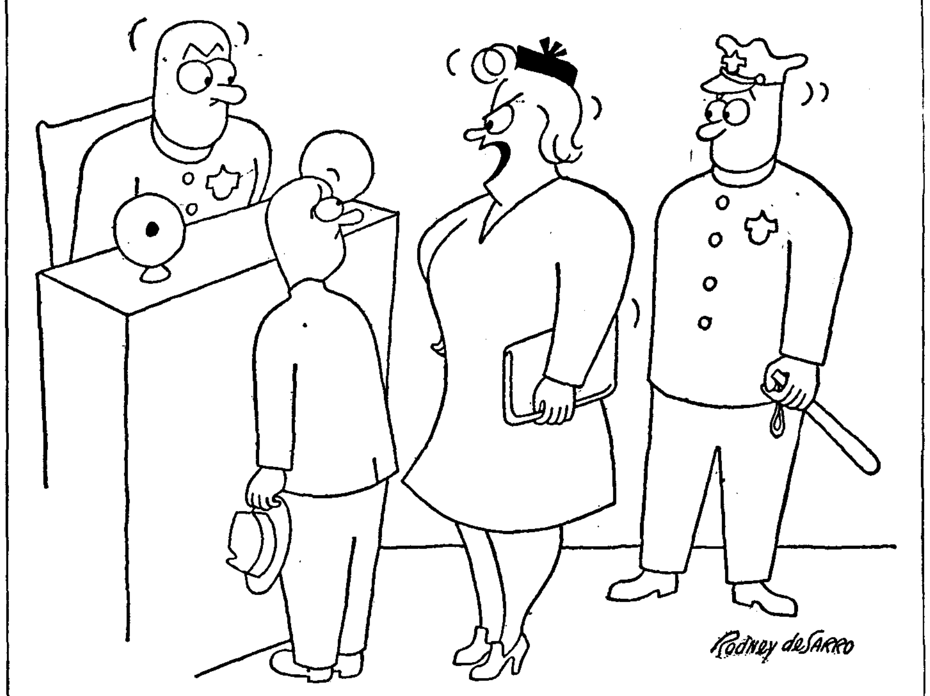
Hewston had told the waiter that he would call room service when he wanted him again. The ices in their silvered dishes were melting. Lunch was only an excuse. Between Violet and himself again was that pull of attraction that set their nerves tingling. Yet they were resisting each other. He was afraid she would want too much. She was afraid that he would offer too little.

Just as Hewston had hoped, seeing Violet made him feel younger and interested in living again. He hadn't been sleeping well lately. He had been edgy and the women he met bored him. Many of them were too obviously trying to catch him, now that his wife had finally gone to Reno. And he didn't want or intend to be caught at present, even by Violet. But he couldn't stay away from her. The thought and memory of her had become an obsession.

He liked her half-mocking, undazzled acceptance of everything he tried to do for her. She was not wearing the white orchids he had sent up to the rooms. She took them out of their cushions of shredded paper, and thanked him, and laid them down as if they were of no consequence, as if there were plenty more to be had. He wanted to get on with his lovemaking and his plans but she was making it rather difficult.

"You still haven't told me why you came out here," she said.

"To see you. That's a fact. Of course, I always have more or less business in this part of the country. But I probably would have let someone else make this trip if it hadn't been for the chance of seeing you. It's been too long."



COLLIER'S "That's my side of the story. Now I'll tell you his" RODNEY DE SARRO

"Last October," she said thoughtfully.

"Why don't you come back to New York? You've been here long enough."

"Too long for my taste. But I don't know what can be done about it. I haven't any money."

"Let me take care of that."

"The old sinister offer?"

"It's not sinister. We could have a lot of fun."

"I could use a lot of fun," said Violet.

"And you're due for it."

"I'm due for a lot of things."

"What do you mean?"

For a minute she hesitated, tempted to tell him the truth: that she was going to have another child—his child. She wanted to say it easily, outrageously and shockingly, as if it were only to be expected, to carry it off in a high and casual mood. But she was frightened. It might scare him off. It might be the sure way to lose him. He might not even believe it was his child.

The possibilities had rattled around in her mind ever since she had been certain of her condition. But she was sure that the safest thing was to make Lewis want her beyond all obstacles, and then to make the last obstacle marriage.

"I mean it's time I settled down," explained Violet.

"You'd hate settling down."

"I don't know. I'm getting pretty old."

"How old? I forget."

"In time or experience?"

"In experience you're Lilith. How about time?"

"Twenty-three and that's getting on."

VIOLET looked her best today and she knew it, in the black dress she had bought without money to pay for it and charged to herself on the basis of the Clyde credit. The pearls that Lady Dunn had given Violet from the family collection lay richly doubled on her slim throat. The diamond bracelet Hewston had bought her in New York glittered on her wrist. She looked a temptation and a prize, and she meant to make the most of it while she could.

"You can wait to settle down."

"Not if a good man comes along. I don't mean a holy one. I mean a man who'd be good to marry."

"There's always another one, isn't there?" Hewston asked.

"No." Violet was curiously serious. "You don't realize what this war has done to the available men about my age. It isn't just that so many are killed or shot to pieces in one way or another, but so many are married. They married younger than they would have otherwise. The cream's been skimmed off the whole generation. I found that out in England. So when I meet an unmarried man I like, I take him seriously. I have to. I'd better."

Hewston didn't believe she had any man in mind. She was, he thought, only emphasizing that what she wanted from him was marriage. Of course. They all did. But when a man was finally freeing himself, as he was, from a woman who had made the bonds tight and uncomfortable for years, he didn't want to rush into matrimony again.

Violet was an exciting, amusing girl, and she had a strangle hold on his senses right now. But that might pass—probably would—and then what? She was young and might develop badly.

She was playing him like a trout. He was sure of it. And yet he couldn't help himself. He said, "You take me seriously, don't you?"

"I did. You ought to know. But I wasn't thinking of you just now."

He didn't believe her. He tried to keep himself from another obvious question. Violet let the silence lag and Hewston went over to her and stroked the bright crown of her hair. She laughed up at him, and his jealousy rose with his desire. She was so young. She might get away. Maybe there really was another man.

"Who were you thinking of?" he asked against his will.

She had to carry it through. She couldn't

Ra richest voice since 1926...

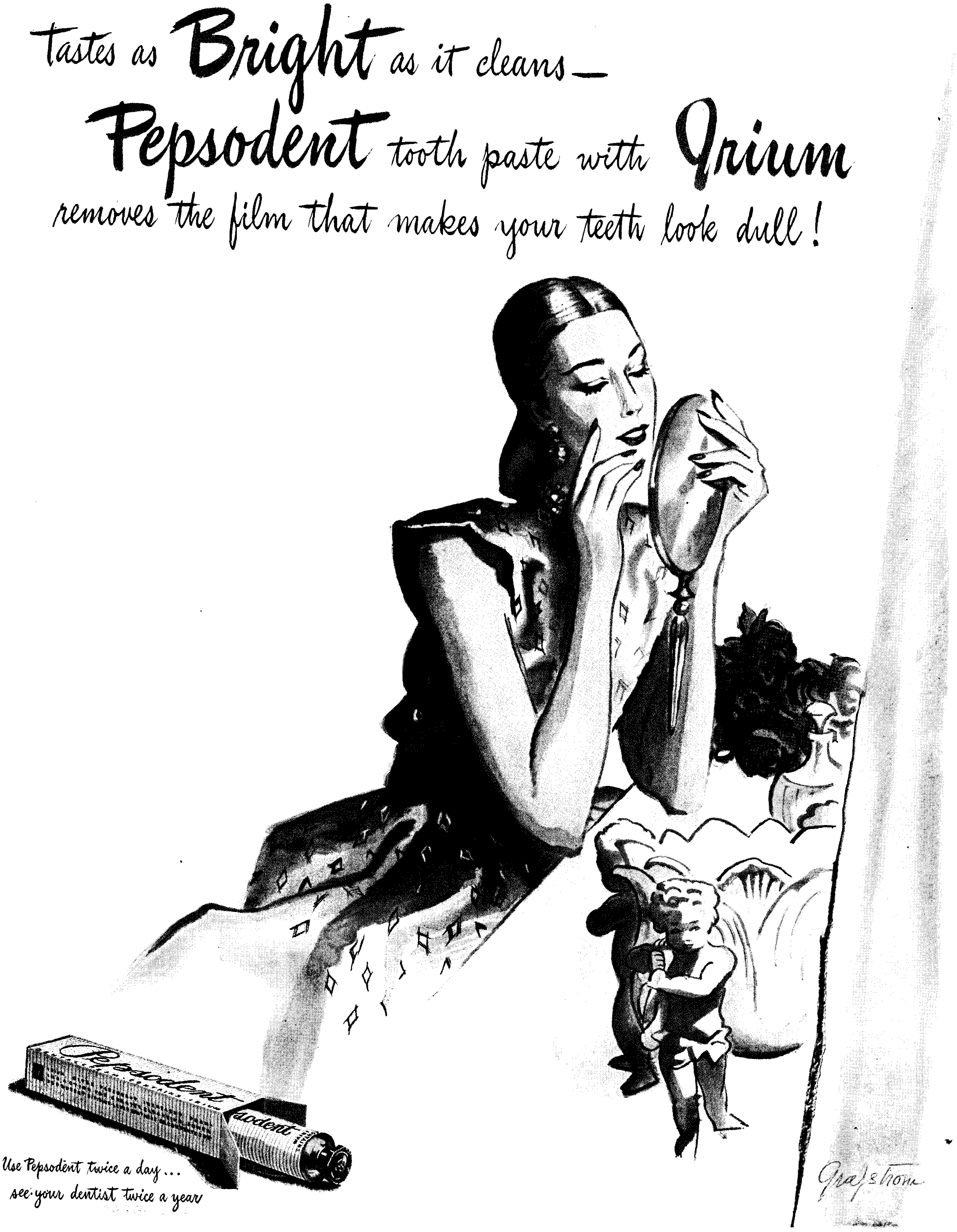
SOME to istant, we hope a radio dealer near you will
be disp ner Spartons. Superb radios and radio-phono-
graphs mor e, more powerful in performance than anything
offered bef equipped for FM.

Be sure t these sensational new Spartons. Radio plays
such an imp your daily life that you should enjoy it at its best.

Sparton's direct to exclusive dealers (only one in each com-
munity) ins radios at lower prices.

Sparton

The Sparks-Withington Company, Jackson, Michigan
Sparton of Canada, Limited, London, Ontario


tastes as Bright as it cleans—
Pepsodent tooth paste with Irium
removes the film that makes your teeth look dull!
Pepsodent
Pepsodent
Use Pepsodent twice a day...
see your dentist twice a year
Grafstrom

bear to let him know how stranded she was. Not after the way he had seen her surrounded in London and at Windower. When she had been in New York, too, there had been apparent competition. If a man thought he was the only one who wanted a girl, it always made him less eager.

Violet said, "You remember Peter Wymark?"

"Of course. The fellow at Windower Who flew back in the same plane with you."

"The more I see of him, the better I like him. And he really is going to have a career, I'm sure. I heard him talk at a big meeting down here and he was a tremendous success."

"Isn't he still in the mining business?"

"Yes. But he's interested in politics. I doubt if he stays with that company indefinitely. We've talked about it."

"He's a nice fellow," said Hewston.

"He's going places. It might be fun to go along."

Hewston didn't seem troubled by that suggestion. And he wasn't. He knew now that she was putting up a bluff. For he distinctly remembered the story Harold Bates had told in New York only a few weeks ago when he'd come back from inspecting his mining properties, about Desmond's daughter and her successful pursuit of her young man. Bates had dined out on that story, dressing it up a little, and Hewston had been amused because he had seen the beginning of the romance. Violet had made him jealous of Peter Wymark before, but this time she was overplaying her hand.

He didn't blame her for being provocative or devious. But, seeing through her effort to worry him, he was all the more determined to manage this situation in his own way. He tipped up Violet's face and kissed her.

"I want you to come on to New York and be within reach," he said again. "I want to do things for you, with you. I'm going to be free in a few months. I'm free now for all practical purposes."

"And going to stay free?"

"We don't have to cross that bridge right now."

"Don't we? How about my child? Sally?"

"Well, bring her along to New York if you feel like it," he answered rather doubtfully. "Unless you think she might be better off right here. She's very young and I don't suppose her environment makes much difference to her. Her people here are very fond of her from what you say."

"So am I," said Violet, and then suddenly asked, "How about you? Do you like small children?"

"I've never had any experience with them. I'm probably a little short on paternal instinct. But any way you want to work it about your child is all right with me. Run your own nursery."

"I wonder." She had picked up the orchids and now she gave them a little careless toss. They fell on the table and rolled to the floor. Violet left them there. "No, Lew, it's not what I want. It isn't good enough."

"I'd do my best to make it good enough. I'm not offering you anything cheap. You'd have your own place. You'd be perfectly free."

"And so would you?"

"Why isn't that a good idea? We know we like each other as things are. Why spoil it?"

SHE said, "I know it sounds like a quote to say I'm not that kind of a girl, but there it is. I know what I'm like, all right. I'm not pretending to a lot of scruples or being sorry. I had a good time with you at Windower and in New York. And I've taken things from you and been glad to get them. If I wanted to put on an act, I could hand over this mink coat and the bracelet and walk out of here and say that you have completely misunderstood me. But I guess you really didn't. I like the coat. And I was pretty crazy about you, too."

"Then why on earth this fuss now?" Hewston demanded.

"Because to step over the line is different and that's what you're suggesting. I can't do it without pulling a lot of people over with me who don't belong there, if you know what I mean—Sally, the Dunns, another person who isn't to blame for anything. I may be pretty rotten, but I don't like the idea of being kept. And you don't like the idea of being married again. So there we are."

"There we are," he agreed stubbornly, frustrated and tempted but advising himself, against every amorous instinct, not to yield now. If he gave in now, he gave in completely. She was putting the gun to his head. But never had she looked more desirable or more of a prize.

"I don't believe you give a damn for me personally," he added after a minute.

"You'll have to figure that out for yourself. I've other things on my mind. When do you plan to leave town?"

"If this is the way things are, I may as well pull out at once. Today."

"For New York?"

"No, I have to go to Alaska. I may even have to go to Russia. That's why I wanted to see you first."

He looked tired and disappointed and glum. Violet hesitated, her eyes very brilliant in her pale face.

"What a lot may happen before you get back!"

"Are you going to stay on here?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "I'll have to until after Christmas. Then I'm going up north for a few days to stay with the Desmonds. Peter's wanted me to come up there for a long while. I've never seen that north country."

"But isn't that fellow engaged to Ellen Desmond now?" asked Hewston. He couldn't help that cruelty. She had provoked him too far.

Violet realized in a flash that he had known that all along. He had probably been laughing at her secretly. She hadn't made him jealous of Peter. But she would.

"Yes," she said, and her voice was cool and amused. She was quite pleased with the careless sound of it. "But I always feel that Pete was mine first. I turned him over to Ellen when we were all down at Windower, you know. Aunt Cecily was dead against it, I remember. As soon as she laid eyes on him, she wanted me to marry Peter. I suppose I might have if you hadn't been in the picture. I might still think it over, as things are working out. Of course, as you say, they are engaged." She paused and went on, "But after all you were married."

This time she hadn't failed to reach him. His face tried to mask itself with contempt. But it was angry too, and that meant jealousy.

"In another minute I believe we'd quarrel," she said, "and I hate affairs that end with shrieks and bad names. Goodby, my dear."

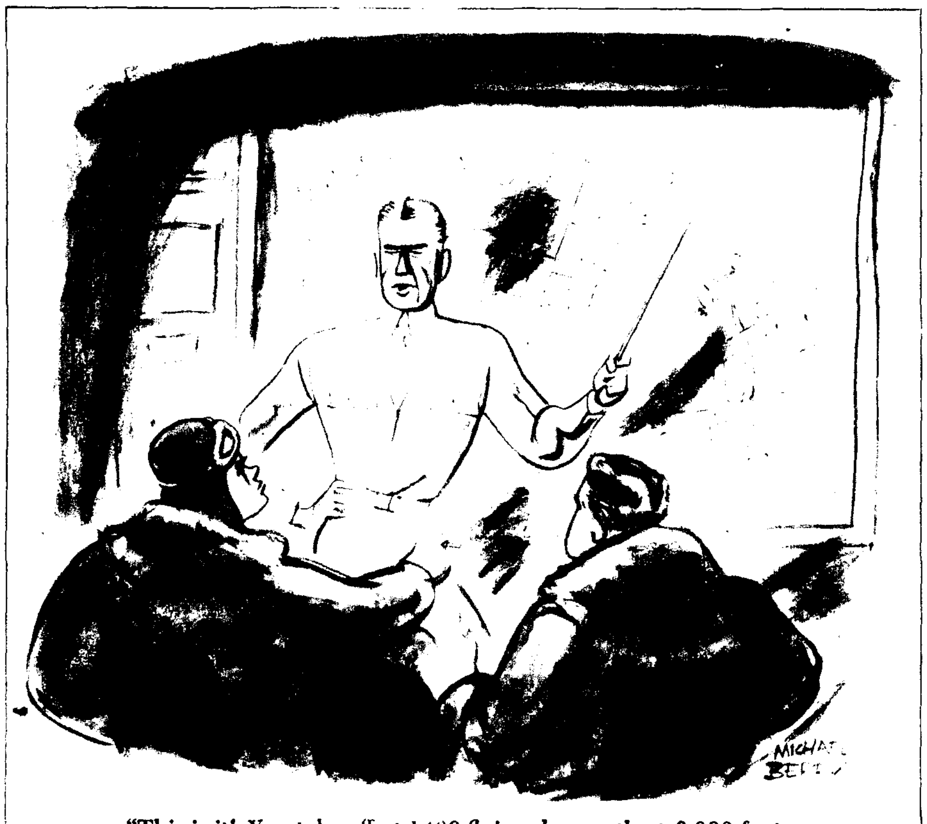
She lifted her coat to her shoulders, abandoned the orchids and left him standing there, clinging miserably to his decision.

It was a brief flare of triumph, hardly lasting until Violet reached the ground floor of the hotel. Already the facts of the situation began to catch up with her mind. Last night, delighted with the telegram Hewston had sent her, everything had seemed to be coming out all right. She had heard that his wife had gone to Reno. To have him come to St. Paul meant that he couldn't get along without her, and Violet had been waiting for Lewis to find that out. When she had been frightened in these last weeks she had always thought confidently of the hold she had over him. He would come. Other girls surely would tire him, bore him. She knew instinctively that he wanted youth without naïveté, passion with wit, and she could give him that. She had. And yet she had failed now. He didn't want to marry her. He was offering very little, considering all he had to give. If she had told him about the child he probably would have thought it blackmail. Perhaps she should have flung the fact at him anyhow. But she couldn't go back now, as if she'd just decided to use that argument.

THE time had come when she must face the situation in dead earnest. With things like this, she must get away from this city as quickly as possible and take Sally with her. The Clydes would be wild with shame and rage, when they found out she was going to have another child. They might even try to prove in court that she was an unfit mother for Sally. They knew plenty of lawyers and judges. They had influence. But she could fight back. She could manage a judge. Violet's imagination, speeding wildly along, pictured the scene, what she would say, how she would look as she said it, how the judge would respond. Then suddenly that little melodrama of pride and excitement evaporated and left only her predicament, unsolved.

Already she had crossed the lobby and was close to the hotel door, hesitating there as if she didn't know what to do, as if she were aimless or distracted. The man standing by the news counter, who had observed her come out of an elevator, watched her with considerable interest. He knew her of course. Mr. Lacey knew everyone who was seen prominently or often about the city. He had also met her one night in Peter Wymark's company. She was the well-connected young widow of that no-good Clyde boy, and the story was that she was a pretty high stepper herself.

(Continued on page 64)



"This is it! You take off at 1400 flying due north at 6,000 feet. When you reach the center of the city you climb to 10,000 and write 'Zip-Cola.' That's all and good luck to you!"

COLLIER'S MICHAEL BERRY

What do you know about-

A Greek, B...?

(Bacchus.) Invented a form of underwear (see illustration) almost as comfortable as Allen-A. And spent the rest of his life celebrating his invention. (See illustration.)

An Allen-A...?

A 20th century adaptation of Bacchus' invention. Has all the freedom and none of the uncertainty. Underwear that fits like your skin, without binding or creeping up. Remember the name for really fine underwear, hosiery and sportswear.

UNDERWEAR
HOSIERY
SPORTSWEAR

Your Life TOMORROW

RUBE GOLDBERG

BY DAVID O. WOODBURY

aid. 1,200 days, eight hours a day, to cover the same ground.

This latest robot is likely to be of utmost value in permitting the ultra high-speed transportation, without loss, of products as delicate as spider's webs.

Your Sawdust House

Coming soon: A new building material made entirely of sawdust and fused together by a process so simple that it will be about as cheap as wood itself. Chips, shavings and sugar-cane stalks can also be turned into useful wallboard by the process, just invented by two young chemists, Doctor Donald F. Othmer and Warren R. Smith, of the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute.

Alarmed at the huge waste in turning trees into lumber, Smith joined Othmer in a search for some chemical agent that would bind the tiny fragments of sawdust into a strong, homogeneous material. The result was a process similar to the making of plastics, which turns out smooth, grainless "hardboard" that is water-resistant, will not rot, warp or crack, and is proof against termites. Merely mixing the sawdust with a small amount of a chemical solution and putting it under moderate pressure for ten minutes does the trick.

DDT for Us All

In spite of the pell-mell rush toward peacetime products, the famous DDT is still full of ifs and uncertainties. Though it is already on the market in several forms, responsible government scientists and others warn that it may not be satisfactory till further tests have been made. Doctors, especially, have urged the public not to put too much store in the recent experiments in spraying whole communities with DDT to cut down infantile paralysis. It will be many months, they say, before statistics can be studied and results officially released.

The best news in the DDT field is the announcement that the celebrated "bug bombs," used by the million in the Pacific islands to kill off malarial mosquitoes and other pests, have been released for general use. These bombs are far better than the ordinary spray gun loaded with uncertain solutions, because they contain the officially correct amount of DDT and also the well-known "aerosol," Freon, which will carry the insecticide into every corner of a room, even into the cracks in walls and floors, in a few seconds.

The bomb is a small steel container about the size of a soup can. It contains liquid enough to spray ten to fifteen average-size homes. A mere pressure of the finger on the release valve for about five seconds will fill a good-sized room with the right amount of insecticide to kill all flies and mosquitoes. A somewhat longer application is needed for cockroaches and similar pests. Small as it is, the bomb holds enough for more than a hundred average sprayings, and its cost will be very small when measured against the amount of bug killing it will do.

Radar and More Radar

Now that radar's more innocent secrets are public property, electrical inventors are really going to town with plans for future applications. Most likely of the new uses for this radio device that sees objects at a distance seems to be a collision warning to be installed in front of the pilots of all passenger planes. With the traffic jams expected in postwar airports, such help will be as useful as a cop at a downtown intersection.

The control tower at the airport will have a big screen on which every plane within twenty-five miles can be flashed in its actual position in the sky. Thus the operator can guide many more planes in and out during rush hours with perfect safety. The pilots, meanwhile, will check these traffic instructions on their own radar screens, and thus avoid collisions in the worst fog. The frequent crashes on mountainsides should disappear altogether.

What seems now rather fantastic is the possibility that radar warning sets will protect stratosphere planes from whizzing meteorites. This thin upper air is filled with these little bullets, striking earthward at speeds of several miles a second. Radar, it is hoped, can be made to detect them far enough away to allow jet-plane pilots to steer clear. ★★★

Give Us Tomorrow

Continued from page 63

Mr. Lacey so pigeonholed his information about her. Stunning looker. What was going on? She'd come out of the elevator like a person in a trance and she was standing there as if she didn't know what to do next. It was always man-trouble when a girl looked like that. She wasn't coming from any ladies' committee meeting or dress show.

He himself had been loitering with considerable satisfaction after he came down from his own conference with Fink, letting his car wait for him. He liked hotels and this one in particular, for it was no ordinary expensive lodging house. Political decisions of great importance had been made on the floors above for years. Careers had been begun and ended under this roof. And just now Mr. Lacey had been assured of something he particularly wanted for himself.

Usually no one was more closemouthed than Joe Lacey. But in his present extraordinary mood, he found his satisfaction glibly at his tongue's end. It would have given him pleasure to meet a man he knew well, bring up the question of air development and say, "I just had it put up to me that they're going to name the new airfield here after me. Good Lord, I don't want anything like that!"

But he did. The shrewd Mr. Fink had been very right about Joe Lacey. Lacey wanted public honor. Secretly he coveted the kind of distinction that came to men beloved by their communities, the high schools named after them, the plaques on public buildings perpetuating their contributions. At first when he was gaining power by any means, that sort of thing didn't matter to him. But now Mr. Lacey had reached the time of life when he wanted to be written respectably on the record. He liked the notion of the big signs—LACEY FIELD for all the world to see.

So he was feeling expansive when he saw Violet come downstairs and in curiosity he followed her to the entrance. She had swung through the revolving door and stood there tall and aristocratic, still looking bewildered and hesitant.

He stepped up behind her. "How do you do, Mrs. Clyde," he said. "Are you looking for a taxi?"

She turned quickly, almost as if she were frightened or as if she had thought no one was around to see her.

"Oh yes—taxis are scarce."

"I don't know if you remember me. My name is Lacey. I met you—right here in this hotel, I think—with Major Wymark."

"Of course I remember. At the meeting where Peter spoke. How's the great game of politics? I hope all your plans are going well."

"Plans?"

"All the things you and Peter were going to do to get fine jobs for the servicemen when they come back."

IT DISTURBED Mr. Lacey to have her make a statement like that. As he'd told Fink, there was nothing to it so far but a little talk. Nobody was committed definitely to any particular project. This girl's remark showed that Wymark talked too much.

Gently and pleasantly he set her straight. "That's a pretty large order. I don't think anything as far-reaching as that was contemplated."

"I'm sure it was Peter's idea."

She wished he would go away. Just as he had out of his experience marked down her confusion as trouble with some man, Violet saw something sly and knowledgeable in Mr. Lacey's eyes that she had seen before as she went in and out of adventures and escapades. She felt as if he might watch her, that he might know that Lewis was upstairs. Violet usually carried off a situation that was embarrassing with a high and reckless hand. *But she couldn't do it this time.*

"My car is here. I was just waiting for it. Can't I take you wherever you're going?" asked Mr. Lacey courteously.

Almost helplessly she accepted his offer. She was not reasoning, but every instinct told her she must leave; that if she went back to Hewston's room now, she would no longer be the girl he wanted but just one more woman he could have. She led the way and Lacey followed her.

That was the picture Lewis Hewston saw as he reached the door. He hadn't been able to let Violet go like that. The disappointment was too great. And he hadn't meant to hurt her but to make her happy. Hewston had come downstairs, not quite sure of what he was going to do, but prepared to ask the doorman which way the lady in the mink coat and green hat had gone, or even to take a cab and follow her to the Clyde house.

But there she was, apparently undisturbed, being helped into a long, chauffeured car, and a man was with her. She didn't care. There was always another man.

The doorman came into the lobby to get warm as the big car rolled off.

"Who was that gentleman who just drove away with the lady? Do you know?"

"That was Mr. Joe Lacey, sir."

Lacey. The name rang a bell in Hewston's mind. Joe Lacey, the politician. The one who, someone had said this morning, was giving the land for the airport and wanted it named after him. Strange company for Violet. She didn't seem to care whom she picked up. Hewston walked over to the porter's desk.

"When's the next plane for Winnipeg?" he inquired. . . .

In her strange company Violet was showing great courage, for she was driving in the wrong direction. Russia, Lewis had said, and that might mean months before his return. It might mean never, as he traveled into strange places and among risks. She shivered, but Lacey, she felt, was watching her. She made an effort.

"Have you seen Peter lately?" she asked *him to make conversation.*

"No, I haven't," Lacey said. "Not since the great news."

"News?"

"I mean about his engagement to Miss Desmond. I suppose you know the young lady."

"Yes. I knew her in England."

"Major Wymark's certainly done very well for himself."

"How do you mean?"

Lacey looked sidewise at her. So she didn't think so. Must be jealous. This girl had been going around with Wymark herself. This was all very interesting.

"He's making a very important connection, isn't he?"

"Peter got along all right without an important connection," said Violet.

PETER'S new connection *was* important, for he was more in love with Ellen every day. Each time he telephoned her, and they both found it hard to keep away from the telephone, there was something new to add to what had made him love her before. Ellen was fun and she was sweet. She didn't want any other man in the world. And she was frank about being impatient to be married, to live with him. He had known with a sudden possessive desire, at their first meeting, that this was the girl he wanted to go along with him. Now he was finding out why,

BASK IN FLORIDA SUNSHINE

Come On, Let's Go!

NEW ENGLAND FOR SNOW SPORTS

Highways are Happy Ways—*Again*

America is on the move again—*this time for fun!* The millions who fought or worked hard and faithfully for Victory have earned their day in the sun—the sunshine of gay Fall and Winter resorts scattered all over this continent. ● Today Greyhound is ready, again, to take you to all of the most popular resort areas in the U. S. A., Canada and South of the Border. Fares remain amazingly low—coaches are comfortably heated and ventilated—service is prompt and efficient (faster and more frequent than in the war days). ● Increasingly, from here in, you'll find new features of convenience and travel comfort. Get full information about Winter trips and expense-paid pleasure tours, from your Greyhound agent.

Here Right Now:

Faster and more frequent service . . . Express and Limited Schedules on many routes (straight through, saving hours) . . . Expense-Paid Tours with everything planned in advance for your comfort, entertainment.

. . . and Coming Soon:

Finer, more luxurious highway coaches soon to be ready . . . new stations and terminals in construction, or planned . . . new streamlined tours of This Amazing America, in the making. They're coming—watch for them!

GREYHOUND

CALIFORNIA CALLING

THE ROAD IS CLEAR AGAIN!

IN OLD NEW ORLEANS

YES INDEED, WE HAVE "AUTOPOINT" PENCILS AGAIN!

Autopoint
TRADE MARK

PENCILS ARE BACK

Now you can again get those beautifully designed moderately priced "Autopoint" pencils with the famous

GRIP-TITE TIP

Leads Can't Wobble or Fall Out

Holds leads firmly down to the last eighth inch. No wobbling, no slipping and leads simply can't fall out. Years of trouble-free writing.

Can't Clog or Jam—Lead is loaded from the rear and plunger forces it through the jaws of the Grip-Tite tip. Impossible to clog or jam. Reloading takes only a few seconds.

The Ideal Gift—The years of complete satisfaction a recipient receives from his "Autopoint" pencil will be matched by years of gratitude to the giver. Many business firms furnish "Autopoint" pencils to their employees to increase efficiency.

Autopoint
TRADE MARK
BETTER PENCILS
Autopoint Company, 1801 Foster Avenue, Chicago 40, Ill.

We just up and slew 'em

It was a pitched battle . . . against worms. They had me feeling low . . . no pep, ready for most any disease. Then the boss opened fire . . . and we proved that the capsule can be mightier than the sword.

Our weapon was Sergeant's SURE SHOT Capsules . . . they really annihilate worms . . . just like Sergeant's Puppy Capsules clean out worms in puppies.

Then, to get me feeling cocky again, the boss built me up with Sergeant's Vitamin Capsules (Vitapets) after worming.

You can get both at any drug or pet store . . . and don't miss your FREE Sergeant's Dog Book. Or send this coupon:

Sergeant's DOG MEDICINES
Dept. 2-L, Richmond 20, Virginia. Send the FREE 40-page illustrated Dog Book to:

Print
Name____________________
Address____________________
City State

Let's make a worm shortage — Zeke

discovering how right in instinct he had been.

But it was also a liability to be engaged to Ellen Desmond and to have everyone know it, the banker, the jeweler, the men working under him on the job. They all thought that he had fallen into something pretty soft. His reputed luck put him at a little disadvantage and sometimes there was an edge in their manner toward him that had never been there before.

The insurance people were after him. So were haberdashers and real estate men who had properties to sell. They came to him or wrote him letters or waylaid him. And when he put them off, curtly saying that he couldn't afford what they had to offer, he knew that what they were trying to tap was the Desmond money. Quite often it was annoying and humiliating.

PETER'S position in the company was subtly changed, too. He had expected that Lindley would be no friend of his, at least not for a time, and he was right in that. Lindley didn't try to share any opportunities with Peter. Lindley's attitude, never overt but somehow implied, was that he himself had come up the hard way, but that Peter, through his war record or the luck of catching a girl's fancy, had managed to have everything fall into his lap.

They kidded Peter a good deal and he didn't blame them for that. He knew he would have done the same thing to anyone else. He didn't blame the insurance agents for regarding him as fair prey. But when his engagement affected his job, and the *money he* could make, and when it seemed that the men at the top, especially Kane, seemed to bend over backwards not to give him even what was coming to him, it got under Peter's skin.

He had always liked Mr. Kane. There was a rough justice about the superintendent's authority that took many human qualities and failings into account. Peter had seen him straighten out drunks, or show special favor to a man whose wife was giving him a bad time and breaking his nerve. Also he respected Kane because he was a man who understood the job of mining from start to finish, from the blueprints and calculations to the loading of thousands of open cars that carried ore from the mines to the lake ports. Kane, Peter was secretly confident, knew he was a good engineer. He'd been a little standoffish when Peter first got back from overseas but that was probably because he hadn't made up his mind what to do about a place for him.

Perhaps Peter might have put his interview off until after the holidays, as Mr. Kane was inclined to do. But he wanted to have something definite to tell Ellen. He hadn't seen her on Christmas because he was working that day. He was going down to her home for the party on the twenty-ninth, and he wanted to bring Ellen a present better than the expensive perfume he had bought for her Christmas gift, and charged to the tune of thirty-two dollars. The thing he wanted to give her was a showing of definite progress that would make their marriage possible before long.

"Come in and see me after the holidays if you like," Kane had said when Peter asked for an interview.

"I'd appreciate it very much if I could talk to you for a few minutes today," Peter persisted.

"Okay," said the superintendent, with an air of getting it over with. "Sit down, Wymark. What's on your mind?"

"It's a question of my job," said Peter.

"What's wrong with it?"

"I feel I'm sort of marking time. I don't seem to be getting any place."

"You're earning a living, aren't you?"

"I need to make more money," answered Peter.

"We'd all like to. But a certain job is worth just so much."

"I know that. That's why I've been wondering if I could get another spot. With more work—I'd really like that. The point is, Mr. Kane, that I was doing a much bigger job in the Army, and with more responsibility, than I've been handling since I came back."

"This isn't the Army," remarked Kane dryly. "We aren't doing the same kind of thing. Nothing dramatic about this."

Peter skipped that implication. He went on stubbornly, "If I had a chance, I know I could be more useful to the company than I am right now."

"That's possible," said Kane, "and incidentally one way to be more valuable might be to give the organization your whole time. You're doing a good deal of fooling around with politics these days, aren't you?"

"Strictly on my own time."

"Is that so? Well, getting down to brass tacks, what are you asking for?"

"I'd like to feel that before too long I might be made an assistant superintendent," said Peter. "I think I've the experience and training for it."

Kane rather liked the way he came out with it. Besides, his usual basic justice was working. Wymark had the stuff for it. It had always been in the cards. Only Lindley had slipped into that particular spot.

"There aren't any vacancies in sight," he said, "not in the immediate future. In a year or two it may be different."

"I don't want to wait that long. I'm planning to get married."

"We can't reorganize the company on that account. I don't make exceptions, no matter who you are marrying, Wymark."

"I'm not asking that. And I don't want anybody's place. But there must be new developments planned. In fact all the engineers know there are. We've been working on the surveys and plans. If I had the chance to develop a new property and were given a free hand, the way I had overseas, I'm sure I could make a good thing of it."

Kane sighed. "You ought to take over the company, Wymark. Now look here, boy. You're a good engineer. Keep your shirt on. Things came your way pretty fast this last year or two but you can't expect to keep that speed up. You've got to quiet down—and co-operate—and be loyal—and wait."

Peter's expression was very grim. He could tell when he was getting nowhere, when he was up against a blank wall. He stood up.

"Well, anyway I know where I stand. I can plan accordingly."

"That's right," said Kane. "Think it over. Quiet down. That's what you need to do."

"I suppose a couple of million fellows are going to get that same advice after they come back. They've lost three or more of the best years of their life—"

"Poppycock," said Kane.

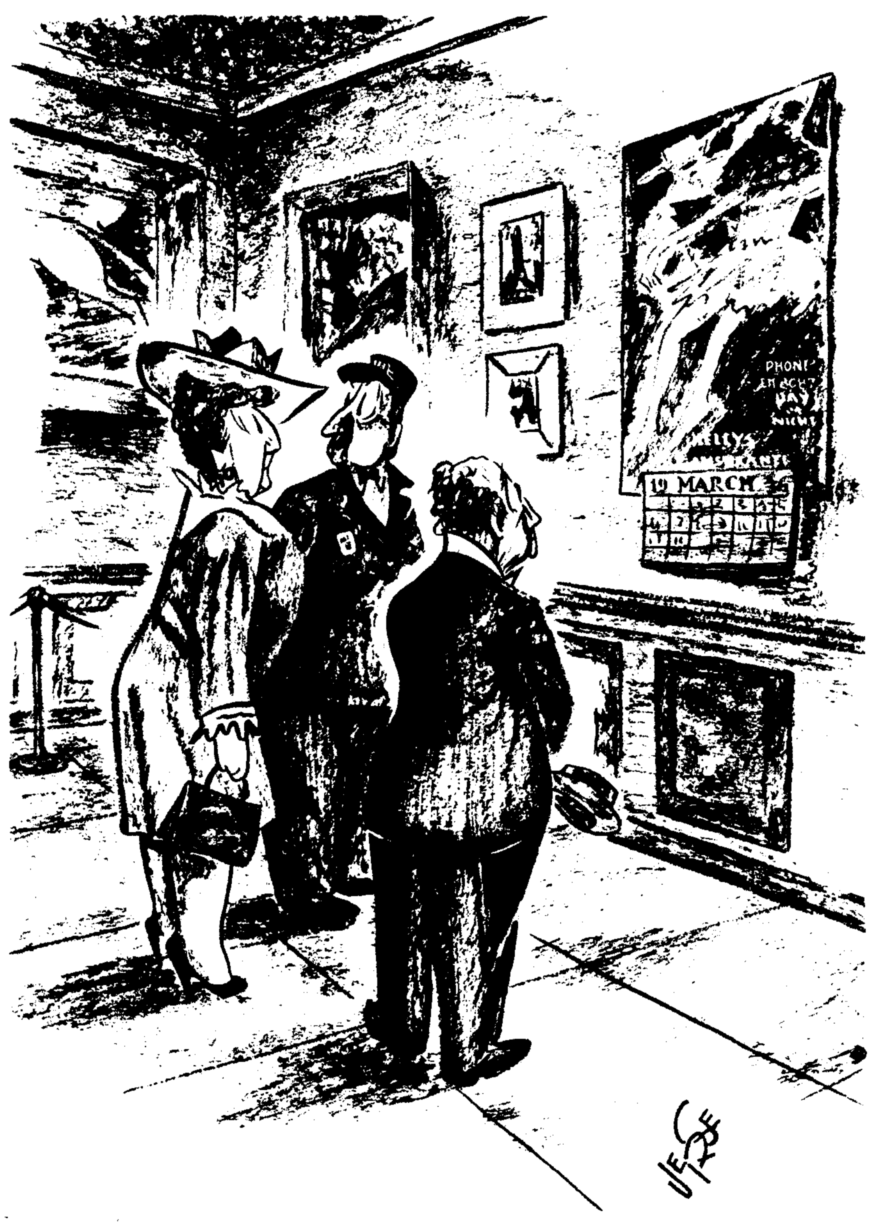
"I don't happen to think so, sir. But thank you for talking to me."

Peter was angry when he went out. He met Bob Lindley and suspected that Kane might tell him about the interview. Lindley could have that turndown to comfort him.

But they may find out a thing or two, thought Peter. If that's going to be the general attitude toward servicemen, we certainly need to push that bill right through the legislature. And when it is passed, I may get a chance to do a little expanding of the ore business myself.

IT WAS entirely possible. He might even get a chance to serve as the expert to survey the ore resources. Lacey might help him. He certainly ought to be able to get in on the ground floor with future developments. If not with the Greysolon Company, there were others.

He hurried home, almost more excited than defeated. He had beaten bad situations before. It was his day off and now getting on toward noon. Ellen had asked him to get down as early as possible, to help her with things and so that he could have a chance to visit with Violet before a lot of people arrived. He'd have to come back to the Range tonight, no matter how late. For next week he was going to spend some time in St. Paul at



COLLIER'S "The original was stolen!" W. R. JERSE

Prestone" anti-freeze in your car you forget cold snaps and thaws alike. ents freeze-up, won't boil away, evaporate or foam off. It protects oling system against rust and corrosion. And one shot lasts all winter— th "Prestone" anti-freeze you're safe and you know it!

why there won't be enough for ALL

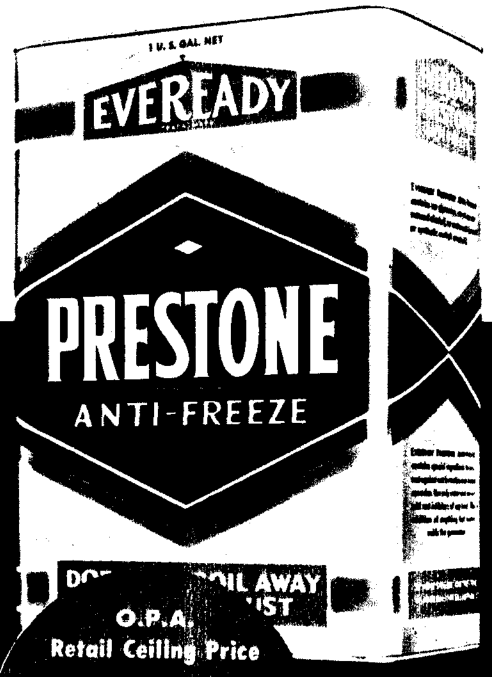
The Armed Forces still require large quantities of "one-shot" anti-freeze for vehicles and equipment. As a result the supply of "Prestone" anti-freeze available to civilians is even more limited than last year. Your best chance of getting yours is to see your dealer immediately.

How anti-freeze is being distributed this year

To assure anti-freeze protection of the nation's motor vehicles, the War Production Board, with the cooperation of the Anti-Freeze Industry Advisory Committee, set up a state allocation plan for the distribution of all anti-freezes. This plan is intended to assure motorists of some kind of anti-freeze protection. Some "Prestone" brand anti-freeze will be available in all communities.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation

The words "Eveready" and "Prestone" are registered trade-marks of National Carbon Company, Inc.



O.P.A. Retail Ceiling Price
$2.65 per gallon
SAME PRODUCT
SAME PRICE

WHY OUR ARMED FORCES STILL NEED ONE-SHOT ANTI-FREEZE

Vast numbers of our tanks, trucks, planes, warships etc. remain at various points throughout the world. This tremendous investment of the American people must be protected—and protected properly. That is why our armed forces still require quantities of one-shot anti-freeze.

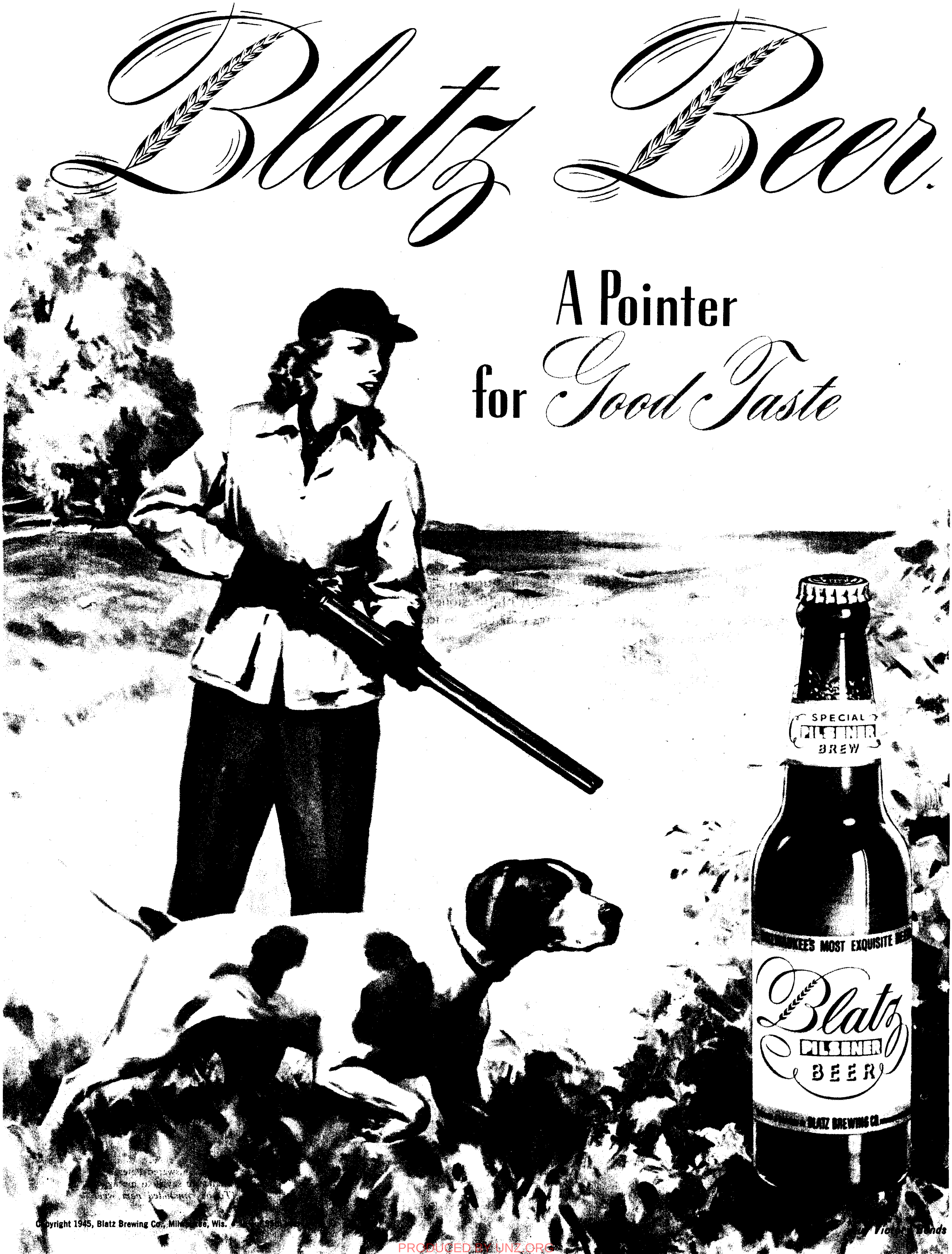
Time Too Short

Even though the requirements of the services have been reduced, not enough "Prestone" anti-freeze can be made to meet both military and civilian needs this Winter.

you're safe . . . and you know it!

Blatz Beer.

A Pointer for Good Taste


SPECIAL
PILSENER
BREW
MILWAUKEE'S MOST EXQUISITE BEER
Blatz
PILSENER
BEER
BLATZ BREWING CO.

Copyright 1945, Blatz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

Victory Bonds

the legislature, and he didn't intend to cheat on working time.

Changing his clothes, he called downstairs to his father that he was going to Duluth, and didn't know when he would be back.

"Okay," said his father. "Bus, or taking your car?"

"Taking the car. It will hold together. I can get back more easily. The roads are clear."

Chris Wymark was working only half time now during the cold weather. He was peacefully enjoying the radio and the morning paper, both together.

"Here's a piece about Joe Lacey. He comes out strong for war memorials," he called to his son, "for the servicemen."

"He doesn't want memorials. He wants jobs for them."

"It doesn't say anything here about jobs."

Peter knotted his tie. He looked at himself critically, and then once more to see how he would look to Ellen, adjusted his handkerchief a sixteenth of an inch and ran down to the sitting room.

"They get that stuff all haywire. Let me see what it says."

His father gave him the paper. "On the front page," he directed and Peter read.

"What the hell!" he said abruptly under his breath and read it over again.

Mr. Lacey had given a very lengthy and curiously expansive interview on what he hoped the legislature would do for the servicemen who came home. He had said that every county in the state should plan a memorial to its honored dead, which would also be a place for the living serviceman who came back. It might be a recreation hall, a library, a baseball park, whatever the community might decide. The coming legislature would do well to bear in mind that such memorials were suitable and provide a sufficient appropriation.

"He's just shooting off his mouth—it's camouflage—why, this sort of thing would be clear graft, nothing but a contractors' heaven—of course he doesn't mean it, but I think it's damned bad politics to get the public thinking along this track—"

"Maybe he does mean it. I wouldn't trust him," remarked Chris Wymark.

The newspaper still had Peter fascinated. He was softly cursing. He laid it down and said, "I guess I'll be off now."

"Enjoy yourself. Give my respects to the young lady."

ELLEN was sorry that she had asked Violet to come up to the party. From the minute that she had stepped off the train at noon, looking prettier than Ellen had ever seen her and turning most heads her way, Violet had made her hostess uncomfortable. She certainly did not look or act like a person in need of sympathy or pity, and after Peter's remarks about what a hard life Violet was having, Ellen had been prepared to be warm and generous and friendly.

But apparently Violet did not want any such treatment. She was more cynical than ever before. She took nothing seriously and Ellen's engagement seemed to strike her as amusing, as if there were something ridiculous involved, which she saw, even if Ellen could not.

Ellen asked her about Lewis Hewston.

He was going to be divorced, Violet said. His wife was in Reno.

"Have you seen him lately?"

"Yes, he came trotting out a week or so ago. Telling me to go back to New York."

"Aren't you going to marry him, Violet?"

"I doubt it. He's in Russia . . . Ellen, you're wonderful! You think all roads must lead to marriage. I'm not sure that men aren't more fun without it. Lewis and I have had awfully good times. But why concentrate? Sometimes I think I've had more fun with your Peter than with any other man."

She said "your Peter" as if it were a careless courtesy, as if she didn't believe it.

"Where is Peter?" she went on.

"He's coming down this afternoon. He said he'd leave Carmine about noon and telephone me when he started. He hasn't called yet. Maybe he forgot or was in too much of a hurry to get off. I wanted him to get here early, for there'll be fifty or sixty people here from six o'clock on. The best we could do was to make it a buffet supper. There'll be a couple of turkeys and hams and plenty to drink. You're the star attraction, Violet, you and of course Peter."

"I'm crazy to see him," said Violet, and for that second her voice was natural and unaffected, "Peter does me good."

But he did not come. In spite of the multitude of household preparations, the afternoon dragged for Ellen. He had said that he would telephone, yet there was no word from him. Especially if he was delayed, he should have let her know and not embarrass and worry her like this. Violet was developing a maddening way of looking with amusement at Ellen whenever she came into the room and asking, "No word from your hero?"

Five o'clock came. They would have to change their clothes. Ellen sent out to the kitchen the special tray of food which had been waiting for Peter's arrival in case he was cold and hungry. From the pantry, where Violet couldn't hear, she called Carmine and tried to reach Peter's house but there was no answer.

If the telephone didn't answer he must have started. If there had been an accident, she would have heard. Ellen went to dress. She was wearing a dubonnet velvet dinner dress that Peter had never seen and that, too, had been planned like the tray that had gone out untouched. This was to have been a perfect day and so far nothing had been right. She didn't look right herself. There was no peace in her mind.

But it seemed to her that Violet looked especially beautiful. She was in the drawing room before the fire when Ellen came in for a last look around, and it occurred to Ellen that perhaps Violet had hoped that Peter would come in and find her there. Her dress was black, slashed with red down the front and it made her look very dramatic.

"I'm worried about Peter. I can't imagine where he is," Ellen began.

"You'd hear in no time if there was an accident. He's probably drinking cosily somewhere and has forgotten all about us."

"Oh, nonsense, he wouldn't do that," Ellen said.

"Men do odd things from time to time," Violet reminded her.

"Peter's pretty regular."

"Is he?"

"Well, he wouldn't let me down anyway."

"Would you think this was letting you down?"

"What?"

"If he didn't show up tonight."

"He'd have to have an awfully good excuse," said Ellen almost sharply.

"Not just that he didn't want to come?" Violet hinted.

"Don't be silly. Of course he wants to come. It's his party. He knows all about it. We planned it."

"You don't really know much about men, do you, Ellen?"

"Don't you think so? Why not?"

"Because you think they won't let you down. They will, you know. That's the one sure characteristic of the male."

"You're so bitter, Violet. What's the matter with you?"

Violet laughed. "Can't you guess? Do you want to know?"

Ellen looked at her, guessing before Violet spoke.

"I've been let down," said Violet. "In other words, I'm going to have a baby in about six months."

ELLEN'S thoughts all came at once. Violet and Peter had come back from England together in the fall. Why hadn't Peter showed up tonight? Why had he looked so queer and uncomfortable when she suggested Violet's coming? Was it Peter's baby? No, she wouldn't ask Violet. She would ask Peter and get the truth.

Mr. Desmond came downstairs ponderously and hospitably.

"Well, well, where's that fellow of yours, Ellen? Doesn't treat her too well, does he, Mrs. Clyde?"

The doorbell rang. But it was guests, not Peter. Ellen heard herself say for the first time that night, "I'm so sorry. Peter's been held up on the road. We certainly hope he'll get here!"

It was nine o'clock when Peter got there. Ellen saw him open the door. It was bright in the hall and she saw that he looked haggard, and that his eyes blinked in the light and were red with fatigue. She hurried to him.

"What happened?" she asked. "Why are you so late?" She didn't try to kiss him. And he didn't seem to notice or care. He looked bent on something.

"I had to drive down to St. Paul. Unexpectedly. I had to see somebody. Ellen, where's your father?"

"In the library, I think. Why?"

"I want to see him. I'll find him."

"Peter, I have to ask you something," Ellen said.

"It will have to wait. This is something I've got to find out about."

In the library Mr. Desmond was temporarily alone, and that was lucky. For Peter was not in a mood to be tactful.

"Well, here you are at last. You've given Ellen a very bad time," Desmond said, frowning at his prospective son-in-law.

"I'm sorry for that. I went down to St. Paul this noon. Perhaps you can imagine why. I saw Lacey's statement in the paper and I wanted to know what was back of it."

Desmond began to grin.

"He crawled out of it pretty well, didn't he?"

"He didn't crawl out of anything as far as I'm concerned. I saw him. And I told him so. He's a crook."

"I seem to remember telling you that," grinned Desmond.

"And it's your work, isn't it? You bought him off. He as much as said so. What did you give him? Money?"

"Certainly not."

"But you're back of all this," Peter insisted. "Lacey said to talk to you. There's some deal."

"If there were, it wouldn't be your business, Wymark. But for your information, it didn't cost much. Just a name for an airport. Easy as that. And an airport has to be named."

He was chuckling still.

"I worked for that bill, Mr. Desmond, because it's necessary and because I believed in it—"

"And Lacey played you for a sucker. I'm glad you see it now."

For a second Desmond was almost sorry for the young man. He looked played out. Desmond was about to suggest a drink and forgetting the whole thing, but Peter left the room.

The place was full of people, strangers. Some of them looked at him in surprise, one or two nodded. He wanted to get away but he must see Ellen for a minute. To tell her that he couldn't stay now but that he'd talk to her later and explain. There she was, coming to him. Looking so beautiful. Sore at him because he was late. She didn't understand how important this was.

"Peter," she said it softly but not tenderly, "come in here. I have to ask you something."

IT WAS a small hallway leading to a back stairs. There was no one in sight. He could hear the laughter and noise as she spoke, a queer background of sound against her voice.

"I'm sorry if I've let you down tonight, Ellen. But things happened that meant a lot to me. To both of us and our future."

"Violet's here," said Ellen, interrupting his explanation, "and she says she's going to have a baby."

"A what? A baby? Did she tell you that?"

"Is it yours?" she asked. "Your child?"

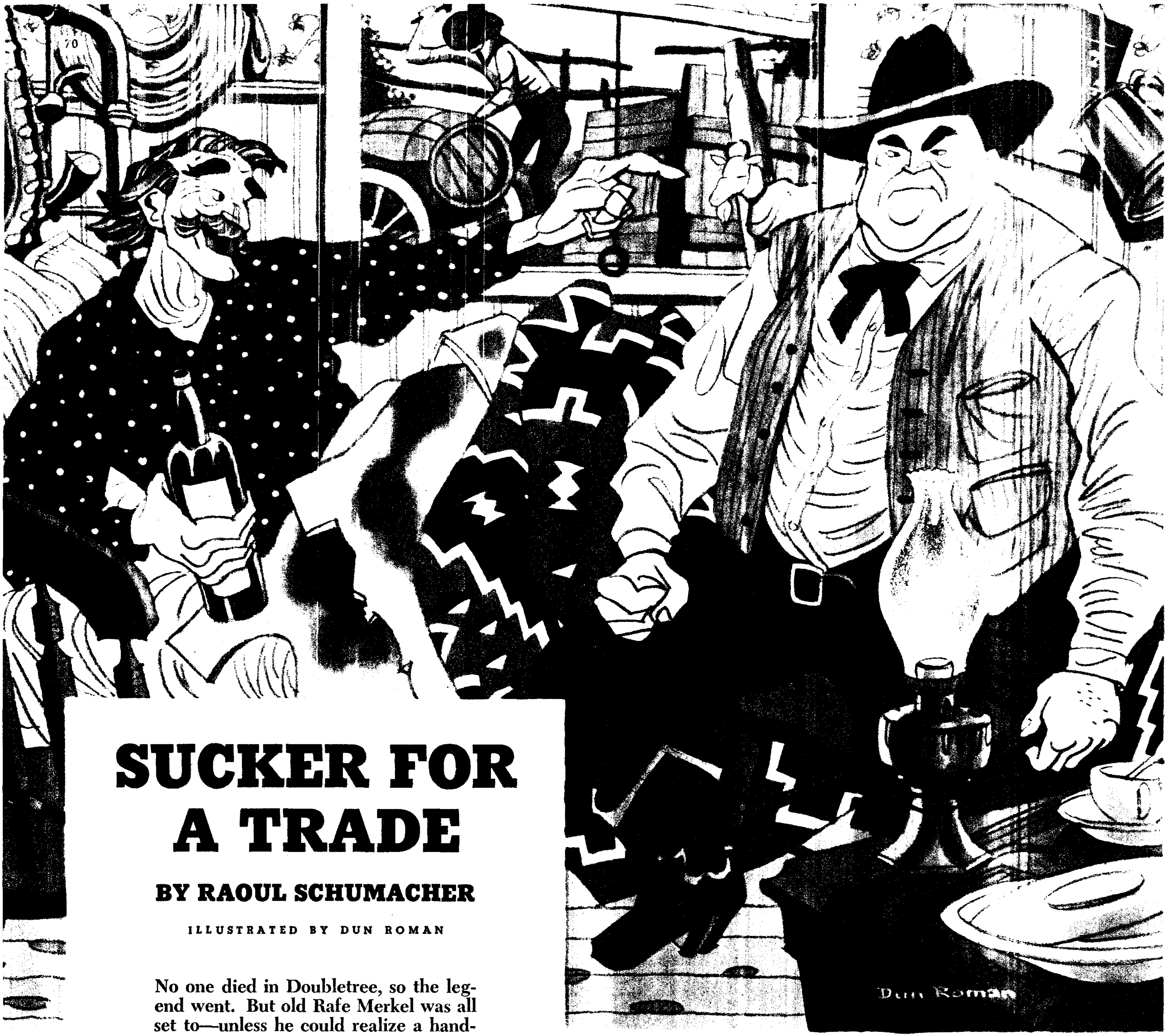
He looked at her for what seemed a long time. Then he said quietly, "If it should be—what then, Ellen?"

"It would sicken me forever," she said. "She doesn't care about you! Don't you know that? She's just used you for her own fun. Made a fool of you!"

"That's twice I've been told that in this house tonight," answered Peter. "You'll not have a chance to say it to me again."

(To be concluded next week)

COLLIER'S "Let me take you away from all this!" JARO FABRY



SUCKER FOR A TRADE

BY RAOUL SCHUMACHER

ILLUSTRATED BY DUN ROMAN

No one died in Doubletree, so the legend went. But old Rafe Merkel was all set to—unless he could realize a handsome profit on his own funeral first

Rafe took a swig of the tonic and said to Ed Wickerly: "I'm a dying man and I want no interference from you. I aim to pass away on Thursday and be buried Saturday. Now get out of here. My temperature is 200, and mounting fast"

CIVIC pride is where you find it, and there are people in the town of Doubletree who wouldn't give a used hatband for the Empire State Building even if you could fix it so it didn't sway in the wind. Doubletree is small, but proud. It has a fine main street, mostly paved, nine places of business, all solvent, and a population of exactly three hundred and eighty-seven people —a figure that hasn't varied in forty years, which is a remarkable thing. Every inhabitant is rightly proud of that figure, and the legend of Doubletree is that nobody ever dies there. While there may be a touch of exaggeration in this, the fact remains that whenever the Weekly Doubletree Argus-Optic and Clarion Call is published (usually twice a month) it carries in a box on its front page the brave and constant figure 387 and everybody welcomes it and feels fine about it—even a little immortal.

Still, it has to be said that there was a brief period when folks almost dreaded to look at the paper at all, and you can hardly blame them.

It all came about when a New York magazine writer got stranded in Doubletree with a mild case of the mumps and, for lack of something better to do, wrote a brief article about that unchanging population figure of 387. The article was entitled The Fountain of Youth—Has It Been Discovered?, and it caused such a stir that two insurance companies and fourteen hundred elderly people wrote for details.

In any case, the effect of those letters was to make Doubletree socially and financially ambitious. Meetings were held, windows were washed, the town dump was set on fire, the flagpole was painted, and the Doubletree Hotel (Eighteen Rooms; Bath if Desired) began to write its menus in French, learned from Miss Ebby, the schoolteacher.

But all these were preliminaries. The final and most momentous act of renovation followed the decision of the Town Council to destroy the venerable cluster of boards, wire and aromatic leather which constituted old Rafe Merkel's Plain Dealer—Horse, Cattle and Swine Market.

Old Rafe and his grandson, Luke Merkel, took the blow with outward grace. They moved to a shack near the stockyards, and while there were some who muttered that nobody had ever got the best of Rafe Merkel before, and probably never would, there were no unsavory incidents. And, for some weeks afterward, Doubletree—purged, shining, and hopeful of great things—reposed in the Arizona sunshine. And then it happened.

There came on a Monday a letter from the Chicago Chapter of The Protective Brotherhood of American Octogenarians which announced that a committee would arrive on the following Saturday to probe the truthfulness of Doubletree's claims to an invariable census. If convinced, the committee would select a site for the large sanitarium it envisaged for its ailing members.

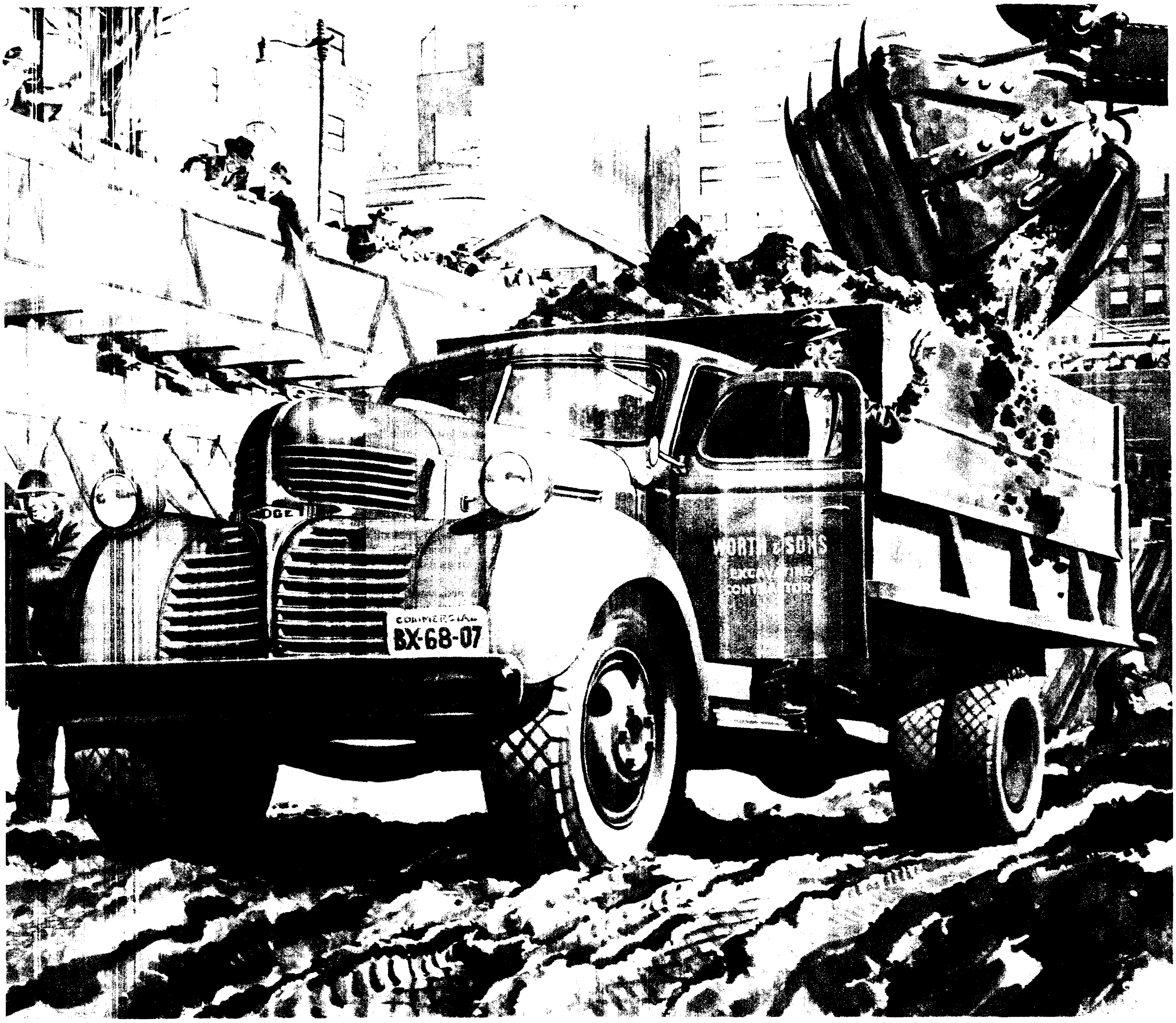
That was news—rewarding news, and it stirred the town to such an extent that real estate prices shot up thirty per cent overnight, and the general store telegraphed East for an order of cribbage boards and hot water bottles.

It was in the midst of this fine frenzy of anticipation that word got around about Rafe Merkel's intended revenge—word of his treasonable decision, not only to die at a time when there was not a single replacement in sight, but to time his faithless act so that his funeral would coincide with the visit of the inquiring brethren from Chicago.

Now, of course, every man has the right to die, but Rafe was only seventy-six (young for Doubletree) and it seemed pretty clear that he was just planning to get even for having been zoned out of town.

Everybody knew how downright stubborn Rafe could be, and the thought of a funeral procession, however short, on the very day when the salubrious character of Doubletree was to be on trial, cast the town into profound gloom.

After much thought, it was concluded that only a man of prominence and authority could cope with the crisis, and to this end, Ed Wickerly was delegated. Ed owned a good deal of property, including the feed store, the filling station, the restaurant and



Job-Rated Trucks Are Worth Watching

PLENTY of eye-opening facts about truck economy are revealed to those who watch Dodge *Job-Rated* trucks in action.

It's easy to understand.

Each Dodge truck has a powerful *Job-Rated* engine . . . the *right* power to handle your loads *economically.*

Each Dodge truck has a *Job-Rated* transmission and clutch. It has a *Job-Rated* frame . . . *Job-Rated* springs, axles, and tires. And it's engineered and precision-built throughout to *fit the job* . . . for performance, for endurance, and for economy.

When you again buy new trucks, *standardize* for dependable long-pull economy . . . on Dodge *Job-Rated* trucks.

BUY VICTORY BONDS

ORDER YOUR NEW DODGE *JOB-RATED* TRUCK NOW

Dodge dealers are now taking orders for new Dodge *Job-Rated* trucks. See your dealer about the *economy* truck for your job . . . a Dodge *Job-Rated* truck.

Truck Parts Are Important—Owners tell us they'll long remember the quick wartime availability of factory-engineered Dodge truck parts. Parts when you need them: that's the Dodge way . . . your protection from costly delay.

LISTEN TO THE MUSIC OF ANDRE KOSTELANETZ WITH
GUEST STARS, THURSDAYS, C. B. S., 9 P. M., E. T.

DODGE *Job-Rated* TRUCKS

FIT THE JOB . . . LAST LONGER

IT'S ELECTRIC!
IT'S STUNNING!
IT'S A WESTCLOX!

LIMITED NUMBER NOW BEING MADE

Got your heart set on a smart electric alarm? Then here's the clock you have been waiting for!

Logan is the name. It's a self-starting electric—never needs winding. It's beautifully designed. And it's Westclox built for long dependable service! Right now we're making only a limited number. However, Westclox products are coming off the line in ever increasing quantities. Soon they'll be back in your favorite stores . . . Big Ben and other electric and spring-wound alarm and time-clocks, wrist and pocket watches. Smart and dependable as ever. You'll be glad you waited for a Westclox! Westclox, LaSalle-Peru, Ill.

*Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

WESTCLOX* Electrics
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF
BIG BEN*
Products of GENERAL TIME Instruments Corp.

the Weekly Argus. Also he could mince a dollar as fine as any man alive, but he never minced a word—especially with old Rafe. They had been on cordially insulting terms ever since Ed had kicked young Luke Merkel out of his house for courting his daughter, Joanna-May.

The whole town knew how Luke felt about Joanna-May, and about how she felt about him. But it also knew how Ed Wickerly felt about both of them.

Ed had said, often enough, that no daughter of his would have romantic carryings-on with a Merkel—especially a Merkel whose mother had run away with a traveling rodeo, and whose father had been a curbstone saddle maker by day (some days) and a laughing fiddle player by night (every night) until he died, a pauper.

On top of that, Ed always pointed out, if Luke's grandfather, Rafe, wasn't actually a horse thief, he'd make a damned good apprentice to one. "A Merkel will trade, just for the devil of it," said Ed, "but no Merkel has ever owned a piece of property that would support a goat, much less a fine girl like Joanna-May."

So when Ed went out to the stock pens to find old Rafe, he got right to the point. He said, "Rafe, I've had a low opinion of you ever since you sold the mayor that roan horse you first blew up with watered oats and then polished with coal oil, but I never thought you'd be mean enough to die at a time like this. Or is it rumor?"

RAFE was in bed, under a blanket of calf hides, and there was a quart bottle of something marked "tonic" just within his reach. He took a swig of the tonic, smacked his lips, and looked at Ed Wickerly. Rafe's eyes were like a couple of peephole gun sights, his hair was blue-gray, and he had a jaw like the end of a wagon tongue. He said, "Rumor, hell. I'm a dying man, seventy-six years old, and I want no interference from you. I aim to pass away on Thursday and be buried on Saturday. Now get out of here. My temperature is two hundred, and mounting fast."

Ed Wickerly snorted and pointed to the bottle. He said, "If your temperature goes up as fast as that so-called tonic is going down, you'll pass away—or anyway out—by midnight. But you ain't touched two hundred yet, and I reckon you won't—until a little after Judgment Day. Now Rafe, you climb out of that bed and act like a loyal citizen. This town has got a record to keep and you're not going to spoil it. We plan to sell the octogenarian committee the section at the end of Main Street, and we don't want you sashayin' around in a hearse. It's bad publicity."

"One burro," said Rafe, "and a hogshead."

Ed Wickerly took a quick look at the tonic bottle and leaned over the bed and sniffed. "Hundred proof, at least," he said. "What do you mean, 'one burro and a hogshead'?"

"My dying wish," said Rafe, "is to be buried in a hogshead drawn the length of Main Street by a burro—mangy if possible. I want the outside world to know how this town has treated me and my grandson. I want it to know about the abject poverty, malnutrition, injustice, snobbery and general cussedness that pervails in Doubletree. Also about the plague."

"Plague?" said Ed.

"Bucolic plague," said Rafe. "You get it from tumbleweed which is all over Red Eye County and every yard in Doubletree. It's what I'm dying of, and it's sweeping the country." He took a swig of the tonic and shuddered slightly.

Ed Wickerly stepped back from the bed and swore. "Listen, you old horse thief . . ." he said.

"Livestock broker, if you please," said Rafe.

"Horse thief is more to the point," said Ed. "You start a rumor like that and I'll have you jailed! Nobody ever heard of bucolic plague!"

"You can't jail a corpse," said Rafe, "and if nobody ain't heard of it, they will. Take a look in the barnyard. And by the way," he added, "ain't it true that *you* own the property that's being offered to that Protective Brotherhood of Octoroons?"

Ed Wickerly opened his mouth and then shut it again without saying anything. He kicked Rafe's high-heeled boots out of the way and went outside. In the barnyard he found young Luke Merkel putting wheels on a large hogshead. The hogshead had a big sign on it which read:

WELCOME TO DOUBLETREE
THESE ARE
THE MORTAL REMAINS OF
RAFE MERKEL
VICTIM OF
LOCAL PERSECUTION and
BUCOLIC PLAGUE
(You get it from tumbleweed)

ED WICKERLY opened and closed his fists a couple of times, then looked at Luke. He said, "See here, Luke Merkel, I always knew your grandfather was a varmint, but I had some respect for you. Are you going through with this libelous attempt to besmirch and defame the town of Doubletree?"

"Mr. Wickerly," said Luke, "I am only a dutiful grandson carrying out a dying grandfather's wish. Do you think that the coffin—that is, the hogshead—would look better painted crimson, or bright blue?"

"Listen, Luke," said Mr. Wickerly, "I may have offended you when I broke off your calling on Joanna-May, and it could be the Town Council was a little percipitate in closing your grandfather's horse market. But if you drag that old fourflusher through town—dead or alive—before the eyes of the Octogenarian committee, I'll have you up for Civic Sabotage, Causus Belly, Moral Turpitude, and Modus Vivendi!"

Luke didn't say anything for a minute. He was a tall boy—about eighteen—with sandy hair and a slow smile with a nice edge to it.

After a while he put his claw hammer on the hogshead and looked at Ed Wickerly. He said, "To tell the truth, sir, I don't like the idea of my grandfather's dying any more than you do. He's been like a mother to me, and as for his wanting to be dragged through Doubletree in this hogshead, *and then be buried in it*, why, you have to realize it's pretty embarrassing for me, what with the way I feel about Joanna-May and all—though it's true I haven't seen her since you ran me off your porch steps with a shotgun."

"It wasn't loaded, Luke," said Mr. Wickerly, "and, anyway, it was very small gauge."

"Still, they always *feel* loaded," said Luke, "when you have to look down the barrel."

"You're oversensitive," said Mr. Wickerly. "I could never have brought myself to have pulled the trigger of that shotgun on you, my boy. Now how about we let bygones be bygones? I'll tell you what. In about three years you will be twenty-one and legally of age. At that time, if you've got some property and a thousand dollars or so in the bank and Joanna-May is still willing, you can come and see her as often as you like—twice a week, even. How's that?"

Luke reached out and got a handful of tenpenny nails and jiggled them in his palm. "Well," he said, "I guess that's about as generous an offer as a man can make—if his name was Wickerly. But it won't help. You know as well as I do that my grandfather is stubborn, and if he says he's going to die on Thursday and be paraded in this hogshead on Saturday—and then be buried in it—why, then he'll do it if it kills him."

"But," said Mr. Wickerly, "bucolic plague! Persecution! Don't you realize what rumors like that can do to a fine community? Haven't you any respect for honor, common decency, human integrity—or even real estate values?"

Luke jiggled the nails in his hand and then looked up at the sky. "Well," he said, "there's just one thing I can suggest. But, no. . . . I oughtn't to do it."

Ed Wickerly pulled a bandanna out of a pocket and wiped his face with it. He said, "You're a fine boy, Luke—a fine boy. I've misjudged you. I'm going to let you visit with Joanna-May one of these days, sure as anything. You've got good sense—probably from your grandmother's side. Now what's your plan?"

"I haven't got a plan," said Luke, "but it just occurred to me that there's nothing that will put Grandpap in good health and good humor so much as the chance to make a trade. He's a sucker for a trade."

Ed Wickerly popped the bandanna back in his pocket and let his eyes narrow. The word "trade" when used by a Merkel always made him feel uneasy. He looked at Luke and then at the shack where old Rafe was snoring his way toward oblivion. It was a pretty rugged snore for a dying man, and it made the shack vibrate like a sawmill.

"Luke," said Wickerly, "I don't want to seem personal, but there ain't a thing you and your grandfather has *got* to trade, except eight pigs and a spavined horse."

"And Grandpap's funeral," said Luke. "I'll tell you, Mr. Wickerly—I don't like to make hard feelings—and besides, I'm real fond of Grandpap. If you could get the town to give him title to a little parcel of land—why, I might talk him into postponing his funeral. A man as old as he is wants a place to call his own—something to live for, so to speak. And now that his horse market's been torn down . . ."

"Land!" said Ed Wickerly. "A parcel of land for a funeral! That's no trade—that's bribery!"

"Well," said Luke, straightening the sign on the hogshead, "I thought you might feel that way about it. Now I wonder where I ought to hang the bell on this outfit? There's nothing Grandpap likes better than a bell with a big boom to it. When is that committee due, by the way?"

"What parcel of land did you have in mind?" said Mr. Wickerly with his lips very tight.

"Why," said Luke, "I was thinking of that half section east of the Firkins' place that the town took in for taxes last month."

WORDS FLAIL ME

My wife claimed she was dresstitute;
She wailed, she flailed me down;
Then bought this strapless substitute
That's far more gone than gown!

—Gordon M. Brown

For a minute Ed Wickerly had to struggle to keep from breathing too fast. Nobody had ever lived on that piece of land since Doubletree was pioneered, because the water under it was so sulphurous and brackish that when you pumped it up even a goat wouldn't drink it. It was worthless.

He looked at Luke Merkel about the way a man will look at a horse addicted to loco weed, then stuck out his jaw and spat as if somebody had offered to trade him a jackknife for his Sunday clothes, his watch and his three gold teeth. Then he jammed his hands deep in his pockets and frowned.

"Like breeds like," he said. "I never knew a Merkel a man could deal with on fair terms. Half a section of fine, virgin land just to talk that old buzzard out of dying! Why, if it wasn't that I have the community interest at heart like I do, I'd pay money to be one of his pallbearers! My boy—this is blackmail!"

"Excuse me," said Luke. "I don't hear any snoring or any swearing, and when Grandpap isn't doing one or the other, the chances are he's dying." He dropped his hammer and went for the shack at a lope, but before he got to the door Ed Wickerly was yelling, "Tell him to hold it, Luke—I'll trade! Hang on, you old polecat!"

In a minute Luke came out again looking worried. "He was snoring all right," he said, "but he'd fallen out of bed and got his face caught in the top of a boot so it was kind of muted. I can't talk to him now and I don't know that he'll last through another bottle of tonic. If you want to make that trade in time to give him something to live for, you'd better get the deed to that land out here before sundown. After that, I'll see what I can do."

When Ed Wickerly drove away, he was grinning like he'd won Red Eye County in a poker game, and the sun had barely got its chin on the horizon before he was back with the deed.

"My boy," he said, "I have done my best to preserve the reputation of this community. It is now up to you to keep that old goat alive and that hogshead off the streets until I—or that is, we—have sold the Octogenarian committee the proposed site for the sanitarium. After that it might be better to let nature take its course."

Luke took the paper and shook his head gloomily. "It'll be touch and go," he said, "but I'll try."

TUESDAY, Wednesday and Thursday all came and passed through the town like three mourners. People were anxious and subdued. Some reports said that old Rafe was sinking twice as fast, out of sheer contrariness, and that young Luke had come into town for some heavy nails, a cowbell, and a bucket of crimson paint. But at the same time it was rumored that Rafe had been seen in a flannel nightgown, pitching horseshoes by the light of the moon. Some bets were made, but when the undertaker from the county seat arrived quietly and sat picking his teeth in the Red Dog Restaurant, the gambling fervor subsided, and word swept Main Street that the figure in the flannel nightgown had been Rafe Merkel's profane and disreputable ghost.

And then, on Friday, truth emerged from uncertainty. The Doubletree Argus-Optic and Clarion Call appeared with rare and uncanny timeliness, and the townsfolk heaved a communal sigh of relief on seeing that the proud figure 387 was still unchanged, the record intact, the funeral forestalled—temporarily, at least—which was all Ed Wickerly had hoped for. And when four distinguished, if fragile, old gentlemen arrived from Chicago on the following morning, they were greeted with much fanfare, and instead of Rafe Merkel's outrageous and deprecating sign, a banner which read:

THIS IS DOUBLETREE
HAVEN OF HEALTH!
(See Wickerly for Building Sites)

The mayor made a short speech, and then Ed Wickerly made another. It was when he had finished and was leading the committee through the lobby of the Doubletree Hotel, that the senior Octogenarian, a Mr. Tillwilling, looked about him with a questing eye and demanded to see Rafe Merkel.

"Merkel?" said Ed Wickerly. "*Rafe Merkel?* Why, Mr. Tillwilling—he—that is—why who in the world would want to see Rafe Merkel?"

"We would," said Mr. Tillwilling. "You see it's his property we're interested in."

"*His* property!" said Ed Wickerly, sneering slightly. "Just what property would that be?"

"Why," said Mr. Tillwilling, "the property with the sulphurous water on it, of course. The property he wrote us about three weeks ago, though at that time he said he hadn't quite got the deed to it yet. We trust that detail has been taken care of. Sulphur water, you know, is the best thing in the world to bathe in—and even to drink—especially if, by any chance, you have pains in the joints. You *do* have pains in the joints, don't you, Mr. Wickerly? But no . . . it seems your trouble is blood pressure!"

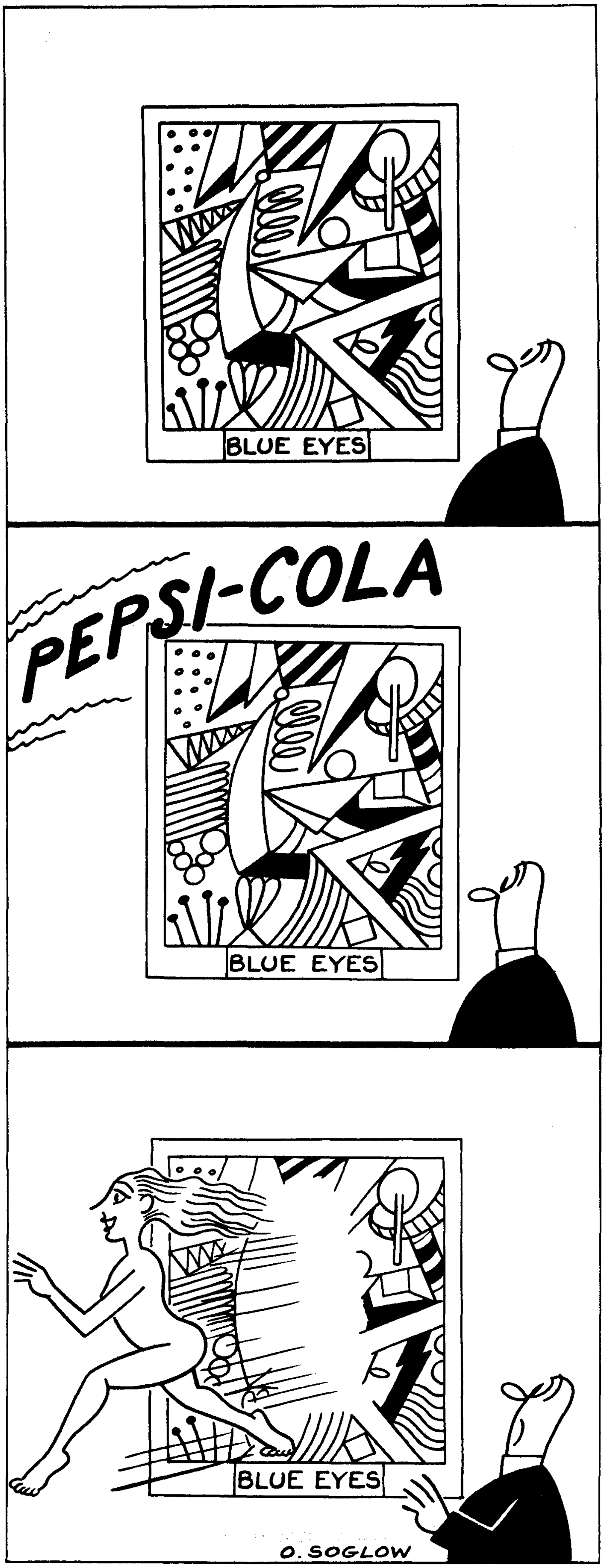
There are no accurate records of Ed Wickerly's reply to this, except such records as must, in good taste, remain strictly verbal. But he remains a happy, though an occasionally choleric man.

On the other hand, if you go into Doubletree nowadays, passing the handsome white sanitarium with its fine sulphur baths, someone will be sure to point out a tall and dignified old gentleman with a contented smile, eyes like peephole gun sights, and clothes fit for an ambassador.

"That," you will be told, "is our leading citizen. 'Honest Rafe,' they call him. Almost died for this community once, and we're sending him to Congress."

As for young Luke? Why, he's been married for a couple of years now, and his pretty blond wife, who goes by the name of Joanna-May, has already contributed a pair of fine twins in the campaign to boost the population of Doubletree all the way up to five hundred.

THE END



CHARTER VS. COVENANT

BY GEORGE CREEL

Mr. Creel writes authoritatively of the major differences between the two instruments for world peace, having been at the Paris Conference with Woodrow Wilson when the Covenant was drawn up, and again in San Francisco when the Charter was drawn up

THE name of Woodrow Wilson was mentioned only twice during the San Francisco discussions—once by Masaryk the Czech, and a second time by Smuts the South African—and yet the Charter that came out of the discussions rested squarely on foundations that he laid. There were changes, of course, many of them vital, but the basic principles are still the principles that Woodrow Wilson hammered out on the anvil of his will and vision twenty-six years ago, when, in 1919, the Covenant of the League of Nations was drawn up.

The new order, like the old, remains a voluntary association of nations without the least surrender of sovereignty of any member state. As before, it is built on a Council, an Assembly, an International Court and various commissions. There is the same reliance on mediation, economic boycotts and armed force as the means of maintaining world peace, and the same cautions with respect to use.

The one fundamental difference, furnishing firmer ground for high hopes, has nothing to do with the mechanics of organization. The Covenant was part and parcel of the Treaty of Versailles, tied in with boundary questions, reparations, punitive measures and every other detail of the peace settlements, and weighed down by all the angers, hates, disappointments and despairs that flowed from those settlements.

Our new Charter, drawn up at San Francisco, is an independent instrument entirely disassociated from any connection or responsibility for what the victors may or may not do to the vanquished. It was framed while the world was still at war, and with the decisions of the peace table still to be made. But it is a blueprint for collective security—a long-range plan—that will not be fully workable until war settlements are determined. As a consequence, the United Nations will start off with a clean slate, inheriting none of the bitternesses that piled a back-breaking load on the League of Nations.

Another hopeful change lies in the larger realism of the Charter, its sensible recognition of inescapable, and sometimes bitter, facts. The Covenant, operating on the idealistic theory that all member states were entitled to the same rights, gave even the weakest and smallest an equal voice with the great powers. Haiti, Liberia and Guatemala, for example, were on a footing with Britain and France, and carried every bit as much weight in any vote on crucial determinations.

The Charter proceeds on the sounder theory that, as the Big Five—the United States, Russia, Great Britain, China and France—fought the war, so it will be up to them to enforce the peace. Where else is the power? In Nicaragua, Lebanon or Ethiopia? As the full burden of enforcement will fall on the Big Five, what fairer than to give them the final word in any decision that involves the employment of their power? And also to provide for their unanimous concurrence in any vote that obligates them to undertake action that may not stop short of war?

The veto right places only small nations under restraint, leaving the great powers foot-loose and hand-free except for their own good faith and a decent regard for world opinion. The answer to that is simple. If one of the Big Five goes to war in arbitrary defiance of solemn pledges, the United Nations apple cart is kicked over, and there is nothing that the small states can do about it. The veto frankly concedes that the great powers are entitled to a special position, by reason of population, resources and industrial development, and with equal frankness recognizes that world peace depends on Big Five agreement.

Coming down to an article-by-article comparison of the Covenant and the Charter, the main differences are to be found in the correction of weaknesses developed by a quarter of a century of painful experience. The League was always conscious of its imperfections, but deep-rooted prejudices and moldy traditions balked every attempt at fundamental revision. The bitter lessons of World War II were in every mind at San Francisco. Putting aside minor points, there are ten major instances in which the Charter goes beyond the Covenant, each giving larger assurance of more effective machinery for the preservation of world peace.

1. The Covenant joined the Council with the Assembly and so there was no clean-cut division of function. Each body had an equal right to deal with any question that came before the League, a jumble that made inevitably for confusion and even conflict.

The Charter, on the other hand, draws a clear line between the powers and duties of the two organs. All security matters are the sole business of the Council. It alone has the right to take positive action when the peace of the world is threatened. It alone can order the investigation of a dispute or send a commission to the scene; it alone can frame and propose peaceful settlements when member states fall out; it alone can authorize economic boycotts, and it alone can give the signal for military action when it becomes necessary to quell breaches of the peace or to take a stand against open aggression.

A Town Meeting of the World

The powers of the Assembly are equally definite and exclusive. Until the Security Council assumes jurisdiction, it can discuss all matters concerned with peace, no matter in what part of the globe, and make recommendations as a result of discussion. In a sense, therefore, it is a true "town meeting of the world," a free, deliberative body empowered to "debate, reveal, expose and lay open" any discontent that affects international relations. In addition, the Assembly is specifically authorized to search out those economic, social and political maladjustments that are the indirect causes of war.

2. The Covenant worked under the unanimity rule. All proposals for positive action had to be supported by the vote of every member in both the Council and the Assembly. The Charter operates by much less than unanimity. In the Council a vote of seven out of the eleven members is required, and in the Assembly a two-thirds vote.

The veto right, of course, gives any one of the Big Five the power to block action, but this is not as autocratic as it sounds. Even when agreed, the five major powers—who are permanent members of the Council—cannot barge ahead unless they gain the concurring votes of at least two nonpermanent members who are elected to the Council for two-year terms.

Under the Covenant, the parties to a dispute were not barred from voting. The Charter does not go the whole way in correcting this weakness, but it does provide that when a case deals only with an effort at *peaceful* settlement, parties to the dispute may not vote.

3. Article X of the old Covenant was a definite pledge "to respect and preserve as against external aggression the territorial integrity and existing political independence of all members of the League." Going still further, Article XVI stipulated that an act of war against one member state was to be regarded as an "act of war against all." More than anything else, these two articles were responsible for the rejection of the Covenant by the Senate.

The Charter exacts no such sweeping pledge from the United Nations. Aside from denouncing and renouncing the use of force, it rests content with this cautious statement of purpose: "To maintain international peace and security, and to that end to take effective collective measures for the prevention and removal of threats to the peace, and the suppression of acts of aggression or other breaches of the peace."

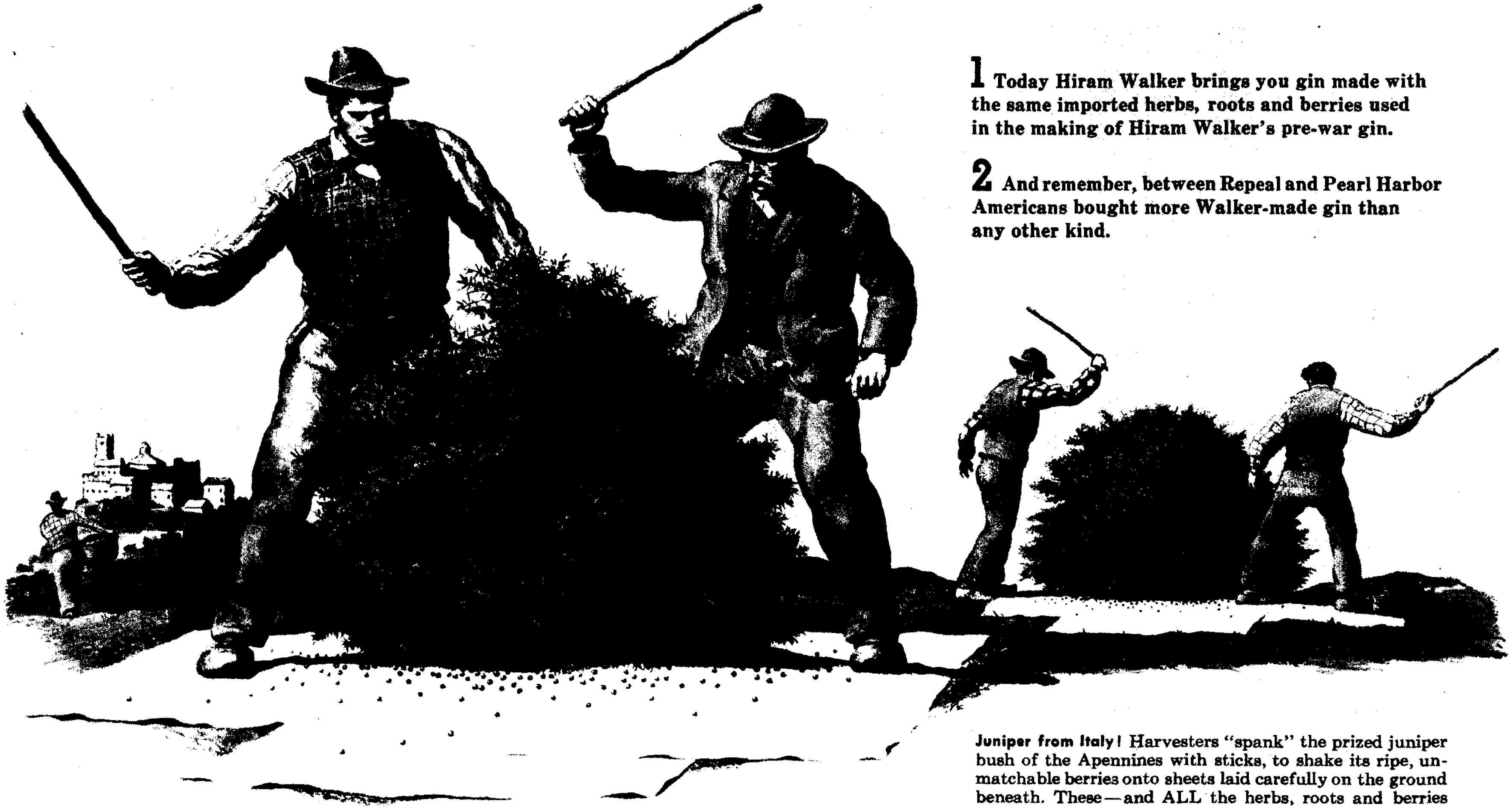
Despite its bold words, the Covenant made no provision for action. As a result of the compromises forced on Mr. Wilson, the League could only sit and twiddle its thumbs until there was some breach of the peace or act of aggression. The Council and the Assembly could not function until there was a "resort to war." Under the new Charter, the Security Council can take cognizance of a dispute when ugly mutters first begin to be heard and determine whether it constitutes a threat to the peace.

If it is so found, the Council may attempt a settlement by mediation, arbitration or other peaceful means. In event of failure, and if the dispute grows in menace, nonmilitary measures can be employed, such as the severance of diplomatic relations, cut-

DECORATION BY LEO RACKOW

Now! The gin you've waited 3 years to enjoy!

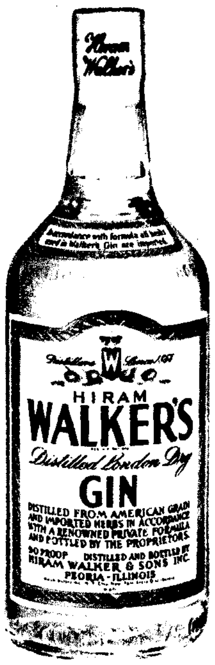
Gin of pre-war quality made from pre-war *imported* botanicals



1 **Today Hiram Walker brings you gin made with the same imported herbs, roots and berries used in the making of Hiram Walker's pre-war gin.**

2 **And remember, between Repeal and Pearl Harbor Americans bought more Walker-made gin than any other kind.**

Juniper from Italy! Harvesters "spank" the prized juniper bush of the Apennines with sticks, to shake its ripe, unmatchable berries onto sheets laid carefully on the ground beneath. These—and ALL the herbs, roots and berries used in making Hiram Walker's Gin—come from a supply imported before the war.


Hiram Walker's
HIRAM
WALKER'S
Distilled London Dry
GIN
DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN AND IMPORTED HERBS IN ACCORDANCE WITH A RENOWNED PRIVATE FORMULA AND BOTTLED BY THE PROPRIETORS
90 PROOF DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC. PEORIA · ILLINOIS

TODAY you can once again enjoy the pleasure of *real,* pre-war quality gin.

For Hiram Walker's Gin is made not only to pre-war formula . . . *but from pre-war imported botanicals which are unobtainable today.*

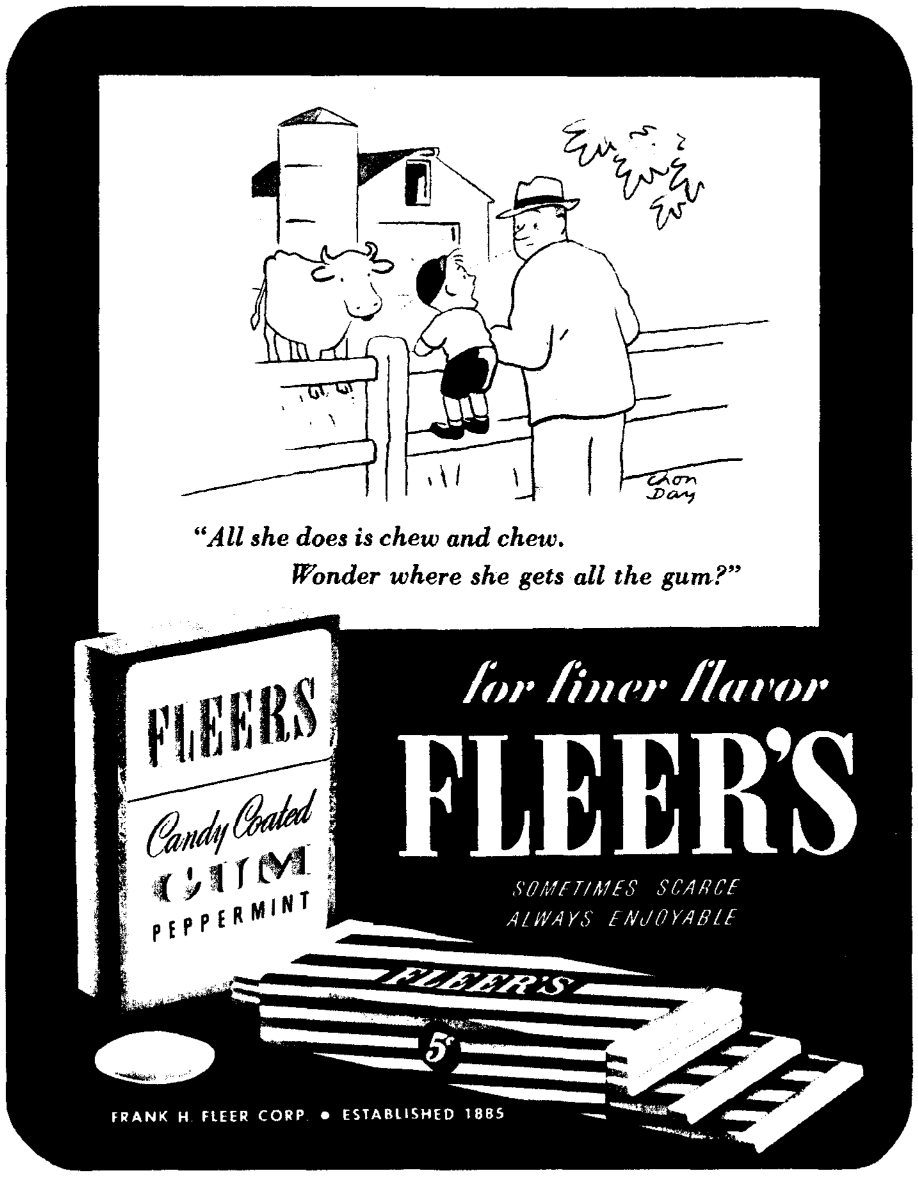
The reason we *now* have these rare botanicals, like cassia from China and coriander from Czechoslovakia, is this: Prior to the war it was our policy to purchase these botanicals only in the best crop years—and far in excess of our annual requirements. This enabled us always to have on hand a treasured reserve.

When we suspended gin distilling in favor of war production in February 1942, this priceless reserve was carefully preserved and sealed away.

Today, it's these pre-war imported botanicals that give Hiram Walker's Gin its real, pre-war quality. The quality which, between Repeal and Pearl Harbor, led Americans to buy more Walker-made gin than any other kind.

90 proof. Distilled from 100% American grain. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

HIRAM
WALKER'S *Distilled London Dry* GIN



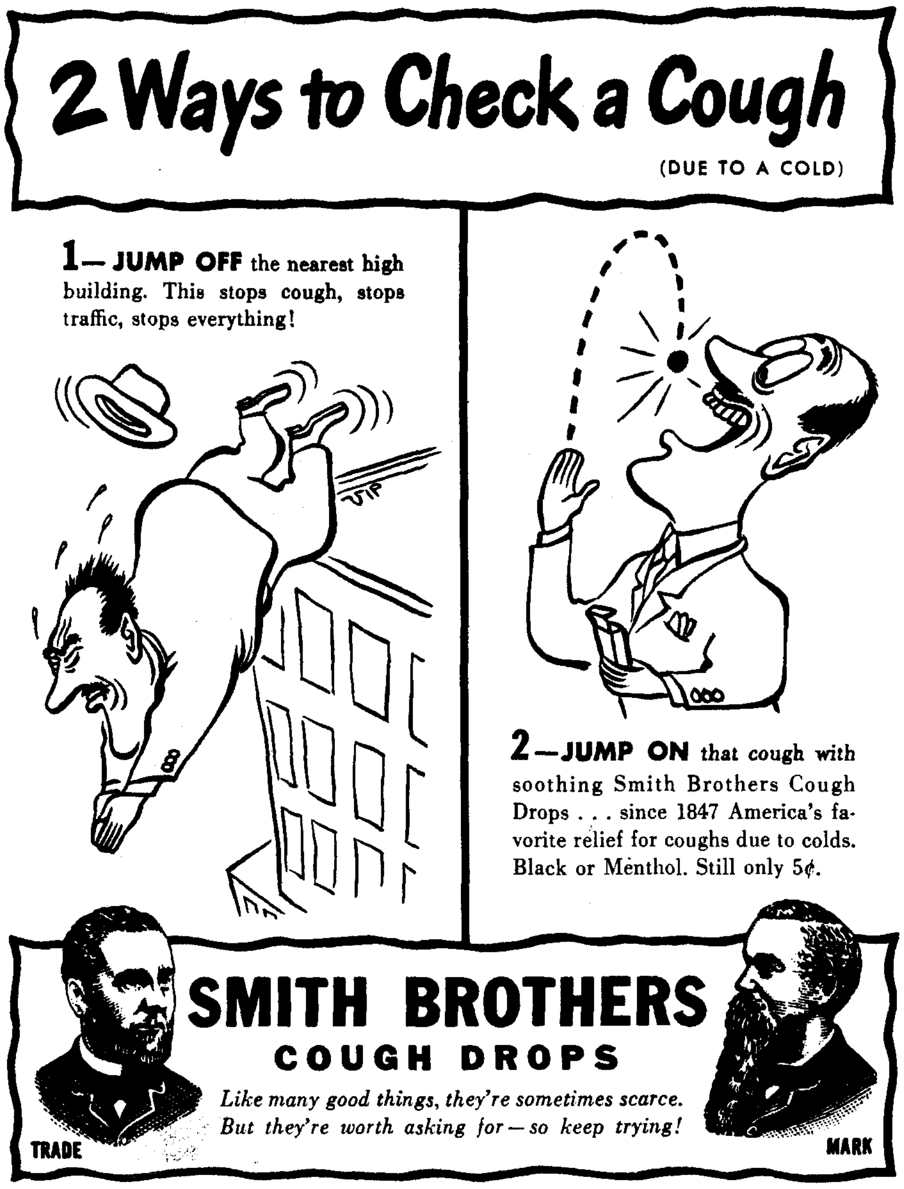
"All she does is chew and chew. Wonder where she gets all the gum?"

for finer flavor

FLEER'S

SOMETIMES SCARCE
ALWAYS ENJOYABLE

FRANK H. FLEER CORP. • ESTABLISHED 1885



2 Ways to Check a Cough

(DUE TO A COLD)

1—JUMP OFF the nearest high building. This stops cough, stops traffic, stops everything!

2—JUMP ON that cough with soothing Smith Brothers Cough Drops . . . since 1847 America's favorite relief for coughs due to colds. Black or Menthol. Still only 5¢.

SMITH BROTHERS
COUGH DROPS

Like many good things, they're sometimes scarce.
But they're worth asking for—so keep trying!

ting off communications by rail, sea, air (postal, telegraphic, etc.), and economic pressures. *If the offending nation still persists in* defiance, the Council can "take such action by air, land or naval forces as may be necessary to maintain or restore international peace and security."

4. Even after a "resort to war," the Covenant failed to provide for swift and effective action. Despite Woodrow Wilson's insistence, Great Britain, France and Italy refused to give the Covenant any real power. All that the old Council could do was to *recommend* what "military, naval or air force the members of the League shall severally contribute to the armed forces to be used to protect the covenants of the League." As if this were not weakness enough, it was then the right of each member to decide individually whether the call should be obeyed or ignored.

The Charter accords no such privilege of choice to the United Nations. First of all, it is a condition of membership that each state acknowledge the right of the Security Council to act on behalf of the whole. Furthermore, when the Council shall have come to a decision by majority vote, every member is pledged to accept and carry out that decision without any ifs, ands or buts.

Still more important, the Council does not have to wait for an outbreak of hostilities before finding out what force it can count on for the maintenance of peace. As explicitly as language permits, the Charter provides for the creation of a collective force that will be put at the disposal of the Council. A *police department*, all ready and at hand for any emergency that may arise.

"In order to enable the United Nations to take urgent military measures," reads Article XLV, "members shall hold immediately available national air-force contingents for combined international enforcement action." And Article XLIII lays down the law that all members shall make available to the Council, in accordance with special agreements, "armed forces, assistance and facilities, including rights of passage, necessary for the purpose of maintaining international peace and security." If, therefore, the peace of the world should be breached, and the Council authorizes action, it will not have to go on a begging tour, for it will have military strength at its call.

With respect to military matters, the League relied on a Permanent Advisory Commission. The Security Council of the United Nations will have at its side the Chiefs of Staff of the United States, Great Britain, Russia, China and France. This standing committee of experts will decide on the "numbers and types of forces, their degree of readiness and general location," and be responsible for their employment and strategic direction.

New Approach to Wilson Ideal

Disarmament, not the least of Woodrow Wilson's hopes, was left to the academic studies of the League's Advisory Commission. If and when conclusions were reached, they were submitted to the Council, and the Council could, if it so wished, make "recommendations" to the member states. Under the new Charter, the Military Staff Committee is given the job of proposing plans for the *regulation* of armament as a first step toward possible *disarmament*.

5. The Covenant required that the Council should meet from time to time, as occasion demanded, although stipulating that there must be at least one annual meeting. As a rule, from four to six meetings were held each year. Nevertheless the League was somewhat in the nature of a voluntary fire company, the members waiting for an alarm before going on duty.

The Charter commands *continuous functioning* by the Security Council. "Each member shall be represented at all times at the seat of the Organization." With the Big Five and six smaller "Council" states in constant contact, the dangers of postwar disunity are bound to be minimized.

6. The Covenant gave no recognition to regional arrangements. The Charter not only admits the value of such pacts, but provides for their integration into the universal security organization. At Paris, due to the pressure of American opinion, Woodrow Wilson was forced to insist that the Monroe *Doctrine should be entirely excluded from* the purview of the League. In San Francisco, the United States delegation led the fight for recognition of the Act of Chapultepec, successor to the Monroe Doctrine.

It is a change of attitude that does not open the way for the establishment of "spheres of influence." All regional arrangements must be "consistent with the purposes and principles" of the Charter, and the Council retains genuine authority to deal with the problems of peace and war. At most it is a wise admission that many regional matters are best handled regionally. Many local disputes can and should be settled locally without ever bothering the Security Council. For the last fifty years, at least, the inter-American system has proved its usefulness in preserving the peace of the Western Hemisphere, and in advancing its welfare.

There is still another advantage. With the all-powerful Security Council dominated by the Big Five, lesser states may get the feeling that they are on the side lines. A flexible policy of regional arrangements, such as the Act of Chapultepec and the League of Arab States, will permit the more active participation of the middle-size and small powers in the machinery of collective security.

Discipline and the Charter

7. There are certain sharp differences between the Covenant and the Charter with respect to the rules that govern membership, withdrawal and nonmember states. The Covenant permitted a state to quit the League by giving two years' notice, and at one time or another, twelve nations took advantage of the right. The Charter neither forbids nor authorizes withdrawal, but retains a definite measure of control. Nonmembers, equally with members, are under obligation to respect the principles of the Charter, and can be proceeded against if and when they threaten international peace and security.

8. The Permanent Court of International Justice, while a creation of the old Covenant, was separate from the League. Under the Charter, the International Court of Justice is an integral part of the United Nations, and its "principal judicial organ." Aside from this one change, the new body is a faithful copy of the old. A state is not compelled to submit a dispute to the Court, but having done so, is under obligation to comply with the decision. In event of refusal, the other party can appeal to the Security Council for enforcement. As before, it is the right of any organ of the United Nations to ask the Court for an advisory opinion on any legal question.

9. Woodrow Wilson, in every Paris discussion, stressed economic and social foundations as the necessary bedrock for an enduring peace. The causes of war, as he saw it, were often to be found in the unrests and revolts bred by misery, maladjustments and the denial of human rights. As a result of his insistence, the Covenant recognized *social justice* as a condition of universal peace and devised machinery for its attainment.

The International Labor Organization, in particular, raised labor standards the world over, and so proved its value that every nation, even the United States, made use of its counsel and technical assistance. The Permanent Opium Board and other agencies brought the infamous traffic in dangerous drugs under international control. The Advisory Committee on Social Questions concerned itself with the welfare of women and children, and the Health Organization fought disease in every corner of the globe.

The Charter takes up the program of the Covenant, but carries on with a more effective machinery. An Economic and Social Council, composed of eighteen members, is given full power to work for "conditions of stability and well-being which are necessary for peaceful and friendly relations among nations." Its objectives, set down specifically, are these: higher standards of living and full employment; solutions of international economic, social, health and related questions; international cultural and educational cooperation; and universal respect for the human rights and fundamental freedoms for all peoples without distinction as to sex, race, language or religion.

The Council of eighteen will elect its own officers, make its own rules and has these further powers: to make or initiate studies, to set up commissions, to order investigations, to draft conventions, to call international conferences and to consult with nongovernmental organizations working in the fields of agriculture, business, labor, education, trade, etc. Nor is that all. The Charter provides that various specialized agencies, established by intergovernmental agreement, "shall be brought into relationship with the United Nations" by agreements with the Economic and Social Council.

Among such agencies are the International Monetary Fund, created to aid in the stabilization of currencies; the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development; a Food and Agricultural Organization; and an International Civil Aviation commission. In the first days at San Francisco, the Economic and Social Council was looked on more as a gesture than anything else, but in the end it came to be regarded as the Charter's most powerful instrument for removing the causes of war.

10. The Covenant was not without concern for the colonies and territories handed over to administering powers under mandate from the League. Their well-being and development was declared a "sacred trust," and elaborate rules laid down for the protection of their peoples. Unfortunately, the Permanent Mandates Commission was without adequate machinery for study, investigation or report, and lacked the power to enforce its orders. As a result, many mandates were handled autocratically, and oftentimes in a manner that menaced world peace. Japan, for example, ignored the Commission at all times, turning the Marianas, the Carolines and the Marshalls into secret fortresses.

"Don't Forget to Buy a Victory Bond!"

The International Trusteeship System, created by the Charter, is a courageous attempt to remedy these defects. While peace and security are recognized as primary considerations, these broad guiding principles are laid down for the administration of all trust territories: the promotion of the political, economic, social and educational advancement of the inhabitants, and their progressive development toward self-government or independence; full regard for human rights and fundamental freedoms; equal treatment in social, economic and commercial matters for all members of the United Nations and their nationals.

To carry out these principles, the Charter sets up a Trusteeship Council under the authority of the General Assembly, and endows it with these authorities: to make periodic visits to the respective trust territories; to require reports from the administering state and to accept petitions from the peoples, setting forth grievances and asking redress. Unlike the Permanent Mandates Commission, the Trusteeship Council is a principal organ of the United Nations, and may be expected to function with far larger effectiveness.

Granted that these ten major changes give the Charter more strength and promise than the Covenant, there are also instances in which it is much less forceful and forthright. The Mandates Commission of the League, as an illustration, may not have followed through, but at least every mandatory power was under obligation to recognize its authority. The Trusteeship System does not contain a single compulsory feature.

For example, it can be assumed that the United States will retain possession, and become responsible for the Carolines, the Marianas, the Marshalls, the Bonins, the Volcanos and other Pacific island groups. That is the Navy program, at any rate. As the administering authority, it will be our unquestioned right to frame our own policy with respect to these territories, establishing such land, naval and air bases as the high command may find necessary for a sound defense and defining areas as "strategic" or "nonstrategic."

This done, and if it is our will, we can then offer to operate under the trusteeship principle. The Council, however, has no power to alter a single term. All that it can do is to take the offer or leave it. In event it rejects our offer, we are free to go about our business, ruling as we see fit. The Trusteeship Council, therefore, with all of its noble objectives, has only as much authority as the administering power chooses to give it. But the trusteeship principle, as opposed to the autocratic mandate idea, is agreed by all to be a step in the right direction, and refinements can be expected in its application as time goes on.

Going further, any self-governing state, dominion or colony could get into the League by a two-thirds vote of the Assembly. Under the Charter a new member must be "recommended" by the Council, and each of the five permanent members has the veto right. The Covenant could be amended by a majority vote of the Assembly, and was amended in vital particulars from time to time. Any amendment to the Charter requires a two-thirds vote of the General Assembly, and the unanimous vote of the Big Five. Only at the end of ten years is there provision for a conference to consider alterations.

A Subject That's Avoided

The Charter is as silent as the grave when it comes to guarantees of protection for minorities. The League gave close attention to such guarantees, driving through special treaties that safeguarded the rights of racial, linguistic and religious minorities. These groups could file complaints with the old Council, and if dissatisfied with the treatment accorded them, the case could be carried to the Permanent Court of International Justice.

The Covenant provided that "the Assembly may from time to time advise the reconsideration . . . of treaties which have become inapplicable." While this was designed primarily to cure the faults of the Treaty of Versailles, it also covered all other treaties that came out of the peace table. A similar provision was urged at San Francisco, but the Conference voted it down and adopted this more practical phrasing: "The General Assembly may recommend measures for the peaceful adjustment of any situation, *regardless of origin*, which it deems likely to impair the general welfare or friendly relations among nations."

On the whole, the new Charter is a sounder and far more workable instrument than the old; for while heeding the lessons of the past, it takes into consideration the political realities of today and tomorrow.

Peace, as the San Francisco conferees saw it, was a collective creation, with success dependent on the development of friendly relations and mutual confidence. The first and immediate task was to bring the nations together under one tent, no matter how many compromises and concessions had to be made.

There you have the real difference between the Covenant and the Charter. The one sought to lay down *final* and *definite* solutions. The other attempts no more than an *approach* to these solutions. The Covenant, written on Sinai, issued commandments. The Charter simply points a broad path from the jungle to the heights.

THE END

TIMELY WARNING!

Cold strikes without warning . . . but here's a timely tip. Forestall sudden freeze-ups with THERMO. Now! That's the way to keep your car out of the shop. That's the way to get sure, economical, long-lasting winter protection for your car. THERMO safeguards against freezing at lowest temperatures. Take no chances. Demand THERMO.

PUBLICKER INDUSTRIES, INC., PHILADELPHIA

I never knew... Tommy sings like an angel

This Sunday I could hear Tommy singing in the choir— as if for the first time. I could hear the high sweet tones of my son's voice— clear as a bell. It's so wonderful to be able to hear so distinctly again. Thank goodness for my new Western Electric Hearing Aid. I never realized what a difference it could make to my hearing. Why, it's like a gray snapshot changing to rich color.

NOW "*Full Color*" HEARING BRINGS YOU THE SPARKLE AND RICHNESS OF THE WORLD OF SOUND

● It's a new concept . . . that the range of a hearing aid should extend beyond the mere understanding of speech.

And it is achieved in the new Western Electric Model 63. For it was engineered by Bell Telephone Laboratories to amplify more of the tones and overtones that give brilliance and color to sound.

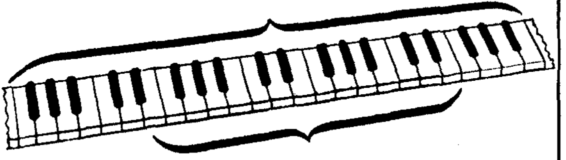
With Model 63, your church choir will come to life for you. You recognize voices better . . . enjoy radio,* movies, symphony music. And all hearing becomes easier . . . more rewarding.

Model 63 advances hearing aid *design*, too. The new curved amplifier unit is smaller, lighter, less conspicuous, and more comfortable to wear. Controls are more accessible, for added convenience.

Consult your doctor about any hearing difficulty. If you need a hearing aid, you owe it to yourself to try "Full Color" hearing with the new Model 63. See your Western Electric Hearing Aid dealer—you will find him listed in your Classified Telephone Directory under "Hearing Aids." Or use the coupon for more details.

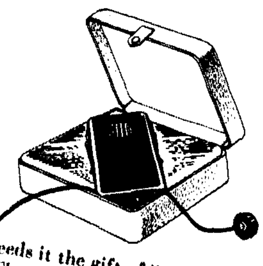
WHAT "FULL COLOR" HEARING MEANS

MODEL 63 GIVES UNDISTORTED AMPLIFICATION OF THIS WIDE BAND



MANY HEARING AIDS CONCENTRATE AMPLIFICATION WITHIN THIS NARROW BAND

Let yours be the gift of better hearing



Give some loved one who needs it the gift of "Full Color" hearing this Christmas. The Western Electric Model 63 Hearing Aid makes a sensible gift . . . it will be appreciated every day for years to come.

NEW PRICE $89⁵⁰ . . . Additional charge for Molded Earpiece or Bone Conduction Receiver

Western Electric Co., Department 380-B6,
195 Broadway, New York 7, N. Y.
Please send me your booklet, "Guide To 'Full Color' Hearing."
Name____________________
Address__________________
City__________________ State________

Western Electric Model 63 *Hearing Aid*

CLIMAXING 63 YEARS OF RESEARCH AND WORK IN SOUND

Come a Little Closer

Continued from page 15

me," he began, "of the legend of the Lorelei—"

Mark broke in angrily, his face flushed. "Major, this plague epidemic is no legend. It's a fact. Do you propose to co-operate with us, or not?"

Major De Lille laid his tanned, tired hand on Mark's arm. *"Mon vieux,"* he said, "you excite yourself under an African sun. That can also be—ah—hell on wheels." His black peaked eyebrows came down. "I look forward," he said in French to Eve Moore, "to seeing you at the party tonight." Then he stepped into his car and made a little gesture to the Senegalese driver to move on.

Mark stood there in the beating sunlight for a moment, watching the sedan roll off, then he turned slowly and walked to where Eve was already sliding behind the wheel of the Foreign Economic Administration car.

"Lafayette," he said, slumping in his seat, "we are here!"

"Well, Lieutenant," Eve said, shifting gears, "you certainly handled the major with plenty of *savoir-faire.* Such finesse, like an ax."

"I'm down," he said to the windshield, "and she kicks me."

"Come a little closer," she said, "so I can do it again harder. . . . Grabbing the major in the middle of a hot street to force the issue—"

"Look, chum," Mark said, sitting up, "I'm in no mood for chitchat."

She shook her head with irritation. "You come flying down here from Casablanca you plow into Fred Hawley's sickroom, you demand—nothing silly like just asking you demand that he send an urgent dispatch to the Foreign Economic Administration in Washington to give air priority to a ton shipment of chloropicrin—"

"Now just a minute—"

"—and I have to stay up half the night coding your hurry-up dispatch. And now you have the crust—"

"Listen. Colonel Allen didn't send me down to this hole for a rest cure. There's plague in this port and it's going to get one hell of a lot worse before it's over! And you ought to know what'll happen to our airport and harbor facilities if that happens."

"Major De Lille told Fred Hawley they've always had typhus and malaria and bubonic plague along the coast here. Death is nothing new in Africa."

"Don't be so damn' casual about death, Miss Moore!"

There was such a curiously strained quality in his voice, anger and sorrow and the faintest echo of personal acquaintance with agony, that she swung to look directly at him. His jaw muscles were bunched tensely; he was staring straight ahead, but his eyes were focused inward. Every man has secret corners in him like that, she thought, trigger points that explode on the slightest touch. But why should this young man be so keenly aware of the dark edge of death?

"I'm not casual," she said quietly. "I was stating what happens to be true." The easy tone in her voice must have reached him, for his eyes focused outward again before he turned to her.

"This plague looks like an epidemic. Did you ever see a man die of plague?"

"No. But Major De Lille—"

"He's wrong! Plague didn't get labeled the Black Death for nothing."

"I've never seen anybody so stubborn. Irresistible force meets immovable object. And you're some object, chum."

Mark let his breath out. "I don't know why they allow you State Department women or F.E.A.—or whatever you are—to run around Africa."

"Somebody," she said, as she turned into the driveway of the American consulate villa, "has to check up on the Army."

THE heavy, humid air shimmered behind the drawn blinds in Fred Hawley's room. The atmosphere shifted in layers, like liquid. Mark looked down into the baking street, watching a ragged Wahabi boy paste up a sheet which advertised *"La plus éblouissante production de l'année, ORGUEIL et PREJUGES avec Greer Garson."* One of the first things we should do, he thought, is close all the movie houses. Too much danger of infection in them. . . .

Fred shifted his head on the pillow to look at Mark's rigid back. "I ought to be grateful I don't have bubonic plague instead of malaria, eh, Lieutenant?"

Without turning, Mark said evenly, "Pull the other leg, Hawley. This one's tired."

"See what I mean?" Eve said to Fred. "A sense of humor like a baseball bat."

Mark turned around. His young-old face lost some of its controlled tenseness and became set. "Look," he said, "I'm tired of your chatter."

"Take it easy, you two," Fred said.

"Yeah, that's what everybody's been telling me all day," Mark snapped at him. "Maybe that's why we're going to have an epidemic within ten days, because everybody takes it easy!" He turned and walked out of the room.

"Bang the door after you," Eve called. "It'll make you feel better."

Fred looked at her. "Enough is enough, Eve."

"I can't help it, Fred. They sent a boy to do a man's job."

"Maybe, but a smart boy."

"Brains alone won't get the French health officials to swing into action. It'll take diplomacy, the smart, honest kind."

"Dammit all!" Fred said. "I picked just the right time to get sick. Eve, you've got to handle this thing for me."

"I am."

"Sure, like a hot potato. Like a one-legged outfielder."

She laughed out loud. "Okay, I swear I'll be good, Fred. I'll help him all I can."

"Lord, I wish you were homely as sin," Fred said, "then you wouldn't lie so casually. . . . There's a letter in my brief case from USAFIME in Cairo. Delayed, came today by courier."

"You want me to read it?"

"No," he said, "I'm just talking to build up my health."

She opened the letter and read:

Dear Fred: I'm taking advantage of your friendship and, in a way, writing outside of channels. By this time a Lieutenant Mark London should be in your neck of the woods. From all reports, most of your coast line faces the possibility of plague outbreaks. I don't have to tell you what that means. So give Lieutenant London some triple A-1 priority help, will you, Fred?

It occurs to me that a word about him is in order here. This is his first lone assignment as an epidemiologist. He has a degree in bacteriology, but all through the German border battles he fought as a sergeant in the infantry. Some stuff had his name on it during the Ardennes fighting. He got it in both legs. Here's my point, Fred: A German patrol found him in the snow and booby-trapped him. When our aid men found him forty-eight hours later he still had enough control over himself to warn them not to touch him until some engineer unit could be called to clean up the booby traps. That took five more hours, during which time he remained conscious and kept warning other men away.

Soon after, he got a commission and a transfer to the Sanitary Corps. But his experiences have left him with a certain tenseness. Like most officers who have gotten their bars the hard way, he takes his responsibilities very seriously. So you see, Fred, at the official level his job is very important. At his own level, ditto.

I've arranged to fly a load of DDT over there to Lieutenant London. I have to be in Khartoum next week, but may have a chance to fly over to see you myself later on. Leave the front door open. If and when, or until then,

ALLEN

Eve looked up. "Nice letter."

"Allen's a nice guy," Fred said. "Lieutenant colonel in the Medical Corps. Preventive medicine."

Eve folded and unfolded the letter. After a moment she said:

"I guess I've been hitting London while he was down."

"Well, you see how it is," Fred said. "And without you he'll fall on his face."

"But, Fred, he's charged with electricity! What do you want me to do—stroke his hair? Hold his hand?"

Fred looked at her. "Maybe. Name your own weapons."

EVE rapped on the tilted slats of Mark London's door. "It's Eve Moore," she said, "unarmed. Can I come in?"

"Sure."

He was standing stiffly in the middle of the room when she came in. "Just between us," he said, "what do you want?"

Eve sat down. "To talk to you," she said straightforwardly. "Right now we hardly use the same language. We co-operate—like fire and water."

"What bothers me," he said, "is you. What makes you the way you are?"

"That interests you?"

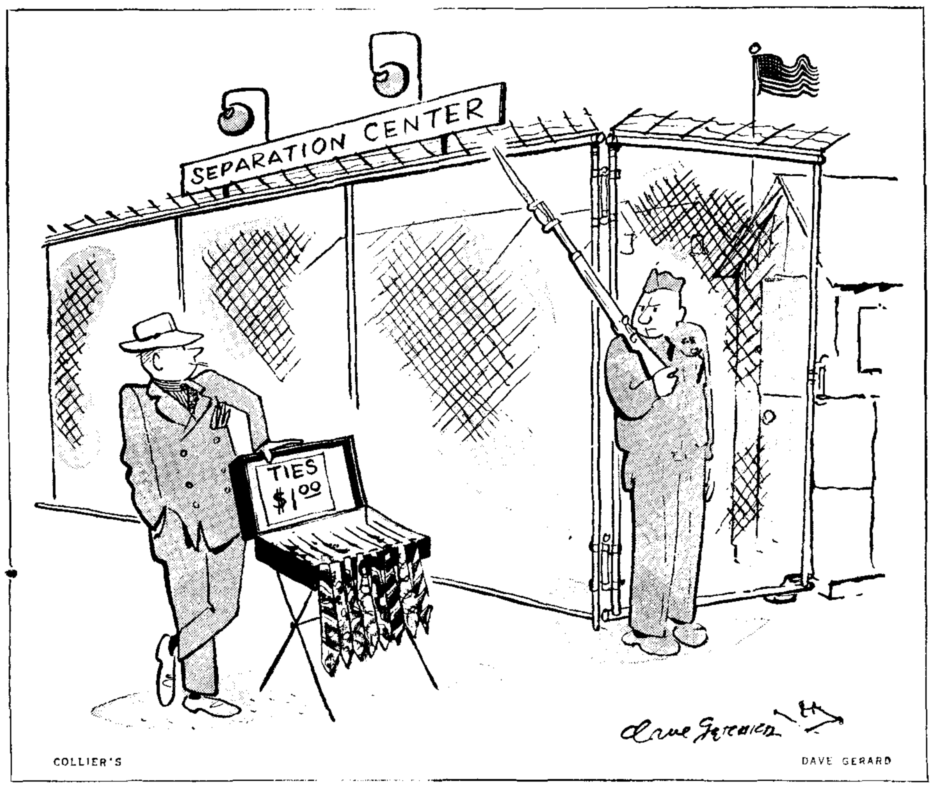
"Damn' right it does. I've got to work with you."

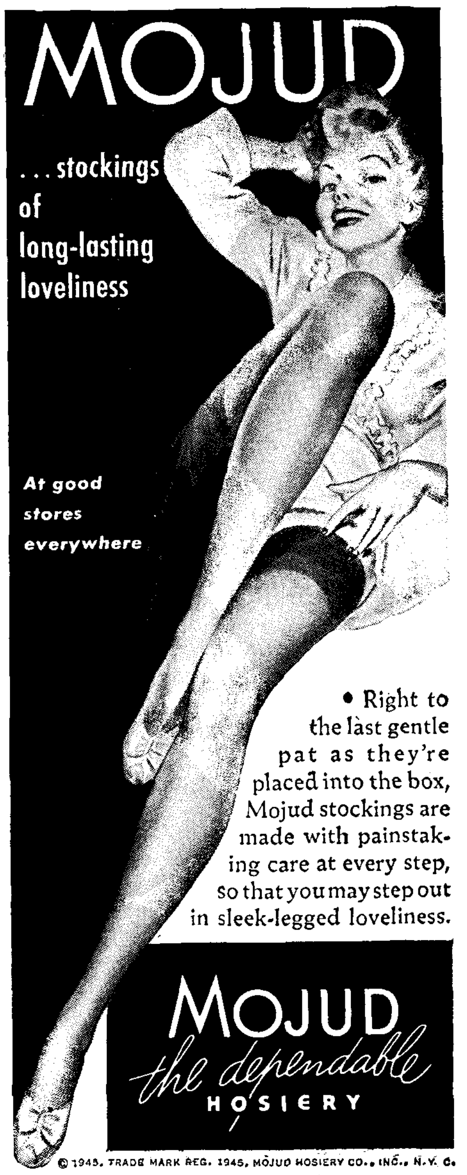
Her eyes met Mark's and suddenly she smiled. "It's age," she said. "Second childhood. I'm getting old."

"How old?"

"Twenty-nine."

He grinned broadly. He ought to smile more often, Eve thought. It's like a light going on in a dark room.




MOJUD
. . . stockings of long-lasting loveliness

At good stores everywhere

• Right to the last gentle pat as they're placed into the box, Mojud stockings are made with painstaking care at every step, so that you may step out in sleek-legged loveliness.

MOJUD
the dependable
HOSIERY

© 1945. TRADE MARK REG. 1945. MOJUD HOSIERY CO., INC., N.Y. C.

YES NO
Poor Digestion? ☐ ☐
Headachy? ☐ ☐
Sour or Upset? ☐ ☐
Tired-Listless? ☐ ☐

Do you feel headachy and upset due to poorly digested food? To feel cheerful and happy again your food must be digested properly.

Each day, Nature must produce about two pints of a vital digestive juice to help digest your food. If Nature fails, your food may remain undigested—leaving you headachy and irritable.

Therefore, you must increase the flow of this digestive juice. Carter's Little Liver Pills increase this flow quickly—often in as little as 30 minutes. And, you're on the road to feeling better.

Don't depend on artificial aids to counteract indigestion—when Carter's Little Liver Pills aid digestion after Nature's own order. Take Carter's Little Liver Pills as directed. Get them at any drugstore. Only 25¢.

GET THIS ENDERS KIT AND
GET EASIER SHAVES

Here's streamlined **shaving**...smooth, fast, simpler than you ever dreamed shaving could be. Cushioned blade action, new type one-piece razor head, scientific balance—these assure you effortless, feather-touch shaves. Blade clicks into razor instantly like magic. Nothing to take apart. Quick, easy shaves from start to finish! Kit includes razor, 10 blades, soap, comb and STROP for "new-blade" smoothness every shave. Switch to easier shaving.

Mail $2.50 direct, if not available at dealers. Money back guarantee. Strop alone $1.00.
DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., Dept. C, MYSTIC, CONN.

WAITERS have it

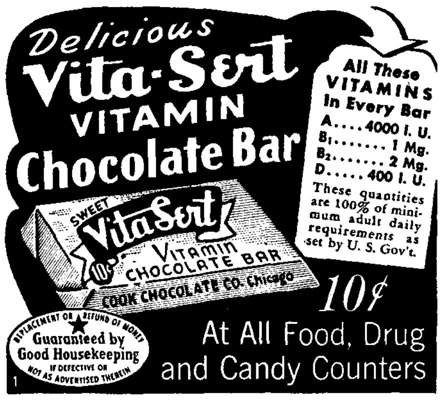
POETS have it too!

Medical reports indicate that *over one-third of the population has simple piles (hemorrhoids).* Too many people are ashamed to admit it . . . too many people suffer needless pain.

You can do something to relieve the itching, irritation, soreness and distress. The makers of Unguentine offer a nationally recognized product—*Unguentine Rectal Cones*—to help relieve pain, fight infection, promote healing. Use as directed. Your money back if not satisfied.

Unguentine Rectal Cones
Easy to use . . . sanitary . . . inexpensive
Twelve in a package, all drug stores, 75¢

A Norwich Product (Norwich)


SWEET
VitaSert
10¢
VITAMIN CHOCOLATE BAR
COOK CHOCOLATE CO. Chicago
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN
1

Delicious Vita-Sert VITAMIN Chocolate Bar

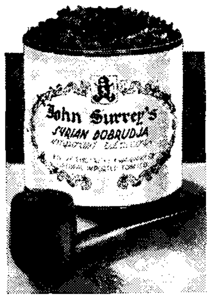
All These VITAMINS In Every Bar
A . . . . 4000 I. U.
B₁ . . . . 1 Mg.
B₂ . . . . 2 Mg.
D . . . . . 400 I. U.

These quantities are 100% of minimum adult daily requirements as set by U. S. Gov't.

10¢

At All Food, Drug and Candy Counters

A PIPE TOBACCO FOR THE "ONE MAN IN A THOUSAND"



SYRIAN DOBRUDJA is not for every man. It is a blend for the *connoisseur* . . . the "one man in a thousand" whose taste is cultivated to an appreciation of pipe tobacco at its finest.

Product of John Surrey, Ltd., Syrian Dobrudja is blended after a prized old English formula. Delicately nurtured tobaccos from the little town of Latakia in Syria and the richly fertile hills of Dobrudja, are combined with others to give Syrian Dobrudja its silky smoothness and robust "outdoor" fragrance.

Pocket-size pack, 30c. You'll want to try it!

MAIL COUPON FOR 4-OUNCE CANISTER

JOHN SURREY, LTD., Dept. C-11
509 Fifth Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

I was unable to get Syrian Dobrudja from my dealer.
I enclose $1.00 for ¼ lb. canister, incl. mailing costs.

Name..
Address..
City..............................*State*..............
Dealer's Name and Address..............................
....

"Well," he said, "your gray hair is very becoming."

"You're too kind," Eve said, and gave him a look that was all eyelashes. "Now what about you?"

Mark looked at her a moment, then he came across the room and sat on the rattan couch beside her. "I'm not sure," he said. "Sometimes, at night sometimes, I feel a hundred years old. But when I shave the next morning I see thirty-two. You know," he went on, in a rush, "I hardly know how to talk to a girl like you."

"Just say what you think," Eve said. "It works like a charm."

Mark shook his head a little. "That's what I mean, that remark. I don't know whether you're serious or not. I've been away from home so long, and so many things have happened, I've lost touch with—well, with your kind of conversational ping-pong."

"But it's so simple," Eve said, "you ping and I pong. Very simple game."

"So far," he said, "my score is exactly zero."

"*It isn't called zero in that game.* It's called love."

Mark held her eyes with his a moment. This girl, he thought, she's all movement and quickness with an impish ironic sense of humor. Behind the constant fencing, behind the habit of the snappy comeback, there was a direct take-it-or-leave-it quality and a kind of masculine uncompromising honesty he liked. Part of her manner, it suddenly struck him, must be a defense, a protective wall to her personality you could not scale until she, of her own free will, decided to let you. It was a kind of demand for privacy, for personal integrity, that he could understand and respect.

"Finished?" she asked.

"With what?"

"My eyes."

"I hadn't noticed them."

She made a wry mouth.

"As a matter of fact, I was thinking about you," he added.

"That's better. What about me?"

"Well"—he hesitated clumsily—"I was wondering if you'd been given a plague inoculation."

She threw her head back like a boy and began to laugh. "You!" she gasped. "You flatterer! I was wondering about your plague inoculation," she mimicked, and began laughing all over again. "If you aren't the serious young man!"

Mark stood up. "Can I get your hat for you?" The relaxed look was gone from his face suddenly and in its place was the old wary tenseness.

She stopped laughing. "Where are we going?"

"No place special," he said coldly. "Just someplace where you can have a few more laughs."

She glanced at the hard, set look in his face and stood up: "Damn the torpedoes, full speed ahead." His face became stony. "Okay," she added, "don't say it. Just blame it on my youth."

He started out of the room, so she said to his back, "Really, I'm twenty-three."

He stopped in the doorway. "Really," he said, "you're impossible."

"Well, I don't know," she said. "Depends on how hard you try."

THE tramp steamer hung over the wharf side like a rusty steel mountain while the ragged Arab stevedores alongside the hull formed a human chain, chanting, clapping rhythmically: "AieYAH! AieeYAH!" they sang the cadence as the cargo nets came creaking down from the holds above and they unloaded crate after crate with long stenciled code numbers. The low African sun blazing over the curved harbor cut everything into a hot geometry of steaming squares and deep-shadowed angles. Along the deck of the ship the seamen stopped to watch Eve walk down the wharf beside Mark and wondered aloud what miracle had conjured this lithe cool-looking blond girl out of a Mediterranean waterfront.

Eve looked up at Mark. "You know," she said, "the first week I was here all this was very picturesque. But now—"

Without looking down at her, Mark said quietly, "You know what I'd do if I were you?"

"You'd shut up."

"That's right," he said slowly. "And maybe I'd keep my eyes open. Now," he added, pointing at the long open warehouse behind them, "there's Lord knows how much wheat and flour stored in there. And all that grain in the warehouse feeds hundred of rats, too, and every one of those rats has fleas, and some of those fleas are carrying plague germs.

"Now look over there at the mooring lines that tie the ship to the dock. Slipshod metal guards which won't stop any determined rats from climbing aboard. And those cargo nets hanging overboard make matters worse. The health officials haven't made the skipper light up his catwalk at night and assign a rat sentry."

"I never knew it was so complicated," Eve said.

"That's only the beginning. When a rat dies of plague his fleas go looking for new game, and what could be better"—he waved a hand at the crowd of ragged stevedores—"than all these guys? Okay. Then these workers go home at night to the Medina. And you know Medina is jammed with transients this time of year, pilgrims on their way from Syria and Lebanon to Mecca; if they pick up plague here they can spread it from Haifa and Suez to Jedda and to Saudi Arabia."

"Those pilgrims would like nothing better than to die on the sacred journey to Mecca," Eve said.

"Sure! And that makes the plague control problem tougher for the Syrian and Lebanese governments. As for us—our ships and planes stop here on their way back to the States; that makes it tougher on our Army and Navy people in this area. And to top it all, sometimes plague changes and begins to spread directly from person to person by sneezing and coughing, just like the common cold—and pneumonic plague is wildfire."

EVE looked into the dark cavern of the warehouse and then at the cargo ship; her mind went peering beneath the hot surface into the shadows beneath the wharf where an epidemic lay coiled, waiting. . . . She repressed a quick little shiver and said, "Well, it all certainly adds up."

"Adds up to nothing!" Mark said forcefully. "Your good friend Major De Lille doesn't think that just because a few natives have died, the Service d'Hygiène needs worry about this." He shook his head irritably. "These colonial Frenchmen, if only you could reason with them . . ."

Eve asked coolly, "Have you tried?"

"Now don't try to tell me—" he began angrily.

"I'm not trying to tell you anything. All I said was 'Have you tried?' You've snarled at the French, you've growled out loud about their official red tape, you've buttonholed Major De Lille on the street, but you haven't tried reasoning with them in a way they can understand, or in a way you'd want them to reason with you."

"And which way is that?"

"I told you the day you arrived. Be cool, logical, human. Meet them socially. You ought to come to the party tonight. Have a friendly drink or two."

"Oh, yes," Mark said, "I remember that State Department theme song now: Rum and Protocola."

She made a little gesture of helplessness. The Arab stevedores behind her had stopped their work and formed a noisy circle, but she did not notice them. It's like some grim fairy tale, she was thinking; he and I are doomed to keep going in circles, with things getting better and better between us until suddenly we're right back where we started.

The Arabs were shouting now and waving their arms; several seamen came scrambling down the deck of the ship; men inside the warehouse ran out to join the crowd. Mark looked around. "What's happening?"

Eve stepped over to one of the Arabs in the group and questioned him in sharp rapid French.

When she came back to Mark her face was pale. "They say the devil is celebrating," she reported. "There's a man lying dead there."

Men! DO YOU KNOW THESE FACTS ABOUT SUSPENSORIES?

● Many men are not even aware that a persistent, energy-draining strain on certain delicate and vital cords and muscles can cause them to tire too easily.

This strain affects office workers and laborers alike, particularly as they reach their 30's. It affects the entire system. The result is an ever-increasing fatigue; you feel "all in," fagged out.

Comfortable Support Needed

There is nothing better than a Bauer & Black O.P.C. Suspensory to help you to avoid this fatigue . . . and maintain bodily vigor. It has a soft knitted pouch, so comfortable and easy to wear that you scarcely know you have it on. Soft, *elastic leg straps and waist band hold it securely in* place regardless of your activity. Buckles for individual adjustment. Once adjusted, slips on or off as easily as your "shorts."

Men in all walks of life—bankers, laborers, business executives, skilled mechanics and unskilled laborers—say they feel younger, peppier, less fatigued, thanks to its scientific help.

Go to your druggist today. Ask for a Bauer & Black O.P.C. Suspensory. Regular model, $1.00—De Luxe model, $1.25.

SEND FOR FREE BOOK, valuable information about Suspensories, and why so many men in all kinds of occupations now wear them, is given in a frank, interesting booklet, "What Every Man Should Know About Suspensories." Send for it today. There is no obligation. You may benefit greatly. Simply write Dept. S-515.

BAUER & BLACK Suspensories
Division of The Kendall Company
2500 South Dearborn Street, Chicago 16, Illinois

EASY TO WRITE • EASY TO READ
PAPER SAVING

QUIK-letters
STATIONERY
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

SMART—NEW—COMPACT . . . 20 beautiful packages now on sale throughout U. S. at department stores, etc., up to $1.50. Millions used *around the world* past year.

PAPER PRODUCTS • Oconomowoc, Wis.
Mfrs. of QUIK-letters, QUIK-notes and Draper Hall Stationery

A·1 SAUCE

Ask for A·1 when dining out.
Keep A·1 on the table at home.

One sauce for all meats, fish, fowl, eggs, beans or salads. The international favorite for over 100 years.

G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc., Hartford 1, Conn.

The DASH that makes the DISH

He glanced at her quickly and said quietly, "If it's what I think it is, you'd better stay right here a minute while I go see."

The crowd parted to let him through. One of the workers lay sprawled on the dock planks, mouth open, eyes staring, knees drawn up to his chin in a final twisting of death agony. Under one upraised arm Mark could see the significant swollen bubo in the armpit. . . . He walked back to Eve quickly.

"Ask for the foreman of the gang," he said. His voice was swift, confident. "Tell him to bring a can of kerosene from the warehouse." Eve spoke to the group and one of the men set off at a run toward the warehouse. The crowd had become quiet; somehow Mark had become authority.

"Is it plague?" Eve asked.

"I think so. He has what looks like a bubo in the armpit. We'll have to take some smears and examine them microscopically. Now look," he added, "it isn't healthy here. I'm sorry I was dumb enough to bring you."

"Don't be silly."

"Anyway, drive back to the consulate, phone Major De Lille, tell him to send a truck for this body."

"What's going to happen?"

"Plenty. We'll have to spray this guy with kerosene to kill his fleas, do an autopsy on him to see if he really had plague, isolate his family, and if my planeload of DDT arrives, we'll disinfect this whole crowd. And we'll have to fumigate this ship."

She put a hand on his arm. "We?" she asked. "Who's we?"

"We is me," he said, and something in his tone reminded her of the colonel's letter about the booby trap in the Ardennes fighting. She felt a sudden impulse to salute him with some gesture; instead, she said, "Okay. See you later. Just—"

"Just what?" he said impatiently.

Be careful, she had been about to say, but instead she managed a smile and said, "Just keep your nose clean, General."

THE high cold moon went roving through the cloud drifts like a hungry cat night prowling. The blossoms on the flamboyant trees along the road caught the headlights of the car and threw them back with quick red winks. Eve drove quietly, her profile sculptured by the dim glow of the dashboard light. Mark let his head rest heavily against the top of the seat cushion, listening to the soft whir of the tires.

Things might really begin to move now, he thought. The next few hours might decide whether he could report success or failure to Colonel Allen.

His first hope had come soon after he had returned to his room at the consulate, after having had the ship fumigation started and the autopsy of the dead Arab checked at the Service d'Hygiène laboratory. He had been tired when he walked down the hall to his room, tired down to the bones with that nervous fatigue of a man whose mind keeps racing ahead of him, analyzing, planning. He had been surprised to notice the light on in his room, and a little startled when he swung the door open to find Fred Hawley and Eve waiting for him.

"Praise Allah," Eve had said, "he's back at last."

"How'd it go?" asked Fred.

"How does a battle go," Mark asked, "until you know who's won?"

Fred looked at Eve, then back at Mark. "Did you examine the Arab? Was it plague?"

Mark pulled the mosquito netting away from the edge of his bed so he could sit down. "Anybody mind if I take my shoes off? I used to be in the foot Army and I hate shoes."

"Was it?" Eve asked. "Was it plague?"

Mark looked up at her. Her blond hair had been combed and brushed into a shining helmet, and the evening gown she wore was a curved sheath of charming revelation, just on the side of discretion. He had not seen a girl like her in three long, dirty, trudging, Godforsaken years; his fatigue suddenly became a catalyst which dissolved the hundred little conflicts in his mind, and he thought swiftly: She's put together a little like a dream and every time you look at her that dream hits you right between the eyes. What was it Major De Lille had said to her out there in the street, "You remind me of the legend of the Lorelei. . . ." Was that it? Was that why he had hid behind a polite snarl when he was with her—because she attracted him and made him feel he must deny his duty, forget his job, to reach her?

"Leave him alone," Fred was saying, "can't you see he's tired?"

"Tough stuff," Eve said, "but he'll have to snap out of it. The night's work is just starting."

Mark lay back on the bed and said wearily to the ceiling, "It was plague he had. And his wife and one of his kids already are running fever temperatures. The epidemic is beginning."

He smelled some faint perfume and turned his head a little to see Eve's hand holding a lighted cigarette in front of his face. When he put it to his lips and felt the slight trace of lipstick he cursed the fatigue that weakened him and made him vulnerable to all these obvious little sorceries.

"Your planeload of DDT powder arrived this afternoon," Fred said. "And some hypodermic syringes and antiplague vaccine, too. The chloropicrin is due tomorrow."

"You can send it back." Mark let his head lean back and closed his eyes. "Tell Colonel Allen I'm licked because the French won't let me do the job."

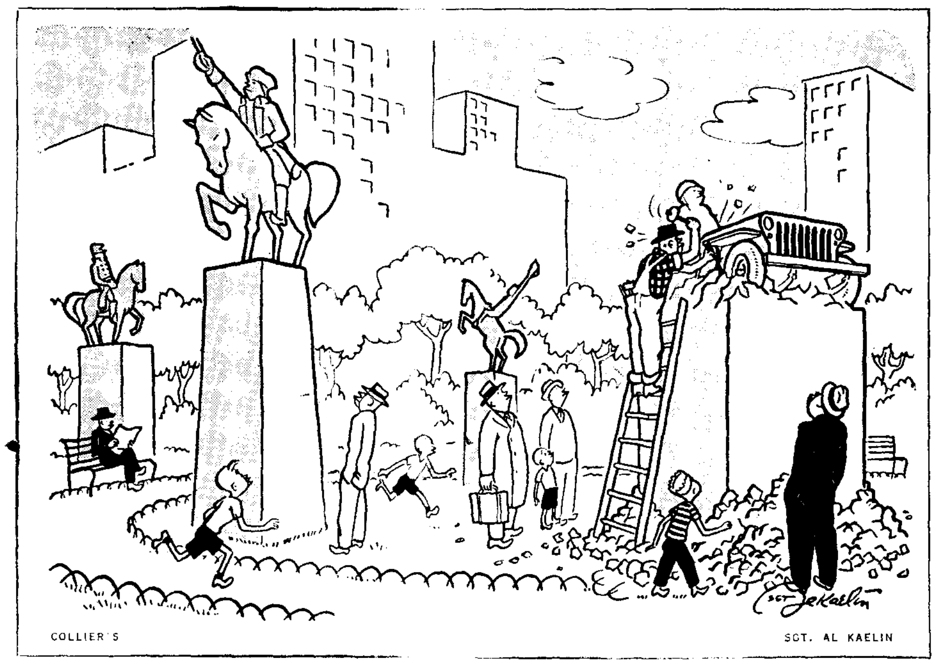
"Well, Lieutenant London," Eve said, "you sure are a handy guy to have on our side when the going gets tough."

"The last thing I want to hear right now," Mark said, "is a feminine battle cry from the grandstand seats."

"Grandstand!" she said. "Why, I'm right in there fighting now, too! You're the one that's hollering quits!"

He sat up wearily. "What is it you want me to do?" he asked.

"Get up. Take a quick cold shower. Get dressed. Come with me to Major De Lille's



UNIVERSAL
Pajamas and Shirts

Reliance
Universal
Refinements
★
high styling
precision needling
superb fabrics
overplus comfort

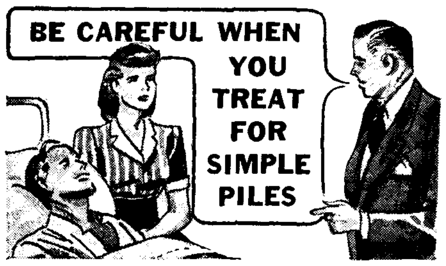
Set that alarm clock! Universal Pajamas are so full-cut and comfortable you'll need help to wake up. Then don a smartly-styled Universal Shirt and look and feel right all day! Universal Pajamas—"We Put the World to Sleep," Universal Shirts—"We Make the World Look Better."

Other Reliance Men's Wear
Ensenada Sportswear
Yankshire Jackets
No-Tare Shorts
At better stores everywhere

Reliance UNIVERSAL

RELIANCE MANUFACTURING CO.
212 W. Monroe St., Chicago 6, Ill. 200 Fifth Ave., New York 10, N. Y.

HEED YOUR DOCTOR


BE CAREFUL WHEN YOU TREAT FOR SIMPLE PILES

How To Avoid Possible Injury And Infection

Be careful how you treat for Simple Piles. Avoid any method that may disturb the delicate, often irritated, swollen rectal tissues and nerves. The danger of injury and infection is too great to take such chances.

Play safe! Use modern 4-Way Rectal Cones. These scientifically medicated, professionally compounded, velvety-soft rectal suppositories for men and women act in 4 important, effective ways:

1—Quickly allay itching, pain, burning. 2—Lubricate, soften dry, hard parts. 3—Aid in reducing swelling and checking minor bleeding of Simple Piles. 4—Brought directly to the affected area by natural involuntary muscular action.

4-Way Rectal Cones take but a moment to use. No fuss, no bother. No staining of underwear or bedclothing. It's the *safe* way—no danger of injury or infection. If trouble persists, see your doctor. Economical! Box of fourteen—85¢ at Druggists. If your druggist is unable to supply you, send us his name and address and we'll mail you a trial box immediately.

BEAUMONT CO., St. Louis, Mo.

4-WAY RECTAL CONES

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

SUFFERERS FROM PSORIASIS (SCALY SKIN TROUBLE) *Use* DERMOIL

MAKE THE ONE SPOT TEST

Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried. Beautiful book on psoriasis and **Dermoil** with amazing, true photographic proof of results sent **FREE.** Write for it.

Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining Dermoil. Thousands do for scaly spots on body or scalp. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. **Dermoil is used by many doctors and is backed by a positive agreement** to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. **Send 10c** (stamps or coin) for generous trial bottle to make our famous "One Spot Test". Test it yourself. Results may surprise you. **Write today** for your test bottle Caution: Use only as directed. Print name plainly. **Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Walgreen Drug Stores and other leading Druggists. LAKE LABORATORIES Box 547, Northwestern Station, Dept. 3123, Detroit 4, Mich.**

SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE

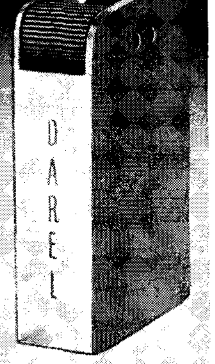
©1935 LAKE LAB.

LEPAGE'S GLUE

LEPAGE'S MODEL AEROPLANE GLUE

LEPAGE'S LIQUID SOLDER

DAREL LIGHTER
fashioned of solid Dural



The GIFT that he or she will appreciate most! Actual size is shown; weighs only 1½ ounces; guaranteed. Six beautiful tarnish-proof finishes: satin lustre, copper red, electric blue, hunter's green, pirate gold and satin black.

$2.25 FED. TAX EXEMPT

USE THIS COUPON IF your dealer cannot supply you. C-1

Darel Mfg. Co., Inc., Central Tower, San Francisco 3. Send $2.25 for each lighter, plus 10¢ to cover mailing charges. (Add 2½% sales tax in California)

NAME__________
ADDRESS__________
CITY & STATE__________

party. The governor-general will be there."

He stared at her. "Of all the gall—"

"Take it easy," Fred said, "she's got a plan in mind."

"Sure," said Mark, "but who does she think I am—some pantywaist ambassador?"

"You're anything that makes your job click," Eve said. "It so happens you can't use an iron hand in this country, so you'd better learn to operate with a velvet glove."

"The Army sent you here to do a job, London," Fred said. "If you succeed they'll never ask how, but if you don't they damn' well are going to ask why!"

Mark looked slowly from one to the other. Eve watched his tired young-old face with its set planes and angles, the face of a man who had seen more than he wanted to see and too much of it too soon. I hate to do this to you, she thought, but this isn't only the Army or the plague or the French—it's you, you personally, and what you're going to think about yourself and how much you're ever going to care about overcoming anything.

"Well," Mark said slowly, "I hate to admit it, but"—he stood up—"you two are probably right."

"This way to the shower," Eve said. She smiled sideways at Fred. "And synchronize your watches, men. We attack at dawn."

Now, riding in the car, feeling the salt air coming in off the harbor with the ocean coolness in it, he remembered the conflict soon to begin again with Major De Lille. He didn't like this approach—talking, discussing, explaining. The swift attack, the swift victory—that was the way.

"Fred Hawley said you had a plan," he said to Eve. "What is it?"

Eve swung the car into a driveway which curved up to a large white villa overlooking the sea. "We're here now," she said, "so I'll tell you later. On your toes, chum, this is Condition Red."

THE party had already reached the merry, high-pitch stage when they walked in. Couples were dancing on the patterned tile floor of the terrace to the music of a BBC radio station playing the latest British arrangement of one of the latest American tunes, while tall Senegalese sailors circled the floor gracefully bearing champagne and trays of hors d'oeuvres. Mark heard a near-by red-faced Englishman in a white bush jacket and white shorts say heavily to a jeweled woman, "Guns, guts and gold—that's the way you'll solve this plague problem, y'know!" and thought: Brother, if you only knew that a week from now it might be you. . . .

"Some more people must have gotten sick," he said in an undertone to Eve. "They're talking about plague even up here."

Eve nudged him. "Here comes the major, Mark. Please, *please,* damn you, watch your language!"

"Keep cool," Mark said. "I'm out to win tonight, even if I have to sing lullabies."

The major approached them with an unfamiliar short dark man whose snapping black eyes were encircled by heavy horn-rim glasses; the stranger wore three rows of campaign ribbons on his dress tunic. "Good evening," the major said in his slow careful English, "allow me to present His Excellency, the governor-general."

They murmured *"Enchanté"* and then let the major lead them out to the terrace. A circular mahogany table surrounded by four chairs bore a champagne bucket. "You see," said Major De Lille, "we have anticipated you."

"Pardon me, sir," Mark said to the governor-general. "Isn't that an American campaign decoration you're wearing?"

The governor made a deprecatory gesture. "I was liaison with the Americans during the Ardennes fighting. I did them some small service and, as usual, they were very kind. They gave me this."

Mark looked at him with new eyes. "The Ardennes . . ." he said, "I was there, too. With the Red One."

"No," said the governor, "not the First Division?"

"Sure," Mark said, "from Caumont to Soissons—"

"—Mons and Aachen . . ." the governor-general added. "That winter fighting . . ." he said, and shook his head a little. He turned to Major De Lille, and said in quick French, "What are we waiting for? Let us open the champagne! This young one here with the old face was a comrade in France."

Eve, who had been sitting leaning forward in her chair now leaned back. The Angel Gabriel must be a sergeant, she thought, because *some* heavenly agent is standing at ease behind our good lieutenant and arranging matters. Now if he can only keep it up—

"I am most anxious to discuss this public health situation with you," said the governor-general. "Major De Lille has to me reported the sickness and deaths in the city. Evidently it may or may not be plague."

"Well," said Mark, "this certainly is a surprise, sir."

His ankle ached suddenly as Eve kicked him while intervening quickly, softly in French: "His manner seems brusque, but that is only because he is a man of science and determination. His mind is sharp as a knife."

The governor raised both hands in a polite little gesture of protest. "Men of science should say what it is they think, Miss Moore."

Mark grinned at her with ironic triumph.

Major De Lille leaned forward and spoke rapidly in French to Mark. Eve translated. "He says you must not misunderstand his caution: plague often resembles typhus and malaria in these tropical ports. We need to go slowly a few weeks while they make laboratory tests."

A new hurdle. . . . Mark leaned back in his chair. "Fortunately we can make differential diagnoses because of a generation of brilliant research work by that great French scientist, Charles Nicolle, of *L'Institut Pasteur* in Tunis."

The major said quickly, "Also your Zinsser at Harvard and—"

"They were great friends, those two," Mark said swiftly. "They co-operated in their research. They pointed out that neither man nor rat has yet achieved stable social organizations—that man and rat are the two most successful animals of prey, always hostile but unable to destroy each other."

Sounds like a lecture, Eve thought, but he's so sincere it's good.

"A brilliant, almost Descartian, thesis," said the governor. "As logical as a geometric theorem," added Major De Lille. Their words seemed a little stiff in English, but Eve and Mark exchanged glances of reassurance.

A white-robed servant came hurrying out on the terrace, slipper heels slapping with haste. He bent to whisper urgently to Major De Lille who suddenly jumped up: *"Mais non!"* The major spoke quickly to the governor and then almost ran off the terrace after the servant.

The governor stood up and said quietly, "Speak of the devil. Evidently plague has crawled into this very house, for the cook she has just collapsed with fever."

Mark stood up and leaned across the table. "You don't have much time left, Governor. If the major spends a few weeks in laboratory tests he will know this is plague for certain, but in a few weeks it will be too late. You have to act fast."

"What attack do you suggest? Briefly."

MARK gave it to him straight, without trimmings, counting it off on five fingers: rat control with chloropicrin and trapping; isolation of all contact cases; vaccination for everybody; better garbage removal; and experimental flea control with DDT. To clinch it, he mentioned the planeload of DDT which had just come in.

"We can hold a meeting and get a vote for action almost immediately," said the governor. "Most of my key administrative people are here tonight."

Eve said quickly, almost too quickly: "Why don't you and all of them protect yourselves? Get vaccinated, right away, tonight."

The governor made his little spread-hands gesture again. "A good idea. But with what? We are poor in everything."

Eve stood up beside Mark. "Lieutenant London's plane brought antiplague vaccine in today, too. He brought over a box of it in our car, didn't you, Mark?"

"Sure," he mumbled, "sure thing."

The governor held his hand out to Mark. "How thoughtful of you! How generous!"

"Hardly generous," Eve said smoothly, "since this furthers our interests as well as yours, Governor."

"How honest to say so!" said the governor. "How American! And now excuse me, if you please, I must inform the others." He turned to go, then swung quickly back to Eve and nodded his head at Mark: *"Je pense qu'il vaut mieux prendre ses avis."*

"What was that?" Mark asked as the governor hurried off.

"He said whatever you say goes, General."

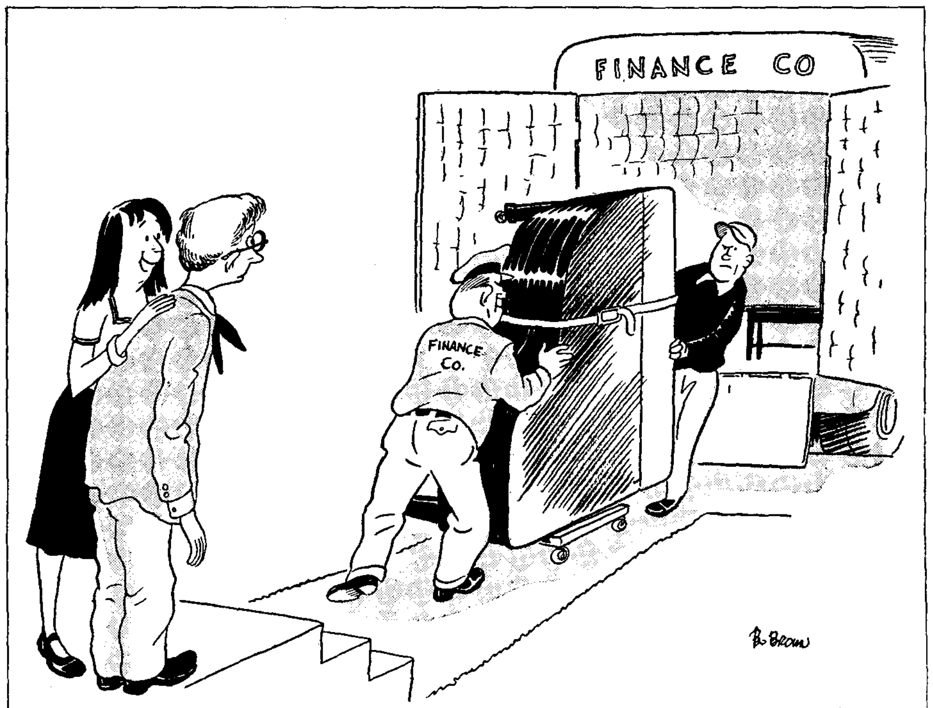
"And you get the distinguished lying cross, or something, honey chile."

She narrowed her eyes at him. "The vaccine is in the car. And now we're friends, eh?"

"No," he said, "that we could never be." Attack, he thought, the swift attack and the swift victory. So, suddenly, he kissed her; it was a rapid break-through, complete encirclement, warm and moving with three years of dreams behind it. She moved her lips a little, saying something like, "Mm-hm . . ." until suddenly she pulled back. "Wow," she said, "let a girl catch her breath, will you?"

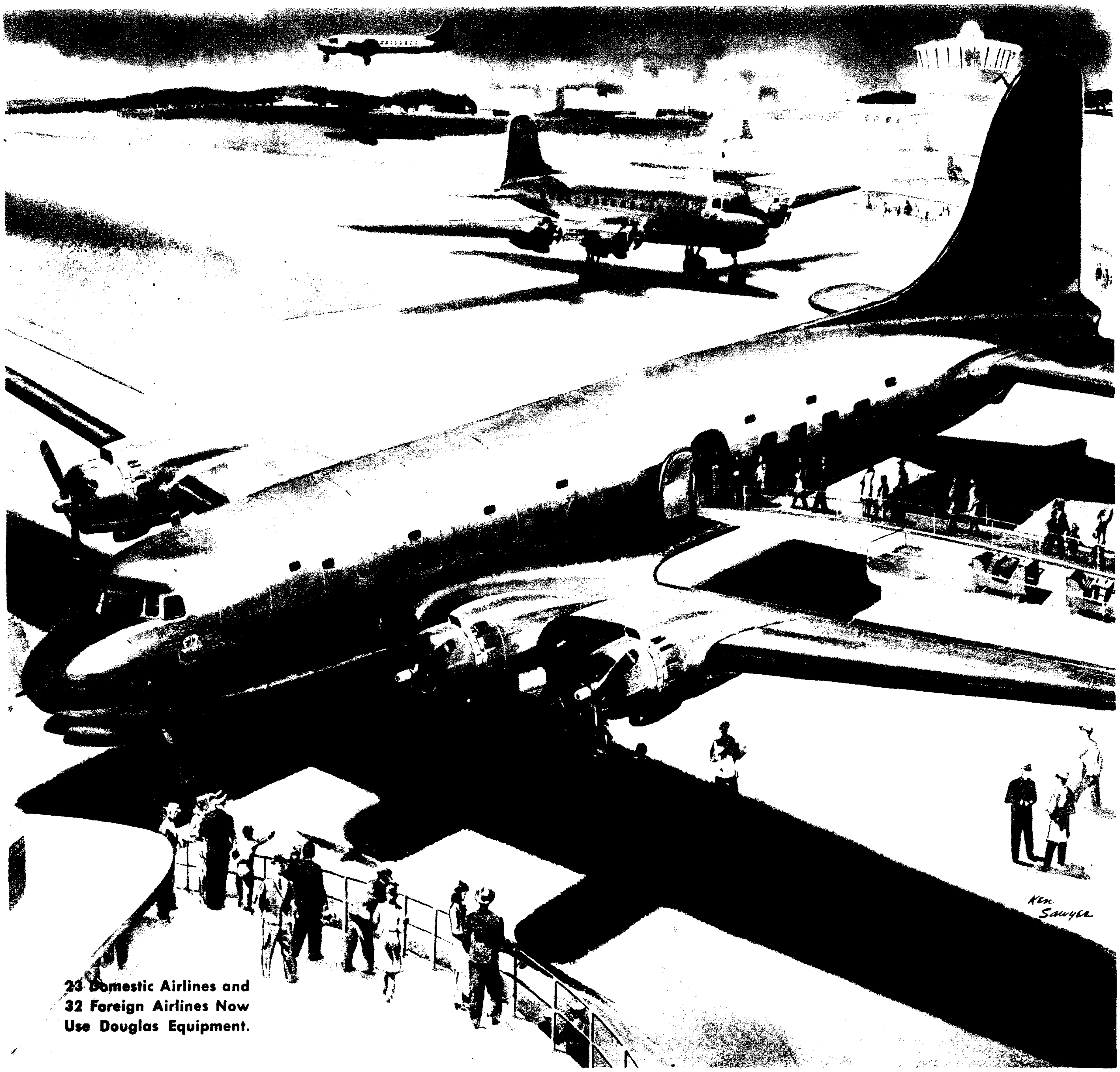
"None of that noise," he said happily. "Come a little closer so I can do it again, harder."

THE END



"You'll be famous, Gregory. You've written an unfinished symphony!"

COLLIER'S BO BROWN



23 Domestic Airlines and
32 Foreign Airlines Now
Use Douglas Equipment.

War Tested

FOR POSTWAR DEPENDABILITY

In Global War, more demands are made on men and machines in weeks than in years of peacetime experience. The most thoroughly tested personnel and cargo plane in history is the C-54. Unparalleled in dependability, this great air transport, modified as the DC-4 and DC-6, will soon fly you on the postwar routes of leading airlines with comfort, speed, economy and assurance beyond anything ever before imagined.

GREATEST NAME IN AVIATION **DOUGLAS DC-6**

Sister Ship of the Famous C-54 Combat Air Transport

GEM OF NATURE'S BLENDS

We took a tip from Nature!

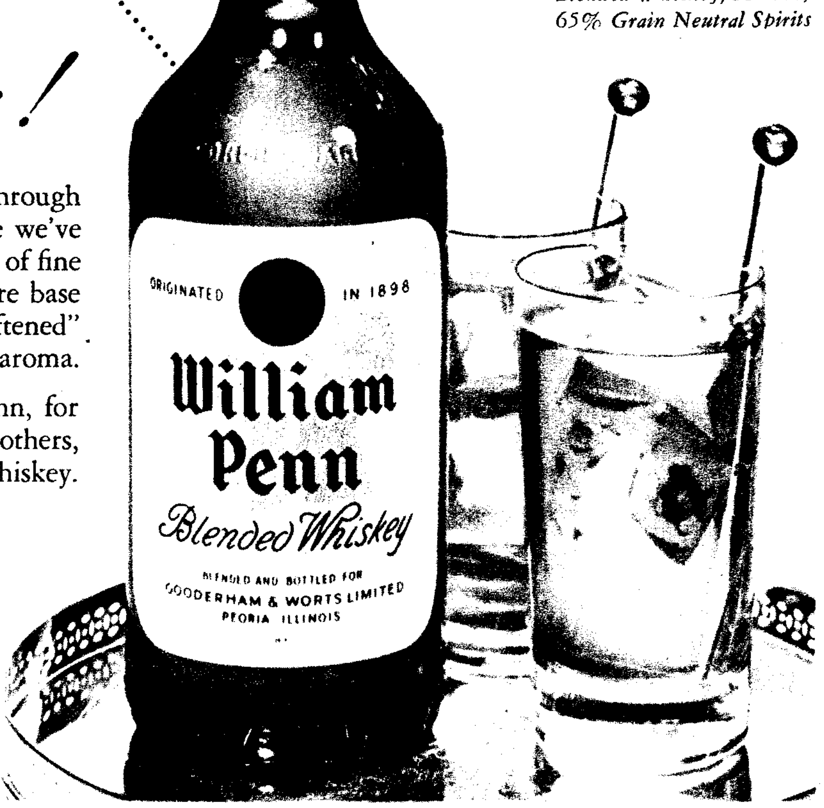
Good old Mother Nature certainly took a lot of pains when she fashioned the garb of the fantail goldfish. Their rich costumes and graceful plumes are a wonderful example of Nature's skill at blending line and color into gem-like beauty.

While we don't set up as Nature's rival in the art of blending, we *do* use all we can of her careful methods in making William Penn a fine whiskey. Through more than a century of experience we've learned how to combine the essences of fine grains at peak of flavor—where rare base whiskies give rich taste and "softened" neutral spirits add smoothness and aroma.

We hope you'll try William Penn, for we believe that, like thousands of others, you'll like it and make it *your* whiskey.

GOODERHAM & WORTS LIMITED, PEORIA, ILLINOIS

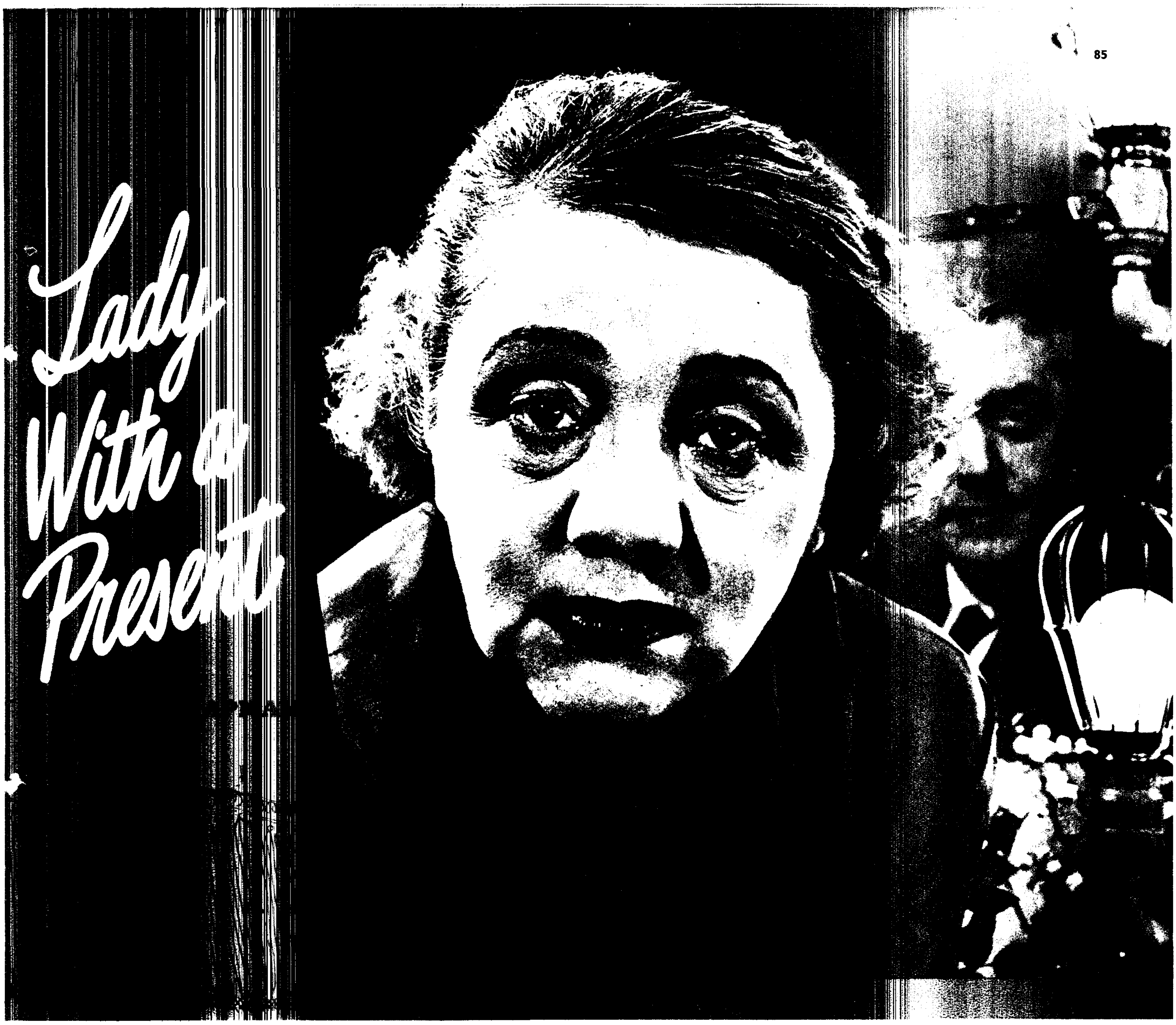
Blended Whiskey, 86 Proof
65% Grain Neutral Spirits


ORIGINATED IN 1898
William Penn
Blended Whiskey
BLENDED AND BOTTLED FOR
GOODERHAM & WORTS LIMITED
PEORIA ILLINOIS

William Penn

GEM OF THE BLENDS

Lady With a Present



There have been no farewell tours for Laurette Taylor, who still pops up in premières at intervals and spends her spare time in literary efforts

ON NEW YORK'S 48th Street, December 21, 1912, John Cort opened theater bearing his name. It was and is a beautiful little place, and on its debut it got the notices; the critics reviewed the building first and its play second. The man from the Morning Telegraph said the theater "has a seating capacity of 999, which scarcely will be taxed by the play"—but every other reviewer reported that the comedy was enjoyable and offered a new young star.

John Cort had opened his new store with J. Hartley Manners' Peg o' My Heart, and in it, wearing a big, floppy hat, long curls, black stockings, a simple dress and oxfords with long, pointed toes, was Laurette Taylor who was born Laurette Cooney.

Fate should have arranged it that on March 31, 1945, another *première* would be held at the Cort, with Laurette Taylor in it, but the premises already were occupied by Fredric March and A Bell for Adano. The best fate could do was pick the Playhouse, right across the street, and here arrived Tennessee Williams' The Glass Menagerie, with Laurette Taylor in the role of a frowzy, aging Southern belle.

The play won the New York Drama Critics' Circle award (a piece of paper with writing on it, and a dinner) and when Variety conducted its annual poll of reviewers, Miss Taylor was given a unanimous vote for the best performance of the season.

"It just goes to show," says Miss Taylor, "that the postman can ring twice."

Laurette has been discovered by several producing managers, by two playwrights whom she married, by critics from the West Coast to London—and twice by herself. The first person who believed a New York Irish schoolgirl named Laurette Cooney was destined for the stage was a teacher; the second, Miss Cooney herself. She was backed in her ambition by her mother in spite of the violent objections of her father.

Laurette Cooney was a rebellious schoolgirl and an intensely emotional and imaginative one. The English teacher one day handed out the assignment that every English teacher who ever lived is always handing out—to write the story of a day's events. Laurette, feeling that a day in her life was pretty dull, wrote instead a highly colored piece about how she was, so to speak, illegitimate. According to her story, her mother and a Spanish count had experienced an infatuation that Mr. Cooney didn't know about.

The teacher made Laurette read her lurid tale to the class, for it was a pretty good job. Laurette gave the reading all she had. She wept. The class wept—and carried the tale through the neighborhood. Mr. Cooney heard it and was madder than Clarence Day's father ever got. The teacher came to see Laurette's mother—not out of shock, but to suggest that the girl should go on the stage. Laurette was for it, and Mother gave in. She helped prepare a letterhead advertising that "La Belle Laurette Will Give Imitations, Recitations and Sing Songs," and they wrote to theater managers all over.

A man in Lynn, Mass., offered $25 a week. The act was terrible and didn't go. Another booking in Gloucester was worse. A date at the Howard Athenaeum in Boston resulted in La Belle Laurette being hired for the part of the soubrette in The King of the Opium Ring, and in this she toured to Seattle. Here Charles A. Taylor engaged her for Escaped from the Harem and thus began her first romance (she married Taylor) and a career in melodrama.

Taylor wrote such things as Escaped from the Harem, Yosemite and The White Tigress

Miss Taylor in The Glass Menagerie make-up. Photograph is that of her second husband, J. Hartley Manners

of Japan. He taught Laurette a certain kind of truth in acting: that you must make what you are doing and saying seem true.

Charles Taylor died in 1908, leaving Laurette with two children, Marguerite and Dwight. Dwight is a Hollywood writer, Marguerite a married private citizen.

Those with a fair knowledge of the stage have no trouble in linking Miss Taylor with J. Hartley Manners, who wrote Peg and fourteen other plays for her and who became her second husband.

The Cort Theater program of Peg was headed, "Oh, there's nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream." The quotation referred, of course, to the romantic comedy about the Irish lass whose stout heart wins out against British snobbery; but it can be the theme of Laurette Taylor as well. At the time Peg was being written, she and Manners were engaged, thanks partly to the affectionate help of Laurette's closest friend, Jane (Mrs. Samuel Hopkins) Adams.

During the writing and rehearsals, playwright and actress argued over the play, and they argued over many another one—but

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY ANN ROSENER—PIX

RED HOT NEWS!
FAMOUS 90 SECOND CAR HEATER
BACK ON SALE SOON!

Heats Hot Fast Even on Shortest Trips ...and Most of Your Trips are Short!*

SINCE WAR BEGAN, South Wind car heaters' quick-acting "sealed flame" principle has been in the heat of the fight—where hot heat *quick* is vital! It'll be home soon—battle-seasoned on land, at sea, in the air!

You need car heat *fast*, because average driving—to work, store, or church—is under 5 miles. The average trip to school is less than *three* miles! On such short trips you've almost reached your destination before conventional heaters begin to work.

But what a difference with South Wind! In *blocks* you're riding in living-room warmth from the feet up. You're actually out of the frigid zone into June-like comfort in 90 seconds—even before your engine's warm. Yet a *full hour* of such snug, healthful driving pleasure *costs less than a stick of gum!*

You'll soon be able to buy a war-proved South Wind. Get one for your present car. Enjoy the comfort of *hot heat in 90 seconds!*

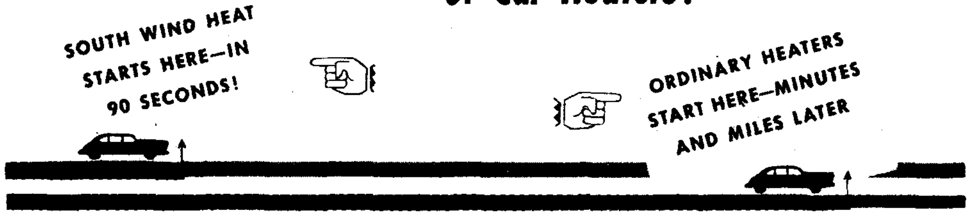
Proved in War

So Buy No Other!

A South Wind costs no more than a good ordinary heater—yet it does what no other can do. Burns fuel from the carburetor in a patented, sealed metal chamber. Fumes go out through the exhaust. Complete unit is small, quiet, automatic, always ready for use. Utterly safe—bears the Underwriters' Laboratories seal. Can be easily installed in any car—no hose to cut, no extra thermostats to buy.

**According to National Survey by Automobile Manufacturers Association*

Look at the Big Difference in Performance of Car Heaters!


SOUTH WIND HEAT STARTS HERE—IN 90 SECONDS!
ORDINARY HEATERS START HERE—MINUTES AND MILES LATER

South Wind CAR HEATER
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
Another Product of STEWART WARNER
HEATS HOT IN 90 SECONDS
South Wind Division, Stewart-Warner Corporation, Indianapolis 7, Ind.

they never fought, because Hartley, says Laurette, was too gentle and wise to fight. If in rehearsal she had a tantrum, her second husband, who directed his own plays, would quietly banish her from the stage by telling her to go shopping or go home. Once their opinions differed on the handling of a scene, and Manners told the actress she was being too funny.

When she objected that this, after all, was supposed to be a comedy, he dryly remarked, "You must remember there are millions of Americans without a sense of humor—otherwise Mrs. Leslie Carter would never make a living as an actress."

Laurette and Hartley lived well, with a house on Riverside Drive in New York and an estate in fashionable East Hampton, Long Island. Both were making great amounts of money—but when Manners' will was probated it showed a net value of only $82,706, and his widow says about $50,000 of that was owed. The answer was that his favorite excitement was stock-market gambling—a pastime to which he tried without success to introduce his wife. She preferred the advice of a friend who said, "If you want to get rich put money in every savings bank in the country."

The British-born, fastidious dramatist, fourteen years older than his wife, died in 1928 at the age of 58 in their house on the Drive. The widow immediately began a vigorous and prolonged process of withdrawing from the world. She made a bonfire in the back yard of every memento of her life with Manners and Taylor—letters, clippings, pictures. She sold the house and most of the furniture. She sold the East Hampton place. And she drank.

For four years she was gone from the theater, and her first reappearance was a brief one in a pair of short plays. The Old Lady Shows Her Medals and Alice Sit-by-the-Fire. Then she began thinking of herself as a problem to be solved—to be solved by herself, without outside help. She would write—and she still is writing. In 1934 she wrote a play, At Marian's, and appeared in it in a summer tryout in Maine. Nobody bought it for Broadway.

She wrote a novel, then rewrote it, and had it rejected both times. Now, at the suggestion of an interested publisher, she is making a third version of it. She is completing a volume of reminiscences about people in her life—and the chapter on Manners is a splendid and touching one. I asked her if she does not now regret having made a bonfire of all her records and souvenirs, because they would be good source material for autobiography. "No," she said firmly. "I'd do it again."

Comeback with a Flash

In 1938 she came back to the stage and there was a flash of the old Laurette Taylor in one of her plays. It was a revival of Outward Bound and she had the character part of Mrs. Midgit—not much more than a bit, but luminously acted. The Barter Theater of Abingdon, Va., named her the season's best actress, and Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt presented her with a deed to an acre of land near the theater.

In her speech of acceptance the star said, "Actors are like race horses. A lot depends on the track. If you're in the mud of a bad play you can't win unless you are a mud horse, whereas a fine track, like a play, can certainly help you gallop to the winning post."

After Outward Bound, Laurette withdrew once again, determined, she says, "that next time I would find a play as well as a part." Play and part, too, arrived when Eddie Dowling asked Miss Taylor if she would take the role of the mother in The Glass Menagerie—a faded, vain, pathetically funny Southern woman living with her son and daughter in a St. Louis tenement. Dowling, co-starring with her, plays her son, and a good trick it is, too, for Eddie is 53.

After the opening of The Glass Menagerie, the actress was sought by many interviewers because the play was a hit and hers was the best of all copy—a comeback story.

One of the interviewers was Earl Wilson, a New York Post columnist whose second-best columnar trick is to ask blunt questions and miraculously elicit blunt replies. He asked Miss Taylor about her drinking. She replied and he wrote: "After J. Hartley Manners died I went on the longest wake in history."

Laurette's friends were furious. In an earlier time, at least one of them surely would have offered to go down to the newspaper shop and horsewhip Mr. Wilson. He had no right to say such things, or to report that during the interview the star had not only taken her own double Scotch, but also, absent-mindedly, his own single drink.

Miss Taylor calmed her friends. "That's what I told him and that's what I did," she said. Truth has been her passion, and truth in acting is what has made her great in her profession.

Miss Taylor is an expert on accents. She was her own Irish self in Peg; a Hawaiian named Luana in The Bird of Paradise; a Jewish woman in Humoresque; a cockney in Outward Bound. She went to a proper source for her accent in The Glass Menagerie. She modeled her inflections on those of the author, Tennessee Williams, who was born in Mississippi.

The First-Nighters Cheered

The first-night audience at The Glass Menagerie cheered Miss Taylor, and the cheers frightened her a bit, for she remembered a time she was cheered in London and she thought the noise was the decision of a cockney mob. Gallery and pit were shouting, "Fine goin', Miss Tyler. . . . Pretty good."

She is calm and straight-thinking and not given to the meemies—but there was a time in her career when real panic possessed her. She was playing in The Bird of Paradise and got a cheerful little letter saying she was too beautiful to live, so she was going to be killed. The newspapers played this "Black Hand" story for all it was worth—and it was worth plenty, for this was the era of Black Hand yarns. Soon it was evident that some nut really was on the loose, for another woman named Taylor was killed and bombs were turning up in people's mail. Laurette and her mother got the jumps—and so did the cast of The Bird of Paradise.

"People," she recalls, "wouldn't come near me. They stayed on the other side of the stage. Once a man in the audience stood up to take off his coat, and I was off the set and into my dressing room in nothing flat. Once a feather floated past me from above and again I made a dive for my dressing room. Finally I just had to quit the play and hide with my mother."

The crackpot who sent Miss Taylor the letter finally was identified, and she breathed easier.

Miss Taylor lives in a somewhat Italian apartment on the top floor of a residence hotel in the East Sixties, and some of the Italian furniture she kept from the Riverside Drive house fits in. The windows of the living room are leaded glass and look out upon shallow balconies where flowers are growing; the ceiling is wood-paneled.

Now that she is back in a play, she finds she cannot rid herself of the habit she got during the years she was writing—writing and evolving her own philosophy of moderation. She gets up in the morning—by 9 at latest—and spends four hours writing—on the reminiscences or on the novel.

She is not clothes-conscious, and around the house wears something loose—usually pajamas. Only at luncheons at which she is a guest—like a meeting of the Dutch Treat Club—or at a dinner like the Critics' Circle affair, does she dress in style. Keeping up with the latest hats has no lure for her. She is not wealthy, but is in no danger of starving.

Her taste is for Continental cuisine and she prefers sauces to plain roasts and steaks. She drinks moderately, and has for years now; her decision being that moderation, for her, is better discipline than teetotaltarianism.

On the opening night of the new Dowling-Taylor hit, George Jean Nathan sent her a bottle of Scotch backstage. Next day she wrote him: "Thanks for the vote of confidence."

THE END

The French Fight to Live

Continued from page 21

very high prices. The profit motive was not absent from their thoughts, but they added a large per cent as insurance in case they were caught and fined.

There are still fines levied on those who sell without government authorization, but the black-market habit persists. And black-market prices have become standardized.

I drove out of Paris to visit three black-market dealers in near-by towns. Their prices were the same: butter, 300 francs a pound ($6); sugar 200 francs a pound ($4); meat 200 francs a pound ($4); pork 300 francs a pound ($6). Clothing prices were in scale: good cloth to make women's dresses, 1,000 to 2,000 francs a yard ($20 to $40); shoes from 3,000 francs to 7,000 francs ($60 to $140); nylon stockings 1,500 francs ($30).

Wood, a precious commodity, is sold by the kilo, which is just over two pounds. The standard price is 6 francs (12 cents) a kilo.

People scorn those who patronize the black-market restaurants, but it is accepted procedure for anyone who has extra francs to buy food for his family from farmers who sell at black-market prices. Pierre Felgines and Thérèse have little traffic with the black market. They just can't afford it. It is true that on Sundays, Pierre will get on his bicycle and pedal out to the country, hoping to pick up a few pounds of beans, or a piece of meat in exchange for his cigarettes or wine, but the price is so high that what he gets does not materially add to the well-being of his family.

Madame Felgines worries a great deal about how her children are dressed. "Jacqueline is much easier to dress than Roland," she says. "I make her nightgowns and petticoats out of old sheets. But Roland is always out playing with the boys and he is hard on clothes. I receive a coupon for each of them, which allows me to buy them one pair of shoes each year. The shoes have leather tops and wooden soles. They cost 500 francs ($10), but they do not last long. Roland needs three pairs of shoes each year, and Jacqueline needs two. What can I do? I cannot have them run barefooted. So I go to the black market. I have been doing part-time work; two or three hours each afternoon at eighteen francs (36 cents) an hour. One month I made 1,200 francs ($24). I bought Roland a pair of shoes. They cost exactly 1,200 francs. Another month I made 1,300 francs. That was enough to buy Pierre a pair of trousers he needed badly."

When Pierre Felgines talks about the coming winter, lines of worry appear on his face.

"We had absolutely no heat at all last winter," he says. "Sometimes on Sundays I could bicycle out to the country and bring back some wood. But wood burns so quickly. Thérèse and I worried all winter about the children. We were afraid of tuberculosis. There was a lot of it. But we were lucky. Our friends were not so lucky. Two of Thérèse's friends had babies during the winter. They went to the hospitals and that was fine, because the hospitals were well heated. The babies were born healthy, but then after ten days the mothers had to bring those babies back to unheated apartments. One baby died in six days. The other lasted a month.

"Many a baby died in Paris last winter. There is no reason to expect things to be better this coming winter. But we cannot take another winter like the last one. We were cold and hungry, but we were buoyed up by hope. This would be the end of it, we thought. Naturally, we did not expect much while the war was still on. But the war is over. Now we expect to live like human beings. We are getting," Pierre Felgines added a little bitterly, "tired of grand speeches by our government leaders. We do not want speeches. We want heat and food."

When people are hungry and cold, they are apt to blame the existing government. This has been true since time began. General de Gaulle will face his first real test this winter.

"It is not a question of politics," Pierre Felgines says when discussing De Gaulle. "It is a question of who can do the most for us. Is it De Gaulle? I don't know. Maybe De Gaulle is too conservative. Maybe we need a government which will get coal and food into Paris. We don't care how."

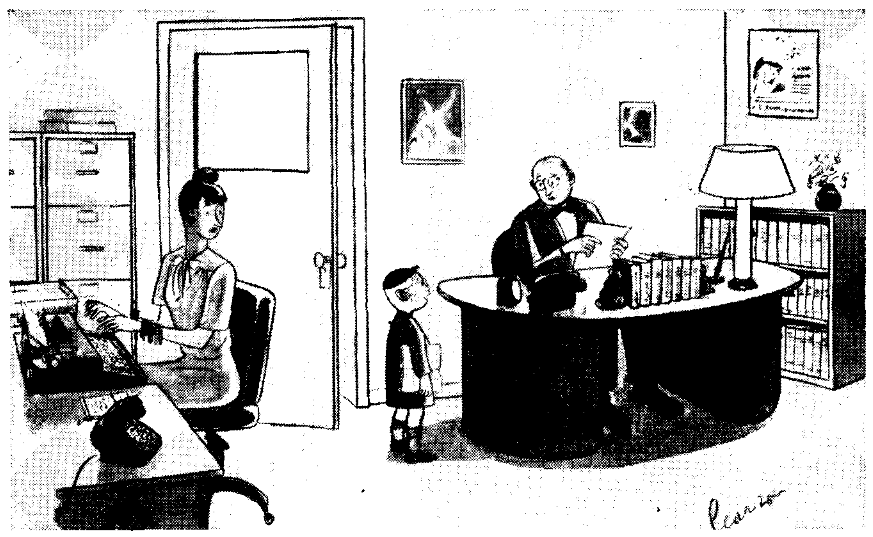
Pierre Felgines is about as radical as John Smith of the U.S.A. Before the war, he saved a little each month and put the money into a savings account.

Preview of the Future

He wanted only a stable government which would give him some measure of security. Now he is not so sure. Paris is liberated. Yet it is not the same Paris. France is free. Yet France is tired and cold and hungry. Could anyone else do more for France than De Gaulle is doing? Pierre shakes his head. He doesn't know. He only knows that Thérèse and Jacqueline and Roland go to bed hungry each night; and that thought gnaws away at Pierre all day as he supervises his typists and clerks at his office. During the afternoon he knows that Thérèse is washing dishes and scrubbing floors. He winces when he thinks of it.

There is only one answer to the troubles which beset Pierre Felgines and his family. There is only one answer to the problem which France faces today. That answer is: coal. With plenty of coal, there would be heat for everyone. With plenty of coal, there would be adequate transportation, and the railroads would be hauling food into Paris and other industrial cities. With plenty of coal, thousands of factories now idle would be turning out textiles, and clothing would be so plentiful that the black-market operator would starve. With coal? With coal, France would be France again!

In 1938, France consumed five million tons of coal per month. This came from her own coal mines, from the Ruhr, from Great Britain. It is out of the question to match that normal figure today, but the De Gaulle ex-



COLLIER'S "I've just written a book on parent psychology" SGT. CHARLES PEARSON

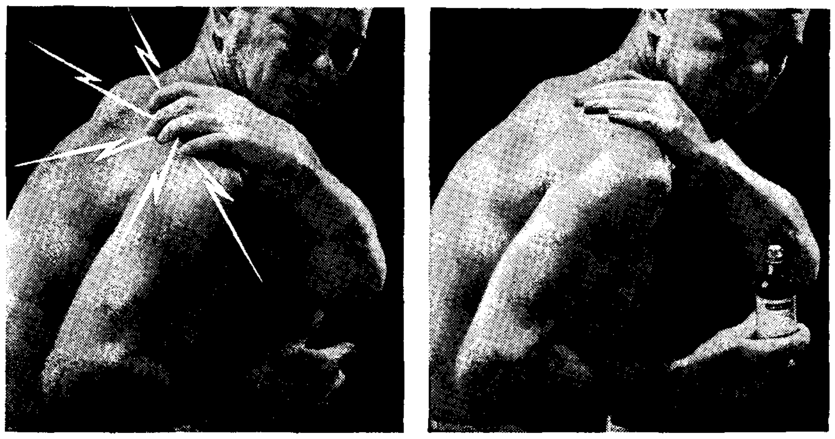
Wisconsin Avenue
Milwaukee, Wis.

Miller

HIGH LIFE

MILLER BREWING COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN
HIGH LIFE
OLD HIGH LIFE BEER

AGONIZING MUSCLE PAIN?
...HERE'S QUICK RELIEF!



Let fresh blood help nature carry off "fatigue acids"

Cheer up—you can say "good-by" to tortured muscles following too much exercise! When you over-do, "fatigue acids" settle inside the muscles—often make them swell with pain. Here's what to do: Rub those tortured muscles with fast-acting Absorbine Jr. It stimulates local circulation and the fresh blood flowing through the muscles helps nature carry "fatigue acids" away. Then the swelling can subside. Your muscles "ease"—feel limber and relaxed. You'll feel like shouting for joy! Keep Absorbine Jr. handy at all times. $1.25 a bottle at your drugstore.

W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

ABSORBINE Jr.

STOPS SQUEAKS

3-IN-ONE Oil lubricates *without gumming, cleans, polishes, prevents rust.* Use it regularly on locks, hinges, sewing machines, tools.

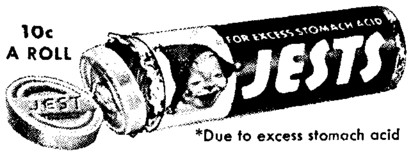
"3-IN-ONE" OIL

Take 1 Count 2

Two seconds! .. That's all it takes for JESTS to start their

Fast Relief from
Acid Indigestion, "Gas," Heartburn, Sour Stomach*

10c A ROLL



*Due to excess stomach acid

How to give
QUICK REST
to tired eyes

Eyes tired? Do they smart and burn from overwork, sun, dust, wind, lack of sleep? Then *cleanse* and *soothe* them the quick, easy way — use Murine.

WHAT IS MURINE?

Murine is a scientific blend of seven ingredients—safe, gentle, and oh, so soothing! Just use two drops in each eye. *Right away* Murine goes to work to *relieve* the discomfort of *tired, burning* eyes. Start using Murine today.

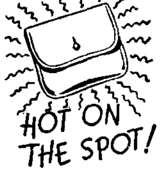
MURINE FOR YOUR EYES
SOOTHES • REFRESHES

★ *Invest in America — Buy War Bonds and Stamps* ★

"That's Lemuel, he's got a LIGHTNINGPAK!"

Use Lightningpak and the heat's on! Just add 2 tablespoons of water and this modern pad quickly heats up, stays hot 8 hours. Each pak good for 100 hours service. Handy for first aid, a dandy gift. At drug, department, hardware stores, only **$1.** Refills 50c.
Lightningpak, Newton 58, Massachusetts.

HEAT PAD



HOT ON THE SPOT!

COPR. 1945 ROSE-DERRY CO.

perts say that if France has three and a half million tons per month, she can get along. In the light of present conditions, this figure seems hopelessly astronomical. But even if she does manage to get three and a half million tons a month, that will not keep Pierre Felgines and his family warm all winter. It will, however, mean that each family will receive about half a ton of coal per year. Much better than the zero tons it received last year.

If you sit 4,000 miles away from Paris, it is easy to say, "Why, there's plenty of coal in France. They have mines in the Lille area that always produced plenty of coal. They have mines in central France and in the Moselle area. And what about the Saar and the Ruhr? Let them take the coal from the German mines. Didn't Britain formerly export coal to France? Why can't she do that now?"

The figures checked on by American experts attached to our Paris embassy show a less rosy picture. The French mines themselves are producing about 605,000 tons of coal a week, or two and a half million tons a month. Absenteeism in those mines averages about twenty per cent—understandable in view of the poor food, poor housing conditions and poor health among the workers. Only by releasing miners from the army and by putting new hands to work has this figure been kept up. The power plants needed to run the mines use up close to half a million tons a month, so actually the country can count on only about two million tons per month produced. The rest of the three and a half million tons needed for her minimum figure must come from outside her borders.

Last July, France received 150,000 tons of coal from the German mines. It is difficult to transport coal from Germany to French industrial centers. It will be easier soon, when the Rhine is clear, to send it in barges to Rotterdam and thence to France, or up the Rhine to Strasbourg, but right now it is moved by train.

Additional coal from Germany is to be allocated among all the needy liberated nations. During the occupation, more than half of France's freight trains were destroyed, or disappeared into Germany. Back in 1938, France had 15,200 locomotives. Today she has less than 10,000 and, of these, 7,500 are badly worn or badly damaged. You can't build locomotives overnight, unfortunately.

The amount of coal that can be hauled from Germany is limited, not only by the tonnage that comes out of the ground, but by the cars and locomotives available to haul it. France needs at least 700,000 tons a month from Germany. Today she is getting less than one quarter of that. Indications are that it will be many months before she does get any more. Great Britain, short of coal, herself, will send 13,000 tons a month, and the United States will send 400,000 tons a month. Add this up, and you find that it will give France her barest minimum.

In addition, no one guarantees that the nation's transportation system will be able to deliver this hoped-for three and a half million tons per month, even if it is available. Coal that comes from abroad must go through French ports. Harbors like Le Havre, Cherbourg, Marseille, Calais, Brest, Dieppe, Rouen, and Bordeaux are by no means functioning normally these days. Many are not completely cleared.

I flew over Toulon recently and, from the air, counted 48 sunken ships. Le Havre is in equally bad shape. Brest is a shambles. The docks have not been rebuilt to the point where the huge amount of material needed in France can be unloaded. Then too, virtually all port facilities are being used now by the Army for the redeployment of servicemen. That program has top priority now.

French and American experts on coal and transportation are looking mighty worried these days. They know that the answer to France's economic and perhaps political life lies in those two problems. They know that, before the war, one million workers were employed in France's huge textile industry. Today that industry is paralyzed by lack of raw materials, coal and transportation. It will be a long time before American women can look to Paris for fashion goods. That part of the textile industry always laid emphasis upon the production of novelty and luxury goods in which small yardage and high profits were the rule.

Today authorities will not permit much material to be diverted into a luxury market designed to enrich the comparatively few *couturières.* Today France needs a new shirt and a pair of pants, and there is little inclination to waste precious materials on foreign ladies of fashion who yearn for Paris labels.

It seems obvious that we must do all in our power to help France along the comeback trail. This is not merely a matter of humanitarian interest. It is a matter of common sense. France has a good friend in American Ambassador Jefferson Caffery, a shrewd, hard-working man with thirty-five years of experience in diplomatic life.

Caffery is not the wreath-laying, speechmaking type of ambassador. But he has a tremendous capacity for work and for understanding, and he has come to know Pierre Felgines and his problems as intimately as he knows De Gaulle and his problems. Incidentally, he gets along very well with De Gaulle, which is no small feat, for that austere, stubborn man has a knack of antagonizing men with whom he deals.

"Of course, we cannot support the world." Caffery said. "We would be fools if we tried. But in the case of helping France, it is not a question of supporting the world. It is a question of making it possible for a country which can become a going concern, to obtain fuel and raw materials, and so get on its feet. Once on her feet, France will be able to buy our goods and supply us with goods we want.

Balanced Economy Needed

"We know from experience that a part of the world which is starving, whose economy is even temporarily out of order, cannot be expected to make any constructive contribution to the welfare of society. If we are to expect other people to co-operate in building democracy and international order, we must make it possible for them to acquire the means of restoring their own economy.

"It is not in our interest that France take a second-rate position among the nations. A prosperous and creative France, closely bound to America by common political ideals and by an ancient friendship, will serve the cause of peace and American security."

A casual observer could ride around Paris and find things little changed outwardly. The Rue de la Paix still has the same beautiful luxury shops. Of course, they don't have much behind their fine-looking window displays. The Place de la Concorde, framed by statues representing the eight great cities of France, looks unmarred by four years of German occupation. The outdoor cafés of the Champs Elysées and *les grands boulevards* are as crowded as ever, but most people, you will notice, are drinking beer or raisin juice—not the champagne or cognac that once filled their glasses. Champagne and cognac are too expensive for the Pierre Felgines of France.

Behind Notre Dame, the little Ile de St. Louis is still the same oasis of stately beauty that it was a hundred years ago. Impudent geraniums and yellow fuchsias nod in the Tuileries as brightly as they ever did. Outwardly, Paris has not changed much, and the casual observer might be pardoned for thinking that Paris had not changed at all.

But look closely at the girls who bicycle through the streets of Paris and you will find that although they look as chic as ever, their clothes are shabby and their wooden-soled shoes are badly worn. Beyond the bright façade of Paris you'll find a tired, discouraged people. They look with humiliation upon the four years of occupation which tried their souls so deeply and left indelible marks upon their proud spirits. They look with suspicion and troubled eyes to the year ahead. For them the shooting is finished but the war is not.

Some of the ancient buildings of Paris which always seemed ageless are showing signs of decay. How deeply that decay goes will be decided this winter. Has it eaten beyond the buildings into the hearts of the people of France? Mr. John Smith of Paris tightens his belt, wets his thin lips, and nervously hopes that he and his neighbors are equal to the trials ahead

THE END

Left to right: Williams and Pringle. No . . . Yes . . . [illegible]

THE cover on this issue [illegible] second one by Lieutenant Leon Gregori. The earlier one, which everyone seemed to like, showed a [illegible] G.I. gazing with amused disillusion at a sloppy-Joe girl in dungarees and [illegible] tail, and ruefully comparing her with a glamor girl picture.

But even when he chides them, [illegible] Gregori obviously likes the young people he draws. "With them," he says dreamily, [illegible] springtime."

Lieutenant Gregori is a Russian [illegible] therefore mad," he says resignedly. He has some nice memories from his Russian childhood: "I remember being in the background somewhere when my parents were having a party, and everybody drank a toast in flaming brandy. I mean it, flaming. No, they didn't burn their noses." This was in K[illegible] before the revolution. His parents brought him to this country when he was nine. He attended Boys' High School in Brooklyn, Pratt Institute and New York University and became a thoroughly Americanized American citizen.

He emerged from art school with very few fine-art aims, and took a job drawing the lace on the panties and nighties a Brooklyn department store wished to sell. He progressed through various newspaper art jobs to the happy state of being his own boss as a free-lance illustrator for magazines.

All through the war he has served with the Maritime Service, helping to prepare training charts and films for the War Shipping Administration. Lieutenant Gregori's one remaining Russian characteristic is a tendency sometimes at parties to make a brave stab at dancing the *kazatski*—you know, that kicking Russian dance. But it is difficult, he says, when one weighs two hundred pounds, as he does.

THE firm of I.G. Farben is a mystery matter to most of us, in spite of its frequent mention in the news. In this issue, a well-informed journalist, Paul Winkler, dispels some of the mystery with his article, The Golden Octopus, p. 12.

Winkler has studied and written about European affairs, with emphasis on Germany's role in them, since the first World War. He had meant to be a biologist, but the war and its aftermath of confusion swung him to the conviction that he could not be satisfied with a life of scientific isolation. He resolved to study the causes of war.

He wrote for French publications, eventually operating the second largest magazine publishing firm in France. He was press adviser to Edouard Herriot for a time; he was with the occupation armies in the Ruhr; from Munich he watched and wrote of Hitler's rise; and he covered the discouraged prewar proceedings of the League of Nations.

With the first appearance of Nazism, he preached that it was nothing new, but merely another manifestation of the tradition [illegible] it. His lengthy historical research at the Sorbonne, of which he is a graduate, [illegible] his opinion. His book, The Thousand-Year Conspiracy, published by Scribner's [illegible] a year ago, tells in detail of the deep historical sources of Hitlerism.

When France fell, Winkler with his wife and three children came to the United States, where he wrote a syndicated newspaper column. His older children soon returned to Europe, his son to serve in the French air force, his daughter to serve with the French Wacs. She is now in Washington with a French military mission. The family, still scattered, hopes for an early reunion in Paris, where Winkler is working now.

IF YOU harbor an affection for the cartoonists whose insanity regularly decorates these pages, you'll be interested in the latest collection of Collier's cartoons, encased in a fat book entitled, Stop Or I'll Scream. The second edition of this work is due to appear this month (Robert M. McBride & Co., publishers).

In a preface, Gurney Williams, associate editor of Collier's and editor of the book, reveals intimate things he never knew about the lives of your favorite cartoonists. "Reamer Keller's real name is Keamer Reller," says Gurney. "He lives in a rebuilt piano box in the Jersey marshes and works only on alternate rainy Tuesdays. 'When I was four years old,' Keller confesses, 'somebody dropped a flowerpot on my head. I've kept it there ever since.'

"Roy Williams (who is not related to me, thank heaven) gets all his ideas while riding down Burbank's main street in a wheelbarrow pushed by a trained panda. 'People stare at me,' says Roy. 'I guess it's because I always wear boxing gloves on my feet . . . !' "

Gurney, incidentally, just returned from a flying trip to Indiana, where something happened that could happen only to a fellow who regularly consorts with such unbalancing influences as Virgil Partch, Gardner Rea, et al. Milling around Freeman Field with a bunch of press and radio representatives, all intent on some salvaged German aircraft on display there, Gurney suddenly came face to face with a face he just knew he'd seen somewhere before.

"I have it," he thought to himself, after a moment's thinking, "that's my face. Some trickster is blocking my way with a mirror."

Lieut. Leon Gregori

It developed, subsequently, that the face, which you see in the photograph side by side with Williams', belonged to Nelson G. Pringle of Los Angeles. Needless to say, it was a shock to Pringle, too. Eventually, Pringle and Williams worked out a twin act, lifting hats or elbows simultaneously for the befuddlement of their companions.

They parted with fair promises. When and if one of them gets in trouble, the other swears he'll always appear to take the rap, etc. Their wives are nervous about the whole thing. . . . A. P.

Change to INDOOR-OUTDOOR underwear

Duofold's two separate layers with air space between insulate you against temperature changes. Because perspiration evaporates *from the outer layer,* the chill of evaporation does *not* take place against your skin. . . . And, that's another danger to health reduced by Duofold. Duofold is warm but not weighty, its two thin layers are lighter and less restricting than heavy, bulky single layer underwear. Supply is limited. Please see your dealer early.

DUOFOLD Inc. • Mohawk, N.Y.

Hot at the plant. Warm at home. Outdoors it's 10 below. Change to Duofold, the 2-layer underwear, and give yourself the breaks. Duofold's inner layer is all soft cotton for the friendliest feel against your skin. Warm wool and other fibres contained in the outer layer, keep body heat *in;* cold *out;* resistance *up.* And, since the wool is in the *outer* layer, it *can't* itch for it can't touch your skin.

Duofold 2 layer UNDERWEAR

"Don't be alarmed, sir. We're just enjoying your Sir Walter Raleigh."

Smokes as sweet as it smells

". . . the quality pipe tobacco of America"

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

UNION MADE

BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS

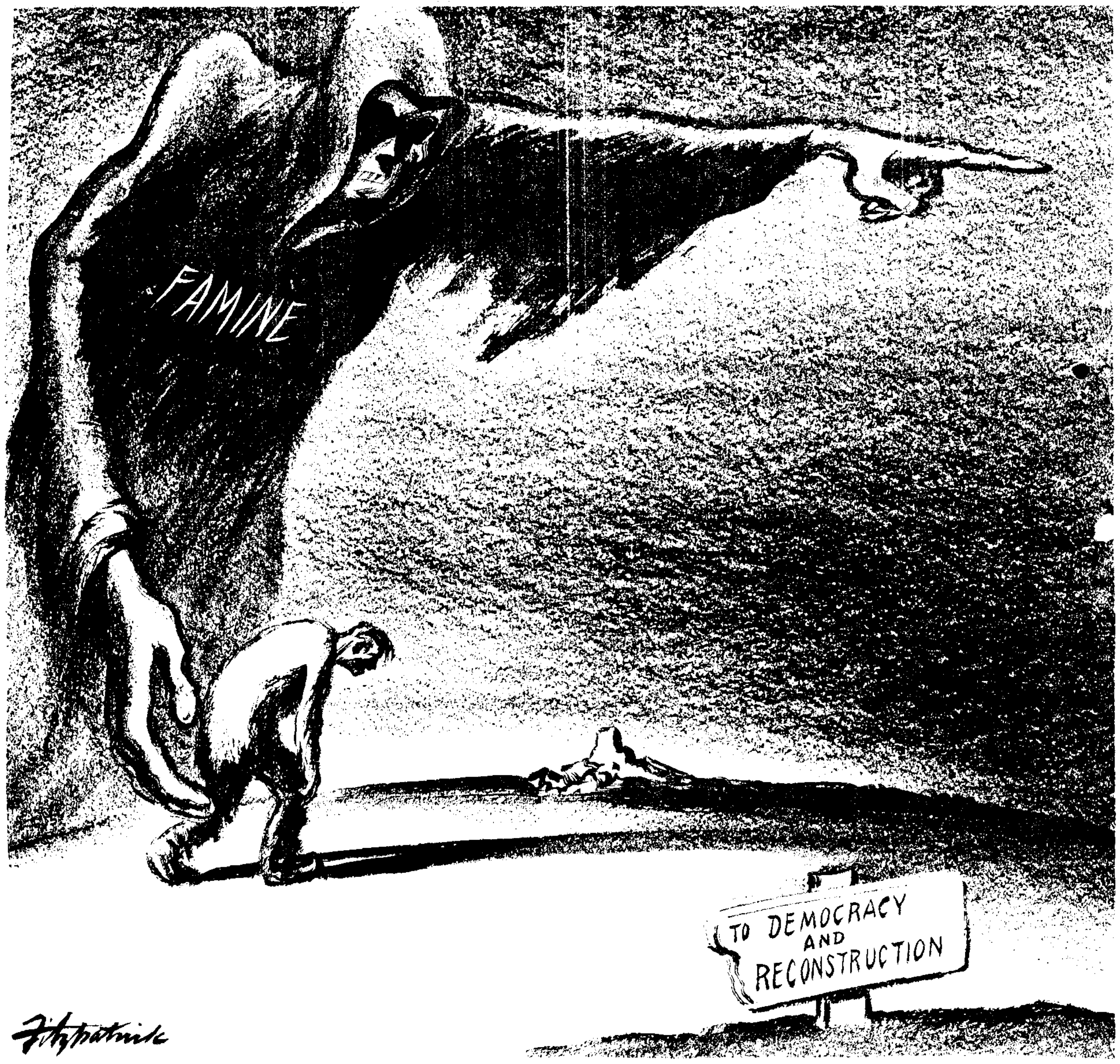
FREE! 24-page illustrated booklet tells how to select and break in a new pipe; rules for pipe cleaning, etc. Write today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

Collier's
WILLIAM L. CHENERY
Publisher

HENRY LA COSSITT
Editor

JOE ALEX MORRIS
Managing Editor

WE WON'T LET EUROPE STARVE



TO THOSE Europeans who fought on our side in the struggle against Nazi-Fascism, liberation meant many things, and among them something to eat. They haven't, however, received food in such quantities as to cause them to feel that they have been liberated. On the contrary, some were better off under their recent tormentors.

This has meant disillusionment concerning their liberators for, unfortunately, there is an intimate relationship between the state of a man's stomach and the mood of his politics. This mood is reflected in the leftward trend of various elections in the liberated countries and in the readiness with which some have accepted extreme regimes to the detriment of democracy. France and Poland are striking examples of these trends.

The war was fought ostensibly to eradicate Nazi-Fascism, to set Europe's feet on the path to a democratic renaissance and to prevent the emergence of extremism whether of the left or the right. To accomplish the objectives of the war, actual and implied, it would seem to us to be shortsighted policy to be niggardly in the matter of feeding Europe and in the business of rehabilitating its people economically.

Setting aside political considerations for the moment, let us examine the problem from a purely selfish point of view. Hungry men, in addition to being political pushovers for extremists of all kinds, are sick men. They can't do a full day's work. They cannot, therefore, hasten the reconstruction so essential to our own economic future. Until Europeans are back on their jobs, earning money, they cannot buy from us those surpluses of agricultural and industrial products which constitute the goods of our foreign trade which, in turn, comprises the margin between our own economic well-being and idle reapers in the fields and dead smokestacks in our cities.

The only machinery for feeding the peoples of France, Belgium, Holland, Norway, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Greece and Albania—who fought the Nazis and the Fascists directly and indirectly for five years against what must have seemed to them at times hopeless odds—is UNRRA, headed by former Governor of New York Lehman. It isn't an adequate machinery but it's all we have. It's too late now to scrap it, or change it radically enough in time to do any good now at the outset of what promises to be the worst winter in Europe's history.

With all its inefficiency (the organization is full of unskilled and unprofessional do-gooders and social workers with better intentions than equipment for their jobs) UNRRA is still at least a partial answer to the question of how to feed our friends overseas. It must work, for that's all there is.

But no organization of this kind can operate without the financial support of the people of the chief country concerned—America—whose pre-eminence in world affairs implies certain inescapable responsibilities, among them to do all in its power to give aid to fellow humans in distress. The assistance was repeatedly promised during the dark years of the Nazi-Fascist tyranny. There is therefore also a pledge to fulfill.

Whether UNRRA can do the job for which it was organized depends upon Congress. Your representatives in Washington can appropriate the funds needed. President Truman made this clear in his statement on the subject last September 17th when he said that food can be shipped to Europe only if Congress will appropriate the funds needed by UNRRA to purchase the supplies.

The dreaded winter is here. It takes about three months, we are told, for goods to be bought, shipped and distributed where needed abroad. UNRRA is asking for $550,000,000 to fulfill obligations for the last quarter of 1945. Obviously unless the money is forthcoming very quickly, a dishearteningly large number of our friends in Europe will die in the months ahead. Starvation won't wait too long on appropriation committees. Neither will hungry men wait overlong for democracy to prove that it can fill stomachs.

We must feed Europe, and what we think of UNRRA is actually beside the point. It is up to us to make UNRRA work or get another agency that will.

COUNT 10 (DAYS) BEFORE YOU STRIKE

WHILE strikes and rumors of strikes continue to bedevil the early postwar readjustment period, the news is getting around that the state of Minnesota has a labor-relations law which has worked well for almost seven years.

The Minnesota law's basic principle can be summed up in the advice: "Count 10 days before you strike." It provides that any union anxious to stage a strike, or any employer planning a lockout, must file notice first with the state labor conciliator, and must then wait 10 days before taking any strike or lockout action. During the 10 days, the state's conciliation service works on the case, in the hope of getting all concerned to settle the dispute peaceably.

When the industry is essential to the public welfare, the Minnesota governor can decree a 30-day waiting period, during which time a special board tries to head off the strike or lockout.

The law was enacted by Minnesota's 1939 legislature, largely through the efforts of the then Governor Harold E. Stassen, now nationally known for distinguished war service. The most significant fact concerning that episode is that extremists on both the labor and the employer side of the eternal argument opposed the 10-day plan at the time. Such extremist opposition is almost always a sign that the proposal under consideration is a good one.

Certainly this Minnesota law has produced results. For the three years before its adoption—1936-38 inclusive—the annual average of Minnesota workers on strike was 15,865. In the next four years the average was 4,889; a reduction of more than two-thirds.

Any law which can cut labor troubles as sensationally as that is worthy of other industrial states' consideration, if not of that of the Congress of the United States. This law happens to be based on an age-old fact of human psychology: namely, that if you can manage to control your temper during that short interval when it is at flash point, you can almost always avoid doing something you'll regret later.

The principle has worked eminently well in the Railway Labor Act, and in the Minnesota labor-relations law. Couldn't we broaden and intensify the effort to extend it to all U.S. industry?

OH-OH—AUTO ACCIDENTS UP

AT LEAST one gloomy wartime foreboding about peacetime proceeded to come true as soon as peace broke out. Students of automotive safety expected auto accidents to increase when gasoline rationing should be called off; and they were not mistaken.

Gas rationing ended in mid-August. In the last two weeks of that month, U.S. auto traffic deaths totaled 26 per cent more than in the entire month of August, 1944, according to the National Safety Council. The chief increase, naturally, was in the cities. In 375 cities of 10,000-plus population, the traffic-death increase averaged 57 per cent for August, 1945, over August, 1944. The over-all number of such deaths in the United States in the entire month of August, 1945, was 2,430.

The Safety Council explains it all in this grim statement:

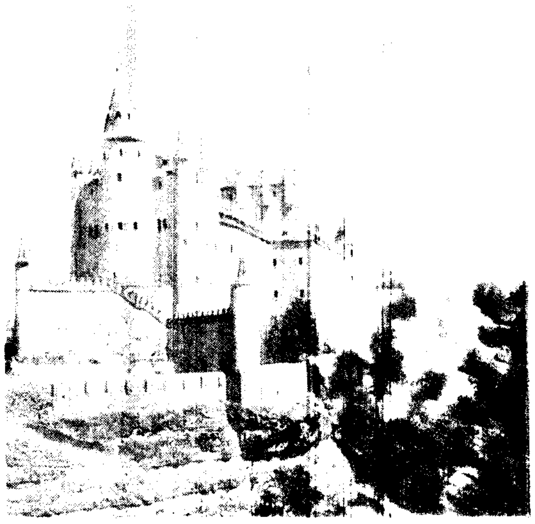
> All over the country, war-worn cars were being driven on war-worn tires over war-worn roads at a speed too fast for safety—and by drivers a bit war-worn themselves.

Which spotlights some facts for all U.S. motorists to keep in mind for the next couple of years, at least. Our motor transport is not what it was just before Pearl Harbor. Our cars are far older on the average. Our roads in many instances have not been kept up to prewar par. Our nerves were keyed up like fiddle strings by the war, and they can't all be unwound overnight.

If all of us who drive cars will just take it a bit easy on the roads and in the streets for the next two years or more, we can keep our annual highway-massacre totals in reasonable check. If most of us let 'er rip with the old, glad prewar abandon, those totals can pile up to ghastly size. More than ever before, we need a heavy majority of safety-minded motorists behind our aging steering wheels.

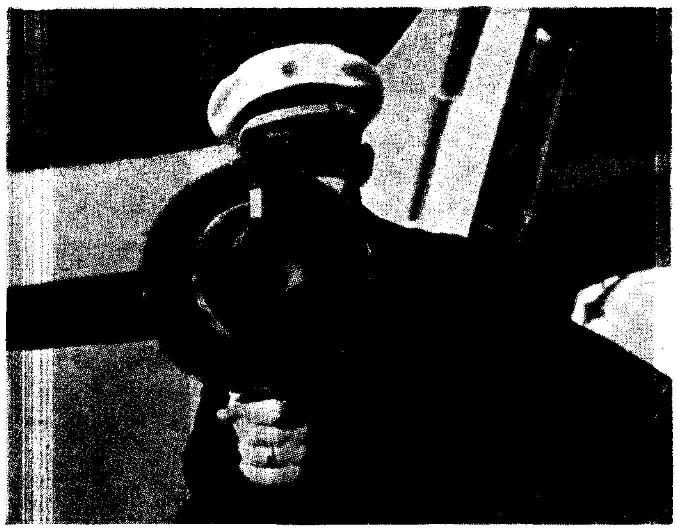
TIGHT SQUEEZE IN SEGOVIA

1 **"I turned abruptly** from a perusal of the curious 'waffle iron' walls of Segovia's famed Casa de los Picos," reports an American friend of Canadian Club Whisky from Spain, "to find myself being pinned to the masonry by the horns of a mammoth and determined ox. For an excruciating moment it was nip and tuck. But the oxcart driver, who had attempted to turn in too narrow a street, finally managed to get me off with no worse than a torn jacket.



But that was [illegible] of this ancient Spanish city. A[illegible] al Alcázar—so well [illegible] ted a troop of knights manning [illegible] ats.

3 **"Another memory**—the fabulous aqueduct . . . built two thousand years ago by the Romans and still supplying Segovia with water. These and a hundred other thrills has Segovia . . . and easier than ever now for American vacationers to know.



4 **"When I flew** over last Spring, my big Pan American Clipper was signalled in at Lisbon just 19½ hours out of New York . . . I was in Segovia the very next day. On postwar schedules, *you'll* make even faster time.

5 **"And wherever** you go in this sun-drenched land, one thing will strike you. Here, as at home in the States, you'll find a fervent regard for the unmatchable flavor of Canadian Club!"

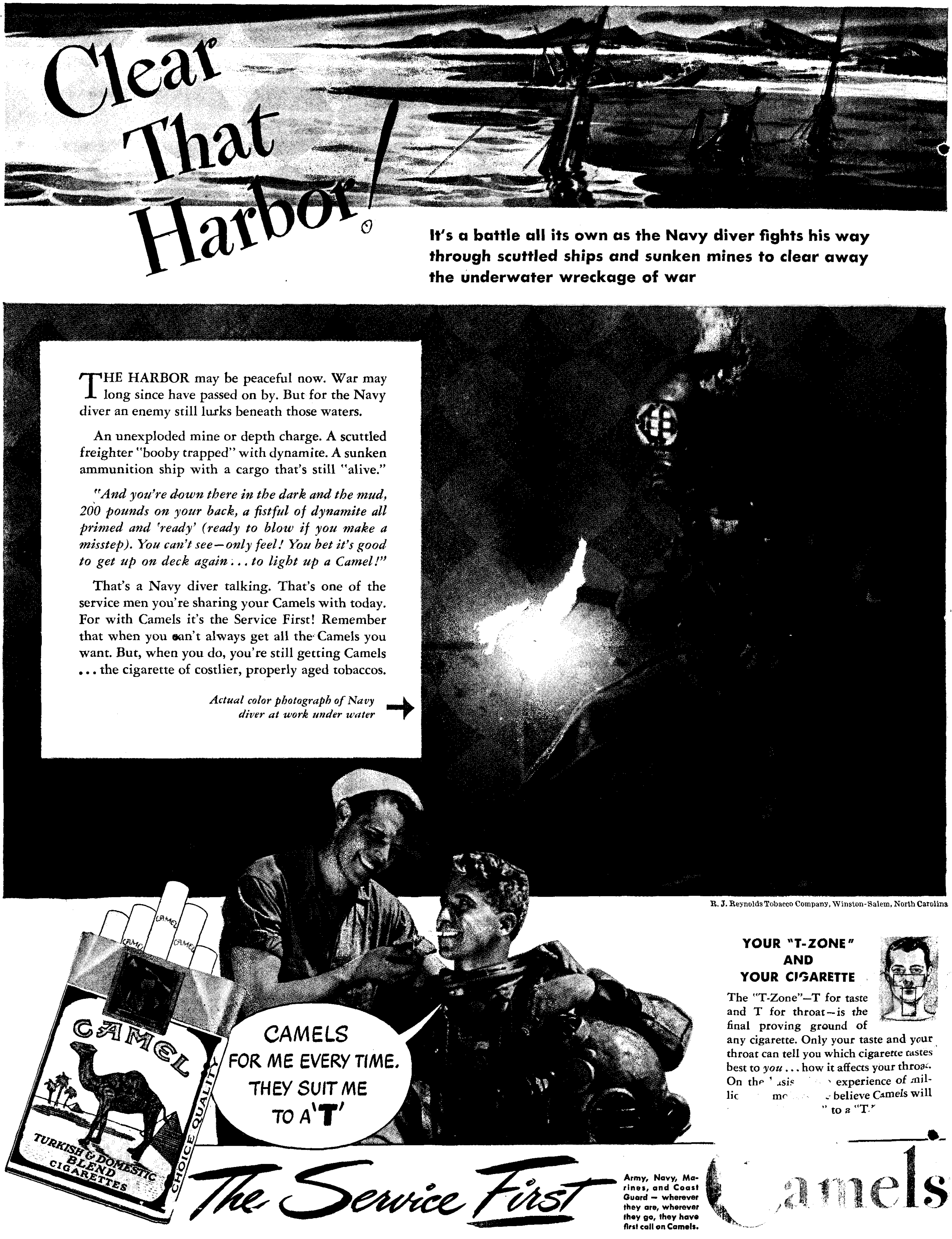
Even these days travelers tell of being offered Canadian Club all over the earth—often from a cherished pre-war supply. And why this whisky's worldwide popularity? Canadian Club is *light* as scotch, *rich* as rye, *satisfying* as bourbon—yet there is no other whisky in all the world that tastes like Canadian Club. It is equally satisfying in mixed drinks and highballs; so you can stay with Canadian Club all evening long—in cocktails before dinner and tall ones after.

• That's why Canadian Club is the largest-selling imported whisky in the United States.

IN 87 LANDS NO OTHER WHISKY TASTES LIKE

"Canadian Club"

Imported from Walkerville, Canada, by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill. Blended Canadian Whisky. 90.4 proof



Clear That Harbor!

It's a battle all its own as the Navy diver fights his way through scuttled ships and sunken mines to clear away the underwater wreckage of war

THE HARBOR may be peaceful now. War may long since have passed on by. But for the Navy diver an enemy still lurks beneath those waters.

An unexploded mine or depth charge. A scuttled freighter "booby trapped" with dynamite. A sunken ammunition ship with a cargo that's still "alive."

"And you're down there in the dark and the mud, 200 pounds on your back, a fistful of dynamite all primed and 'ready' (ready to blow if you make a misstep). You can't see—only feel! You bet it's good to get up on deck again . . . to light up a Camel!"

That's a Navy diver talking. That's one of the service men you're sharing your Camels with today. For with Camels it's the Service First! Remember that when you can't always get all the Camels you want. But, when you do, you're still getting Camels . . . the cigarette of costlier, properly aged tobaccos.

Actual color photograph of Navy diver at work under water →

CAMELS FOR ME EVERY TIME. THEY SUIT ME TO A 'T'
CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

YOUR "T-ZONE"
AND
YOUR CIGARETTE

The "T-Zone"—T for taste and T for throat—is the final proving ground of any cigarette. Only your taste and your throat can tell you which cigarette tastes best to *you* . . . how it affects your throat. On the basis [illegible] experience of millions [illegible] believe Camels will [illegible] " to a "T."

The Service First

Army, Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard — wherever they are, wherever they go, they have first call on Camels.

Camels